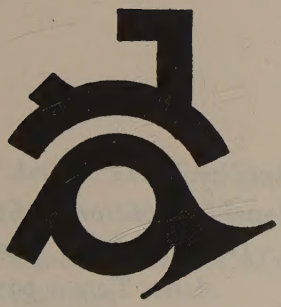
July—September
1933

HOUND & HORN



VOLUME VI
NUMBER 4

CONTENTS

Sectionalism in the United States, an essay by *Donald Davidson* 561
Three Poems, by *Don Stanford* 590
The Immortal Woman, a story by *Allen Tate* 592
The Sleeper, a poem by *Geoffrey Stone* 610
Remington and Winslow Homer, an essay by *John Wheelwright* 611
Ben Shahn, an appreciation by *Jean Charlot* 632
Theseus: A Trilogy, by *Yvor Winters* 635
Christian Science, an essay by *Fred T. Marsh* 640
Chronicles
Film: Eisenstein and the Theory of Cinema *Harry Alan Potamkin* 678
Music: Notes on the Season *B. H. Haggin* 690

REVIEWS

"Acting: The First Six Lessons", by Richard Boleslavsky
Francis Fergusson 701

"Samuel Butler. A Mid-Victorian Modern", by Clara G. Stillman

"Butleriana", ed. by A. T. Bartholomew
Richard P. Blackmur 707

"The Oxford Book of Sixteenth Century Verse", chosen by E. K. Chambers *Yvor Winters* 713

"Bolshevism: Theory and Practice", by Waldemar Gurian

"Between White and Red", by Erich Dwinger

"Dawn in Russia", by Waldo Frank *M. R. Werner* 721

"The Secret of Laughter", by A. M. Ludovici *Kenneth Burke* 732

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

DONALD DAVIDSON is Associate Professor of English at Vanderbilt University. He has contributed to *I'll Take My Stand*, and has for several years edited a book page for the *Nashville Tennessean* and other papers.

JOHN WHEELWRIGHT's first book of poetry, *Rock and Shell* (Poems 1923-1933) will be published this fall by Bruce Humphries.

FRED T. MARSH is interested in the field of American religions and is now working on a book on this subject, of which *Christian Science* is to be one of the chapters. He contributes to literary papers and periodicals, *The New Republic*, *The Nation*, *The New York Times*, etc.

JEAN CHARLOT's illustrations for Paul Claudel's commentary on the Apocalypse will be issued serially in the fall by Sheed and Ward, with the typography designed by Eric Gill.

DON STANFORD is twenty years old and is a graduate of Stanford University. He will go to Harvard next year for graduate study.

GEOFFREY STONE reviews for THE BOOKMAN, *The Commonweal*, etc. His poetry has appeared in *An Anthology of the Younger Poets*, published by the Centaur Press.

ALLEN TATE is now finishing *Ancestors of Exile*, a study of the forces that have disrupted all settled forms of life in America, to be published in the fall by Minton, Balch.

KENNETH BURKE is the author of *The White Oxen*, a book of short stories, *Counterstatement*, a criticism, and *Towards A Better Life*, a novel. He is now at work on a "criticism of criticism", probably to be called *Metabiology*.

We regret to announce two errors in the poems by Clayton Stafford, which appeared in the Spring issue (Vol. VI, no. 3). In *Hyperborean*, on page 438, *you* in line 5 should read *thou*. In *Aubade*, page 440, line 13, *Blind* should read *Bind*.

HOUND & HORN is published quarterly at Camden, New Jersey, by The Hound & Horn, Incorporated. Publication Office, Federal and Nineteenth, Camden, New Jersey. Executive and Editorial Office, 545 Fifth Avenue, New York City. Manuscripts **must** be accompanied by stamped return envelope. The editors take no responsibility for unsolicited Mss. Payment will be made on publication. Copyright, 1933, by The Hound & Horn, Incorporated.

EDITORS
Bernard Bandler II
Lincoln Kirstein
A. Hyatt Mayor

REGIONAL EDITORS
For the West: Yvor Winters
For the South: Allen Tate
Business Manager: Doris R. Levine

SECTIONALISM IN THE UNITED STATES

I

"MEN of the past were often parochial in space, but the dominant men of our age are parochial in time. They feel for the past a contempt that it does not observe, and for the present a respect that it deserves still less."

The words are Bertrand Russell's. The sentiment is latent wherever men have begun to doubt their ability to make a new order of life in utter disregard of the old order. It is a new heresy which threatens the very centre of orthodox progressivism and modernism. In its general form the new heresy means that science can no longer offer itself as the one reliable substitute for the civilizing agents which it once tempted men to destroy. In connection with my special subject it means that those who wish to remedy the confusion of American life can no longer ignore the existence of sectionalism. The vision of a uniformly progressive America, which once cloaked the irregularities of our sectional history, has begun to wear thin.

It never, in fact, quite fitted the reality of national life. From time to time the recurrence of sectionalism has embarrassed the plans of the orthodox progressives who call them-

selves liberals. Thus sectionalism got a bad name, not because it was bad, but because it did not suit the plans that were drawn up. It will again mar the plans of any who propose to save America by policies based upon too simplified notions of the history and real structure of the United States.

Yet most of our saviors do not bother to include sectionalism in their programs. They are under the delusion that the United States are a compact and well unified body, neat and coherent as a European state. They assume that some strong-handed process of reorganization may be applied, either through the Federal government or some central revolutionary organism. Some of these thinkers are Easterners who know Europe better than the Mississippi Valley or the Upland South; all are misled by the semblance of unity which the industrial apparatus has set up. They do not realize that many of our troubles derive from a misguided industrial effort to achieve the wrong kind of unity. They do not suspect that their programs, in outline pretentiously national, are really sectional programs in masquerade. Except through a conquest by force, like that which once subdued the South, no such program can win more than a temporary victory, and a permanent victory may recoil upon the victor. Even now, at long last, the North reaps the bitter harvest of Appomattox.

Sectionalism is no mere vestige from an older time, archaic and negligible. It is a function of the national life. The sections are real entities, not sentimental fictions; they have a place in the making of events, along with the Federal system and the state governments, although their place and power are not yet formally recognized.

Today sectionalism displays two characters, or two countenances, according as politics and economics, or culture and the arts, are in the front of the issue. The first kind of sectionalism is organic in the American establishment. It has grown out of the accidents and purposes that have attended the

adaptation of a people, democratically inclined and originally of diverse but not unrelated European stocks and traditions, to life on the North American continent. The history of the sections as sections is unwritten, and as yet almost unexplored, because historians have fixed attention too exclusively on the growth of the Federal organism, which they picture as dwarfing gradually the power of the states as it draws power unto itself. But if the historical bias is altered, if we study the people themselves, as they follow the extensions of the frontier and gather into geographic provinces whose interests over-run political boundaries, then the realities of sectional influence appear; the sections share with the Federal organism in the dwarfing of states. Taking this view, the late Frederick Jackson Turner passed naturally from a study of the frontier to a study of the sections. He has at last altered the old false perspective and drawn the outline of a thesis which must inevitably raise the sections to a new level of importance.*

In the new view, sectionalism derives partly from geography and climate, and from the economic bias that these invited or enforced; but partly also from purposes and traditions which colonists, frontiersmen, and immigrants brought with them. It is implied, too, in the fabric of democratic government itself, with its eternal problem of the reconcilement of liberty and union; and in the distant motivation of democratic theory, which forever encourages citizens to think more of rights than of duties. But sectionalism means nothing

* This essay was written in substantially its present form and submitted before the appearance of Frederick Jackson Turner's *The Significance of the Sections in American History*. I have since had the opportunity to make a few revisions which take cognizance, though necessarily of too meagre a character, of Professor Turner's views of the importance of the sections. An earlier knowledge of the book, which brings together scattered articles and addresses not available to me at the time of writing, would have made it somewhat easier to take for granted what I have here taken much space to argue; but I would not, for that reason, have altered the approach I have preferred to make to the subject.—D. D.

finally except in terms of geographic masses, separately differentiated and fairly homogeneous within themselves. The United States are unique among western nations in having developed this kind of differentiation. No matter what label Europeans may give the American type, for us there are only Americans of New England or the South or West—the familiar and inevitable divisions that "make sense" where American does not. Politically, this sectionalism is the tendency of groups of states, bound in physical contiguity and joined by social and economic ties, to think in common and, upon occasion, to act in common. It is the basic tendency which leads Turner to characterize the United States as "a nation comparable to all Europe in area, with settled geographic provinces which equal great European nations . . . a federation of sections, a union of potential nations."

But there is another aspect of sectionalism which Turner does not suggest. In our time, sectionalism is a reactionary temper that gives a new emotional meaning and a fresh intellectual validity to tendencies that once sought political expression. Partly, it is a movement of artists, uncovering what politicians and economists ignore; it is a revolt against the excessive centralism of the machine age. Men are exhilarated to realize that the dilemmas of industrial civilization may be downed or escaped by reaffirming the ties, local and native, which once were only shackles to be cast off. Yet in its undeniable nostalgia this sectionalism contains a realistic answer to the question: Whom shall my soul believe? Worn out with abstraction and novelty, plagued with divided counsels, some Americans are saying: After all, I will believe the old folks at home who have kept alive, through many treacherous outmodings, some good secret of life. Such moderns prefer to grasp the particular. They want what is near to home and capable of understanding, for it engages both reason and loyalty. They distrust the advice of John Dewey to "use the foresight of the future to refine and expand present activi-

ties." The future is not yet; it is unknowable, intangible. But the past was, the present is; of that much they can be sure. So they attach themselves—or re-attach themselves—to a home-section, one of the sections, great or small, defined in the long conquest of our continental area. They seek spiritual and cultural autonomy.

This temper, or this movement, has somehow acquired the name of regionalism. It is really sectionalism under another name. One does not obtain spiritual and cultural autonomy simply by moving into grandfather's house. Inevitably one is driven into social and economic questions. Soon "regionalism" becomes a criticism of a false conception of American life and treads the ground of sectional issues.

II

The urban thinker, engrossed in the seemingly uniform patterns of the civilization that makes loud noises around him, is nevertheless sure to question the pertinency of any talk of sectionalism. This is more an echo than a living voice, he will say.

If he dislikes Turner's notions of United States history, this urban thinker can be given his proof from the pages of the economic history which the urban dispensation seems to prefer. Consider, for example, what Mr. Charles A. Beard says of the most pronounced sectional conflict in our history, the one of many conflicts that came finally to war. Mr. Beard examines and dismisses the causes usually cited for the war between North and South. Was slavery the cause? No, there was never, even in the North, a majority opinion favoring the abolition of slavery. Was it state sovereignty? No. "If the Southern planters had been content to grant tariffs, bounties, subsidies, and preferences to Northern commerce and industry, it is not probable that they would have been molested in their most imperious proclamations of sovereignty." Was it a matter of interpreting the constitution? No.

"The modern student . . . can hardly do otherwise than conclude that the linguistic devices used first on one side and then on the other were not derived from inherently necessary concepts concerning the intimate essence of the Federal system." What, then, was the cause? "The roots of the controversy lay elsewhere—in social differences, in climate, soil, industries, and labor systems, in divergent social forces."

The implications of this view are the more significant for the conclusion that Mr. Beard omits to draw. He speaks definitely enough of the three great sections of the 'Sixties which, for all their common language, religion, law, and basic culture, had evolved real distinctions "woven out of the tough facts of daily existence." He emphasizes the fact that the distinctions followed geographic lines; they were not the familiar distinctions generally diffused through the body of any civilized community. Such a situation, he says, had never arisen before "in the history of human society." "No European country had ever had a highly developed group of capitalists [the East], a large body of independent farmers [the West], and a powerful landed aristocracy [the South] each to a marked degree segregated into a fairly definite geographical area."

If this rather simplified description be accepted as correct, then why does Mr. Beard not go on to say that the causes of strife included all the causes he mentions, and still one great cause more? This, the final reason for the impasse of war, was that the quarreling sections had to live under a political instrument which did not provide for the rise of sectionalism. Obviously, Mr. Beard does not name this cause for the reason that his bias as a historian inclines him to glorify Federalism, or at least its industrial, socialistic development into what I will call Leviathanism. Nevertheless the defect existed in 1860, and still exists. The Constitution, a remarkably adaptable device, had looked out for many things. But the one feature, sectionalism, that was unique and unheard

of in the governments of the earth, was the very one for which no provision was made. Although the Constitution served admirably as long as parties were roughly national and the division of voters cut across sections, it failed when the majority vote concentrated in two sections and the minority vote in a third. Thus, in 1860, the Republic broke down so far as the Southern states were concerned, and they withdrew.

People are accustomed to look back on the War Between the States with the feeling that it ought to have been averted, but no one can say exactly how. The answer to this old question seems plainer now than it once did. The war could have been averted only by giving sectionalism the political recognition which was denied it in 1860. It was the dogmatic insistence on a Federal union of states, and the refusal to recognize a Federal union of sections that actually precipitated secession. As a matter of fact, from the Missouri Compromise to the Compromise of 1850, such a recognition was implicit in the conciliatory arrangements of Clay and Webster. Like their successors of the Twentieth Century, the politicians of the 'Sixties breathed no word of heresy as to such a revised view of the union, but practically they worked toward it by the familiar method of give-and-take. Arguments and protestations about state sovereignty were, as Turner points out, simply the screen for sectionalism, or its defensive weapon, and state sovereignty, as Calhoun knew, amounted to nothing unless states combined and bargained like nations with other combinations of states. In 1860, when the Whigs had lost power, there was no longer a channel through which bargains could be negotiated. Lincoln's preachment against a "house-divided" policy meant to the South that the revised union, which had recognized sectional reciprocity, was to be abrogated in favor of a presumptive national union which would be dominated uncompromisingly in the sectional interest of the North.

The event has confirmed Southern apprehensions. The union achieved after Lincoln, although outwardly conforming to the ideal of the Fathers, has been shaped to favor the commercial East, which has been able, not without difficulty and occasional yielding, to keep the West as its turbulent ally. The agrarian South, a reluctant appendage to this union, was confirmed by the long horror of Reconstruction in a far more intense sectionalism than existed even in 1860. The union under which we live today thus represents the crystallized injustice of a sectional victory. Time has mitigated its rigors to the modest extent of indulging the South in its practical nullification of the Negro suffrage amendments. But every Southerner knows that the American Leviathan is not of his making and was not constructed to serve his interests. And what every Southerner knows, the angry farmers of the West have just found out anew. Now the irrepressible conflict is between an internationally minded East, intent on money-lending and industrialism, and an agrarian West, or Middle West, which sees itself ruined by Eastern policies. This is the embarrassing result of voting under a government that recognizes only states as units and living under a dispensation which tells another tale.

Nevertheless it will be argued that sectional differentiations are bound to die out, for the industrial system levels all differences, even individual ones.

People who think thus are misled by appearances—by the uniformities of manners and machinery which may be seen in our urban conglomerations. Actually, I believe, the Americans of the 'Sixties were far more alike everywhere than we are now. Then, too, North and South dressed alike, rode in carriages à la mode, worshipped the same God (with no division between Modernist and Fundamentalist such as we have now); they read newspapers of the same pattern, though of different political opinions; the cities had modest skylines of much the same model everywhere. Above all

there was a more genuine attachment to the Republic, even in the aggrieved South, than we have for our Federal Leviathan today. A seasoned New Yorker of 1933, or a distant Californian, can discover nothing in his bosom to parallel the devotion to the idea of union which the Virginians of 1861 sacrificed at the trying moment of secession. All the superficial conclusions that could be drawn as to the famous uniformity of American life held as good then as now. Nevertheless the sections quarrelled; still worse, they fought. They did so not because of the clothes they wore or the kind of cities they lived in, but because they thought differently about important matters.

We are more impressed with our uniformity because it makes a bigger noise. Besides, we have fed well, until lately, at the trough of Mammon, and sectional issues have lain quiescent-bribed into repose. When we are less well bribed, the sectional issues will quickly revive. In any time of pressure they may again appear, and in such case the lines of cleavage will again follow the delimitations of geographic masses—the sections to which nature and custom have bound us. That is the sort of country we are.

The organic sectionalism of the past has been well studied, although no one but Turner has grouped its phenomena to demonstrate a historical thesis. We know very well what the three great sections were like in the Nineteenth Century. But now, when we have a greater number of sections, large and small, our historical students make little attempt to establish their differentiations. They are looking for social democracy; they are fascinated by the wallowings of the American Leviathan. Yet, although the outlines of our contemporary sections still await the drawing of the historical expert, it seems feasible to indicate some of the elements that produce a sectional differentiation like that of an earlier time, or perhaps even more pronounced.

Population changes have brought about a sectional differ-

entiation far more marked than at the time of Lee's surrender. The South alone has undergone no important population changes except a considerable exodus of Negroes to the industrial centres of the North. The Old East, once dominated by New England, has been whelmed with a tidal wave of immigrant stocks—Irish Catholics, Jews from Central and Eastern Europe, and peoples from the Mediterranean basin. At the same time the East has received "native immigrants" from the United States at large—careerists who have cut loose from their native soil. The old New Englanders are still as much New Englanders as ever; but they cannot any longer determine the thought of the New East, and their old working alliance with New York is less effective than it was. The new stocks are ignorant of the American past. Their rise to power accelerates the detachment from the thought of other sections into which the urban East is falling. The "Our America" of Waldo Frank is decidedly not the America of Henry Cabot Lodge or Will Rogers.

In the Old West, the states of the North Central group (now the "border states" of the Middle West) have undergone population changes like those of the East but on a less disruptive scale. The Yankees, the Scotch-Irish who came from the South, the long since assimilated Germans hold their own fairly well, although, as in the East, the new racial stocks have an increasing influence in the cities to which they have come in great numbers. But Chicago and Cleveland are much less detached than New York or Boston. They express a good deal of the spirit of their locale. They are lusty, and dislike Eastern softness—or at least Eastern interference, which they alternately deplore as too radical or too conservative. Further on, in the Middle West proper, the immigrant stock is more specialized. Areas that were empty a little more than a generation ago are filled with Scandinavians and Germans. These have recapitulated much of the old pioneer experience, but their agrarian temper is not quite of the Jeffer-

sonian order that pervaded an earlier West, and, by a strange twist of events, produced the Lincolnian tradition.

In the Far West the racial infusion has been Oriental; in the Southwest, Mexican. In these sections, too, there are large numbers of Indians. The result is a race problem which affects these sections alone.

New population groups have thus tended to concentrate in well-defined areas. Although they take on "Americanism" quickly enough, their concentration gives a new coloring to the sectional traditions they encounter.

The differentiation is strengthened by economic bias, which also follows sectional lines. The East is still plutocratic; its mainstays are manufacturing and banking. But its plutocratic spirit is now a little fatigued and skeptical where it was once bold. The boldness has migrated to sections where plutocracy is newer: to the North Central states, which have plunged heavily into manufacturing and still have much of the self-confidence and gusto that once made producers into conquistadors; or even to parts of the South, where profits in cotton stockings and cigarettes seduce the heirs of Jefferson. The East is less swayed by manufacturing interests than of old. Its financial mind has an international twist; its bankers are suspected of imperial ambitions. The other sections are not internationally minded at all; they embarrass the East by resisting the cancellation of European debts. Internationalism fits the detachment of the East as "America first" suits the lusty particularism of the West in general. But the westward and southward shift of manufactures has brought other changes. Eastern bankers begin to doubt Republican high tariff policies at the time when other sections are converted to high tariffs, and so an old bond of union begins to crack.

Such changes, however, need to be balanced by other observations. In the East the admirable farming regions are thoroughly subdued and adjusted to the temper of the cities,

whose sway is undisputed. Beyond the farms lies a gentled wilderness, the summer playground of urban multitudes. In Middle West or South it is not so. Country rules city or bitterly obstructs city leadership. This jostling contact forbids cities to assume the nonchalance of a New York, and the farther one goes into the so-called hinterland, the more this is true. An exception must be made for pleasure resorts, or for cities like Los Angeles that spring up into the Greatest Common Denominator of American averages. Climate and soil, too, enforce wide differences in agriculture. Mechanized farming has been taken up in the Middle West, but is rarely adapted to Southern conditions, where labor is cheap and irregular ground does not invite the tractor. In the still agrarian South, where industrial conquest is as yet more an advertisement than a reality, the farmer loves his acres, which are often enough his ancestral acres. They are his home. In the Middle West they may be only his investment. And the wilderness, in South and West, is hardly gentled, is not a playground. In mountain cove or swamp land, rude folk keep their ancient ways, heedless that extinction is predicted for them. They belong to the backwoods and have not yet consented to be tamed. In the western country of desert and mountain, where the population is scattered, the wilderness is everything and man is nothing, and the concerns of industrial America seem hardly worth talking about.

In every case the distinctions require sectional categories. One cannot write sensibly of the United States in any other terms. It is possible to pursue the distinctions much further, and trace the undeniable differences between states, or between parts of sections or parts of states—what Turner calls "sectionalism of minority areas." But it is generalization enough to say that the United States at large are decidedly heterogeneous; and yet within well-marked sectional lines there is a real organic homogeneity which has been remarkably persistent. The wonder is, not that we have had one

great sectional clash, but only one. In Turner's opinion we have been saved from utter Balkanization by two circumstances: first, the undeveloped West offered a "safety valve"; and second, our national, or inter-sectional, parties have been agents of practical compromise between the extreme particularism of the sections and the extreme centralism of the Federal instrument. Now the safety valve is gone. We approach, everywhere, a clash of interests between establishments, and should remember that the old quarrel of the 'Sixties occurred between the two sections that were most settled. Furthermore, the Federal instrument has been made more insistently national than ever. The situation by no means discourages sectionalism, but rather the contrary. The revolt of the Western farmers today is a sectional disturbance. It is easy to see where sectional issues might again gather head around special questions: the Negro problem in the South; border troubles in the Southwest; or anti-Japanese feeling in the Far West.

These are illustrations, not prophecies. Our contemporary sectional differences are for the most part but mildly contentious. The cities of the Great Lakes and the cities of the East differ about the St. Lawrence waterway. The New England states call for team-work in protecting their political and commercial interests, and other groups of states are not backward in protecting theirs. There are farm blocs, and other kinds of blocs not quite so famous. Trade associations and professional societies have "regional" meetings. Occasionally, too, sectionalism gets open legal recognition: as in the Federal Reserve System; or the plans formulated for controlling hydro-electric power over sectional areas; or in the consolidation of railroad systems. These are sectional trends which will do to illustrate the anti-national tendency, but they do not indicate sectional belligerence. We are already approaching the condition Turner foresaw many years ago, when he wrote: "As the nation reaches a more stable equilibrium

. . . the influence of the diverse physiographic provinces which make up the nation will become more marked. . . . The real federal aspect of our government will lie, not in the relation of state and nation, but in the relation of section and nation."

III

Sectionalism itself need not be dangerous, but sectionalism masquerading as nationalism, or sectionalism unacknowledged, is always dangerous, or at least irritating and confusing. For example, the East provokes discord today by being a little too self-righteous; too confidently it undertakes to educate the "hinterland"; too readily it encourages Scottsboro cases and Harlan County invasions and forgets the adage of live and let live. This, the sectionalism of John Brown, is dangerous and bad in any quarter. But otherwise, if sectionalism is not a positive good in the ideal state of socialistic piety, at least in imperfect America it has its value. The economic historians after all fail to give a due place to loyalty, without which a government theoretically perfect in many respects might yet collapse. Sectionalism fosters loyalty, and a kind of loyalty not incompatible with affection for the Republic. It is remarkable how little affection the American Leviathan, which disregards sectionalism, attracts at present. It has been fashionable to hold Senators in contempt and speak sardonically of the government at Washington as if it were some wholly external pest. The trouble is that the Republic has become too abstract; it does not adequately express the things to which loyalty can attach.

The so-called regional movement, which is artistic and cultural sectionalism, is on the side of loyalty. It is like an outbreak of the patriotic instinct which the monstrous circumstances of our age have thwarted. On its literary side it may be viewed as a correction of too much Leviathanism in the arts.

The nationalist party of Americans have never been content to let *E Pluribus Unum* signify political convenience only. From Emerson on down, critics have added: not only one nation, but one art; and our writers have sweated nervously under the self-imposed obligation to produce a distinctively American literature. In practice, no such literature has taken shape. We are never able to decide what American traits Hawthorne and Mark Twain have in common, but their sectional differentiations are readily discovered. And so with others.

Again, as in politics, what has been taken as nationalism turns out to be sectionalism in disguise. A sectional culture may develop and ambitiously propose itself as a national culture; but its partiality is sure to be detected and its leadership denied in the end. Consider, for instance, the history of Boston and New York, our two literary capitals, neither of which has ever succeeded in being the Paris of the United States.

Boston early became the seat of a highly developed New England culture, and naturally became a literary center. Its leadership was at first accepted—not always with perfect resignation—because neither South nor West could match New England in literary coherence or offer a rival capital. The New England stamp was long an apparently national stamp. So great was New England's prestige, so secure its command over channels of publication and critical judgments that the sectional bias of New England literature went unchallenged for many years. But in time Boston had to yield its pre-eminence. For all the splendor of its literary achievement, the mind of New England was far from being the national mind.

When Boston declined, New York took over the role of capital with an enthusiasm that ought to have deserved better than fate has allowed. Unfortunately New York assumed leadership at the time when its own development tended to

dissociate it from the country at large. New York waxed great out of the commercial exploitation of America, but never, as a cultural capital, understood that its exploitation was also a dependency. It labors under the illusion—not altogether unjustified by years of recent memory—that what it thinks the country must think. But now it meets a growing resistance to the distribution of its ideas. Its ideas arise from its aspirations and malaises—bigness, tolerance of mixed populations, its blend of scientific idealism and urban fatigue; and its preoccupation with these reinforces its ignorance of the country beyond the Hudson and confirms it in dissociation. Through sheer power and masterful persuasion New York may rule fashions and win national support, up to a certain point, for its megalopolitan version of what the American arts and life ought to be. Then the outlying sections perceive that the megalopolitan image does them an injustice; it is not an acceptable national image, but a sectional one, against whose mastery they must protest.

Worst of all, New York becomes a center of confusion even to those who ask guidance of it. Literary innovations have their day of excitement; but it comforts nobody to discover that refinement is merely being heaped upon refinement, and beneath the fripperies there is nothing to believe in. Yet the artist must believe somehow; and soon there comes a Babel of arguing programs, which, for all their fine intentions, do not fit the diverse American scene. They are detached or irrelevant, and they suggest, not so much that American civilization is collapsing, as people keep saying, but that the East is sick.

It is not surprising that artists retire from a confusion that does not win them. Scattered individuals retired long ago, and now the numbers greatly increase. Unlike the expatriates of past years, the retiring artists are no longer Pilgrims of Eternity, hissing at American civilization from a safe refuge in Europe. They are discovering America. They are

going back home—back to the South, the West, New England. New York is still the bazaar where literary works must be vended. But loyalty knows bazaar talk for what it is and makes attachments that do not follow the rules of economic determinism.

In one phase "regionalism" is this retreat from the Leviathanism of New York. It is a process going on, not the slogan of some new group of innovators. But the flight of the artists is only the negative side of the process. The positive side is that the sections themselves are becoming more conscious of the validity of their own way of life. The frontier, long since passed by, has left them to grow up, and they have grown up. Now they seek to conserve and understand their own sectional traditions. Their self-conscious differentiation (which of course runs the risk of being too self-conscious) is no sudden phenomenon, whipped up by romantic agitators. Basically, it is an expression of the human desire for the particular as the complement of the universal, which in the murk of modernism has become too foggily abstract.

We have groaned too much over the levelling influences of our time. We over-estimate their power to change human nature; we under-estimate the counter-tendencies that hold them in check. What reporter of the progress of the Great American Bandwagon has adequately noted our passionate interest in genealogy, the increasing prestige of historical societies and memorial associations, the solicitude to preserve old shrines and landmarks—all the devices that turn Americans toward particularist, sectional attitudes? Family mansions are restored (not always, of course, by the blood that built them), antiques are sought out, handicrafts are revived, residence architecture again becomes "colonial" at the very moment when urban designers talk fantastically of communal burrows of glass, combining "dynamics" and "maximum service." It will not do to take all this as simply another fad. It comes too significantly in the midst of the new self-

consciousness to which historians and biographers have been schooling us. It happens at the time when electric power, motor transportation, and regional economics make decentralization a practical issue. A powerful research into the past is paralleled by a new sense of place, the result of a centrifugal diffusion which is a natural recoil from over-concentration.

The movement is part of a ground-swell which has long been making its way. The Local Color school of the 'Seventies was not an isolated phenomenon but an anticipation of a later tendency. Since the World War, American literature has again been refreshed from sectional quarters, first from the Middle West and later from the South. The renaissance began, however, at the time when metropolitan criticism was being strongly colored by modern aestheticism, and so its sectional meaning got no intelligent attention. People who where quarreling over Imagism could give the new literature little consideration in terms of its background. Critics could see that Frost's poetry was about New England, or that Willa Cather wrote about a West not composed of cowboys and Indians. But they speculated no further. They talked about realism, and failed to observe that the realism of *The Spoon River Anthology* hardly concealed a powerful nostalgia for the tradition that the urbanization of Illinois was violating. At the same time the prestige of metropolitan opinion, which held provincial backwardness in contempt, often forced writers into condescension toward their materials, so that their work sometimes embodied a borrowed, not a native judgment. Criticism was in the realm of pure aesthetics or social reform; it occurred to nobody to talk of the integration of the artist with his environment. Although Chicago was a center of literary agitation, and Harriet Monroe's *Poetry* and John Frederick's *The Midlander* bid for leadership as periodicals, there was of course no real concert

among Middle Western artists themselves. They worked as individuals—though hardly individuals who felt the deference for the East that Mark Twain once showed. They showed no signs of making a common cause.

The "regionalists"—at least the self-confessed ones—seem aware of a common cause. They openly profess allegiance to a place and its tradition. They distrust borrowed attitudes. Although they certainly abdicate no right of social criticism, they are prone to write of Gopher Prairie in terms of itself, not of what New York may think of Gopher Prairie. They disdain mere "local color" and feel free to use whatever seems good in modern techniques, but they are more likely to explore the idiom of Gopher Prairie than simply to copy New York's copy of the idiom of James Joyce.

Yet it is not quite so simple as all that. In their most serious moments, the rebels against centralism conceive their problem in terms of a whole culture—at least of a whole sectional culture which has its invaluable peculiarities. Often they argue that the arts must rest ultimately upon folkways; always they look for a tradition. They collect and revive ballads and folk-tales; they restore the crafts of southern highland and western plains. They amass an overwhelming body of evidence to disprove the quaint urban notion that America has no folk-art except Negro spirituals. While they admit the authority of the general European-American tradition, they want the arts to be organic with other kinds of activity, and not separated into "pure art"—above all, not to be incubated and wet-nursed into a pampered existence. But talk of a whole culture brings in politics and economics and so takes them to a sectionalism deeper than mere literary romanticism.

The tendency is much older and covers a wider field than one might think from glancing at arguments of special groups. In contemporary American literature all the writers who have taken an affirmative hold of "American" materials

base their work on a sectional and not a national image. Only those who assume a negative and critical view, like John Dos Passos or Theodore Dreiser, by implication present a national image; they are idealists of a sort, whose works confess that the real America falls tragically short of the fine image they conceive. This broad view can only be suggested here. But the arguments of sectional groups must be considered, for in them alone do we find representative statements of their purposes.

In the Southwest—Texas, Oklahoma, Arizona, New Mexico—a sectional agitation, so far restricted to literary and cultural issues, has been carried on by a bold group of writers and students of folk-lore, all of whom are intensely loyal to Southwestern traditions and much concerned about the possibilities of a sectional art. They have their own magazines, *The Southwest Review* and *The Texas Weekly*, which are frankly sectional in content; their own theatres, notably the Dallas Little Theatre, which are hospitable to Southwestern drama; and at least one very active publishing house, the Southwestern Press. Above all, they feel that they have a stalwart land just coming into full consciousness of its strength. If the languid East objects that the Southwest has not yet produced one writer of unquestioned greatness, the Southwest laughs tolerantly and returns to its legends of Sam Houston and its study of Spanish-American culture.

Among themselves, however, in the columns of *The Southwest Review*, they have debated the question of whether the Southwest "can or should develop a culture recognizable as unique, and more satisfying and profound than our present imported culture and art." The drift of their opinion is clearly toward an affirmative answer. They believe in the separate role of the Southwest. Henry Smith would even set off the Southwest from the South: "I despair of conveying to an Easterner, or even to a Virginian, the sense of strangeness with which a Southwesterner visits New

Orleans, say, or reads the books coming out of the Deep South." And Mr. Smith, like most of the others, makes a bow to the European traditions but argues that "at the bottom must be a tradition built up from heritages of the land where it is to endure." J. Frank Dobie goes farthest of all in calling for "cattlebrands and not signs of the zodiac" to decorate the façades of Southwestern buildings. Stanley Vestal holds that the Southwestern culture is fully alive and needs only to be disseminated through the schools. B. A. Botkin thinks that the Southwest enjoys enormous advantages in comparison with "the immigrant melting-pot of the East" and "the sterile provincialism that decadent isolation or imitation has given to New England and the South." Perhaps only the minority, like Mary Austin, would consent to cloud their hope for a sectional culture with an acknowledgment that Southwesterners are sometimes more interested "in possessing the assets of other cultures than in producing anything of their own."

In such a discussion, the perils of becoming too self-conscious and partisan are plain enough. But it is enormously significant—and perhaps it is clear gain—that the Southwestern writers are restless under the Eastern yoke and are determined to find a means of independence. Yet the skyscrapers of Dallas, the price of cotton and oil, the Fords and Chryslers, the political wars between the Fergusons and the progressive urban interests remain disturbing elements which are not directly faced by the talk about culture. How do the Southwestern artists propose to head off Southwestern society if it decides to stampede into the skyscrapers? How can the artist become a cultural leader, anyway, if American society, for all its Guggenheim fellowships and art museums, secretly thinks him an ass, or at best an eccentric? Emerson and the New England transcendentalists answered this hard question by getting on the winning side and motivating it rather than

by adopting a difficult nonconformity. The liberals of our day make a similar answer, though with weakened assurance as to which is the winning side. For a different answer I turn to the South.

Like the Middle Western writers of the post-war period, the new Southern writers of the 1920's were influenced by the prevalent spirit of critical realism. To share in a modern outlook, however, meant for them a very acute division of loyalties. The drift of the times influenced them to accept a progressive view of Southern life. Under this view, what was most historic and deeply characteristic had to be taken as merely picturesque, or as something backward which needed reprimand and disavowal. If they surrendered to the progressive view, either they specialized in the picturesque and wrote charmingly of Negroes and mountaineers, like Mr. DuBose Hayward; or they wrote Southern *Main Streets* like Mr. Stribling. If they had doubts and did not wholly surrender, they might take refuge in evasive ironies like Mr. Cabell or condemn with affection like Miss Glasgow. The result is a remarkable array of writers in whom the Southern tradition speaks, but speaks under a repression that twists it out of character. The struggle of loyalties subdued this writer too far or made that one too loud. But meanwhile the progressive view itself got no critical examination at all.

Finally in 1930 a group of Nashville writers, enlisting the aid of other Southerners, united in disavowing the progressive view, as unfit for Southern needs and as, in some respects, a betrayal of what was most worthy of preservation. They gave their views in a symposium, *I'll Take My Stand: The South and the Agrarian Tradition.* The times had changed, they said with emphasis. It was folly for Southerners to twist themselves into awkward conformity to an ideal which, besides being false to Southern principles, was in itself inadequate and had in fact broken down.

These writers proposed, not a literal re-establishment of

the old Southern tradition, but a new application of its meaning to the current situation. The past, they granted, was irrecoverable in its old terms. Nevertheless the Southern way of life, which they defined as agrarian, conservative, and stable, had survived its historic reverses so persistently that it seemed to have new merit for a country that had got itself hideously entangled in the progressive and fluctuating ways of the industrial order. Brushing aside the loose assumptions of Nineteenth Century liberalism, they declared industrialism inadequate on the economic side and deceptive in its humanitarian motivation. They devoted their positive exposition to framing a philosophy of life which would be based upon the agrarian economy to which the South as a section seemed adapted. In this scheme are would have its place, but not a dissociated place. There could be no pure philosophy of aesthetics any more than there could be a pure science of economics, because human considerations were always getting in the way. They did not talk much about culture; they did not mention "regionalism." But like the regionalists of the Southwest and the Humanists of the East (whose ethical earnestness was perhaps New England's contemporary sectional contribution to the argument about modern life) they wanted no artificial culture. Unlike the Southwesterners, they did not wink at the intrusive sky-scrapers, but criticized them. Unlike the Humanists, who could not tell where to apply their doctrines, the twelve Southerners offered in the South a concrete example of a humanistic way of life.

The publication of *I'll Take My Stand* caused an outburst of controversy in the South, and the end is not yet in sight. As one who shared in the book and in the controversy, I entertain no delusions as to the extent to which "public opinion" was formally and immediately converted to the ideas of *I'll Take My Stand*. The publication of a book has never yet changed overnight the minds of newspaper editors and institutional leaders who have avested interest in inter-

preting the mind of the people as favoring the delusions that they themselves have profited by advocating. "Public opinion" of the latter sort in the South has long rationalized its lack of ideas and disguised its exploitatory intentions by promulgating an Eastern brand of progressivism. The long strain of the depression has now fully revealed how far-fetched and costly was the attempt to apply progressivism where it did not fit, and how far the Southern progressives had detached themselves from basic Southern interests.

The same years of economic strain have strengthened the position of the twelve authors of *I'll Take My Stand*. Without discussing here the merit of their doctrines, I will simply say that they have pointed out a road away from Leviathanism. If one may judge by native temperament and past experience, that is a road which the South is naturally inclined to take. Furthermore they have removed obstacles from the paths of timid souls who winced under the charge of "professional Southerner" and dropped their sectional loyalty because they did not know how to make it consistent with self-interest and respectability. And they alone of professed sectionalists have made it clear that sectionalism—or "regionalism"—has a firmer substance than critics allow who have thought of it only as a decorative and fleeting literary mood. They have shown that "regionalism" is in fact sectionalism. That issue has not yet been squarely faced in gatherings of sectional groups, like the Iowa Writers conference, or the pleasant meetings of Southern writers at Charlottesville and Charleston, where literary fellowship took precedence over serious discussion.

IV

Hardly anywhere, in fact, outside of the South and Southwest, have writers made vows of sectional allegiance as definite as those I have recorded. It may be a matter of some dispute, too, as to how thorough-going the process of decen-

tralization is. There can be do doubt that the tendency exists and will continue. It is better for sectional programs to be openly acknowledged than to have them appear in the disguise of national programs, such as the long dominant East has often assumed the special privilege of promulgating. That is a game at which more than one or two can now play. A testing of power, if provocation brought it about, might force the East to give up some of its pretensions and confess to being simply another section. New York might have to make itself over into a different sort of capital.

The results of sectional contentiousness would certainly be evil if they led again to scission and conflict, and so to a new unbalancing. A wise philosophy of give-and-take would avoid such dangers by striving for balance and by removing provocations for sectional strife. It is strange that some of our thinkers have persisted in a contradiction: in one breath they scold the hitherland for not getting in step with the national army; and in the next breath they complain that the army is becoming an uncontrollable machine. Sectionalism is a natural check on the perils of regimentation; and a decent self-determination may prove to be a good means of restraining or sublimating sectional cantankerousness. In the sections rather than the states may be discovered the true counter-balance to extreme Federalism, whether political or cultural. Sectionalism fits democracy, as a further extension of Federalism does not. But to define its practical functions requires a less abstract view of American society than our most reputable mentors have been willing to take.

In the eternally difficult process of fitting the ideal to the real, it is foolhardy to ignore the persistence of sectional traits or to condemn them as sheer inertia which must be battered down. That they do persist, despite external changes, is plain. To think that inertia has no worth whatever is the sheerest conceit; the fish, in the evolutionary fable, did not cease to be a vertebrate when he became a bird. The

responsibility and loyalty necessary to the good health of a decent society cannot be secured by "disembodied assertions of value"—to use a phrase applied by Helen Hill, in *The Sewanee Review*, to the propositions of Mr. Walter Lippmann and similar apostles of social abstraction. They require instead "an assertion of value which has very definitely a local habitation and a name." It is better to utilize an original character than to wipe it out. It is more sensible and natural to get along with Southern Americans and other kinds of sectional Americans than to try to make Americans in the laboratory of abstraction.

All of our centralists, whether plutocratic "individualists," old-style liberals, or new-style radicals, falsely assume a rigidly unified America as already made or in the making. No matter what they devise, no matter what social mechanisms or dictatorship they may strive to set up, they will always face the problem of making their measures seem intelligible and just to the diverse folk who inhabit our "physiographic provinces." How diverse these folk are, it would need a Whitmanian catalogue to make clear. Their united consent is obtainable in an emergency, or in normal times when the national instrument remains within its sphere as the moderator of differences and the indispensable agent of general and continental need. Their consent will be withdrawn, or not given in the first place, if a program, born from a false notion of the United States as a unit, cuts too drastically into sectional interests.

The physicians of our disease have not faced the question of whether the patients have the will to take the universal remedies they offer. They need to ponder the vision of the complete scientific society, as Bertrand Russell has set it forth in *The Scientific Outlook*. Grant that science gives us a technique of power by which we can theoretically exercise any conceivable degree of control over nature. Would we consent to such power, if it meant placing control in the

hands of a scientifically trained oligarchy while the rest of us were drugged into hedonistic slavery? Would we really want to have production adjusted to consumption, government purged of graft, and a complete quota of good citizens (bred in scientifically regulated studs) if the price were a tyranny such as even the crudest savage would be spirited enough to reject?

Mr. Russell doubts whether any human society would tolerate such a scheme. People love the world and its irregularities; and "it is only in so far as we renounce the world as its lovers that we can conquer it as its technicians." American society is just as human as any other, and no more inhuman. Besides, it is sectionally organized. I do not think that any scheme of general renunciation can overcome the resistance of the existing sectional diversities; the perfect system would win about as many votes as the Prohibition candidate in the election of 1930.

We do not really want a scientific society, even if we could get it. We do not want a perfected national society on an industrial plan. Its regime would be intolerable, because we do not want to live as it would require us to live, and because we are already losing the almost religious faith in science which it demands of its devotees. We are in disorder because of our unwillingness, while still dominated by fragmentary industrial patterns, to take the steps necessary to make the patterns complete. But we are too weary of regimentation ever to take those steps. Although historians like Mr. Beard would define our present agony as the struggle of a people, long ago committed to democratic institutions, to adapt those institutions to industrial patterns for which no allowance was made in the beginning, we might now, with just as much point, turn the observation the other way. We may require the industrial patterns to do the adapting. The democratic institutions may after all be capable of more absorption than our centralists imagine.

Sectionalism is inherent in the democratic institutions that have been established and developed in the United States. When it is omitted from consideration, the noblest speculations are diluted with ignorance and nonsense. The Old Adam, firmly entrenched in sectional America, can be counted on to put up a stubborn resistance against the civilization described by Spengler as a "standardized massing of humanity void of social structure, and uninspired by any common interest." Long bewildered and betrayed in our search for perfect nationalism, we have just begun to realize that we have no adequate term even to designate a citizen of the United States—"American" is still a vague word. Our most characteristic national songs are those that record sectional experience. Our literature, architecture, folk-lore, history, accent dissolve the national complex into sectional entities. Rivers, mountain ranges, deserts, degrees of latitude, differences of soil and climate divide us. The concentration of racial strains, the prevalence of local traditions, the variance of laws, legends, histories—all this emphasizes the parts which are joined but not fused into a whole. The industrial revolution, which once threatened to bind us into a forced unity, now loses its hold as its gains turn into losses. Decentralization sets in: railroads lose their monopoly of transportation, factories shift away from urban concentrations, people return to the farms, power is diffused everywhere, the arts seek a domestic abode. Once we had two or three sections; now we have many. The official map of the United States does not acknowledge their presence, but they belong there, and in time will be charted.

The national unity of the United States is far less endangered by recognizing this sectional division than by disregarding it. Within limits, the national organism is a necessity to the sections and a natural check upon any chauvinism that may appear; other natural checks exist in the character of the sections themselves: there are no sectional languages or

religions; people are habituated to the same political mechanisms everywhere; and within themselves the sections have minority groups—the sections of sections—which restrain them from extreme measures and always facilitate the technique of compromise. But the real disturber of the peace is the characterless and synthetic Americanism which has been a by-product of the industrial regime. The likelihood is that the sections of the lately despised "hinterland" will join in a passive war upon this false Americanism, which has threatened to oppress them, and its prestige will lessen until it is absorbed and acclimated. In their somewhat different, yet related traditions the sections have a common interest to maintain what is organically American against what is synthetically imposed. Their national unity consists in the avowal which any section should rejoice for the others to make: that we are Rebels, Yankees, Westerners, New Englanders or what you will, bound by ties more generous than abstract institutions can express, rather than citizens of an Americanized nowhere, without family, kin, or home.

Donald Davidson

THREE POEMS

FOR HATE

BRING coldness here and shrivel up the sun.
What, shall the casual world still feel the dawn
When blood now will be bartered for black ice?
I knew such fine precision. Dignity
Perched with immaculate tranquillity
On every vulgar whirlpool time devised.
Then passion, like the deep sea octopus,
Tugged with her furious fingers at my arms.
I remember a stinging taste. Love should be watched:
Regard the flies, they stagger in coupled bliss,
Or look at the cows, their thighs are thick with it.
Then walk at night and see the slow black air,
Constricting, throttle the earth in ice.
Oh,
What a capering thing is love, how steady hate!

FOR THE AUDIENCE

THE rushing air finds marriage here at evening.
With no trees growing the night would pass unheard
And swifter down the plain. With no winds blowing
The boughs would higher point, but still as death.
Attainment towers without accompaniment,
Yet in singleness such desolation lies.
To you who love—when the sound I make is less
Than a stone wind-rattled in an empty field—
How should I dare construe experience?

REFLECTIONS ON FEAR

A WHITE rose slips across the table top.
On polished ebony who can say
The petals or the petaled image root the storm
That harmony in passing generates?
Twin images in motion, parallel,
Our separate reveries; resolving in
Such surface as our fear can slicken up
To hold reflections dimly touching through
The previous roughened table-top of time.

DON STANFORD

THE IMMORTAL WOMAN

WE NEVER knew why she came but it was always in October when the warm days were few, and the fallen leaves under the thick shade stuck to the dampness on the walk that the sun could not dry. It was usually the last of October. We wondered how long she had been here, a round little old lady in black holding her head up on the left side and leaning on a heavy black cane. When I saw her I thought: she has already passed several times. Then I remembered that was last year or two years ago. It got so that when I saw her for the first time in the fall, I said: it is another year. My aunt says she came every fall for fifteen years but I know it was only in the last four or five that she took to walking with a cane. Stringy, dead-looking grey hair fringed the edge of the small black hat that she wore close to her temples, and her thick glasses gave her eyes a fixed stare. She walked steadily to the corner by the grey brick house, crossed the street to the green bench by the College gate, and sat down facing the house. Her clothes were always the same and it is hard to remember what she wore. She seemed to sink into the faded anonymity of the old street.

Only the leaves have renewed themselves here since I was a boy. On our side there are tall trees, sugar maples and sycamores, from the far corner, which is out of sight, down to the old square house where stands, heaving up the bricks in the walk, a giant oak; across the street runs the high wall of the old College. The same damp trickle has held to the wall the same patch of grey moss as long as I can remember. Early in the morning, and more distinctly in the fall, you can hear if you listen closely the clatter of the main street down by the Potomac, a low hum of noise that seems to bring with it the smell of the fishmarket. At noon there is a moment, filled always with surprise, when the sunlight falls quietly through the trees.

We see few people. Nothing happens. We never visit and no one comes to our house. I think that none of our neighbors ought to be living here. I suppose the trees know what was here, and what it was, but no one knows who planted the trees. They know something that we never hear and they contain years that we cannot see. On the third of every month Mr. Higgins comes to collect the rent. "It's a fact now. Mark my word. It won't be five years till there's niggers in all these houses."

There is the old brick house on the corner across from the College gate. I see first the wall running out of the side of the house down the side street. It encloses the garden, and midway along it opens, or opened once, an iron gate now a rusty green. I have never seen inside. The dull slate roof, cracked everywhere and littered over with twigs and leaves, slopes front and back; at each end, wide apart and perilously tall, two slender chimneys rise. Six windows stretch across the front of each of the three storeys. In the exact center of the house stands the door; it opens into the second floor at the end of two curved flights of stone steps, one on each side. It is a double door, two plain panels with small tarnished brass knobs set in a carved but very simply carved frame that

is arched over by a fan-light of many small panes. Some of the panes are broken and the paint is peeling off the door. The house must have been built before this country was a nation, when there was no city east of the creek and Georgetown was a town in the Proprietary Colony of Maryland.

From my window I could just see the old lady where she sat on the green bench, day after day, and towards noon I got so that I began to look for the large white-haired man in blue serge, who came to take her away. A black derby high on his head gave him a little more than his real height, and although he must have been past seventy he was heavy and of powerful frame—the sort of man you would like to see on a big bay horse, cantering down a quiet street and, without changing pace or his own expression, gravely lifting his hat to the ladies as he passed. He never spoke to the old lady but with great simplicity removed his hat, holding it across his chest while she rose; then they started off, the old lady keeping an even distance in the rear. I am sure that in all these years he never uttered a word, but the old lady talked constantly, not to her husband but as if his presence made it easier for her to talk to herself. The large man—I am certain of this too—never once looked at the old house.

And not more than twice did he fail to come for her. The first time must have been five or six years ago, when a tall very old man, who looked tall at any rate because his knees were so long, drove up in a muddy Victoria. A doctor, I am certain; his white hair flowed over his shrunken shoulders; he wore a wrinkled Prince Albert and a shining stove-pipe hat, and he held a gold-headed cane. As the carriage slowed down he moved as though he were about to get out; but he thought better of it and the old lady, old but many years younger than he, climbed slowly in. The negro boy driver turned—I remember he had on a greasy linen duster and a colorless felt hat decorated with a rooster's tail—and, with a solemn face, distinctly said: "Good mornin', Miss Jane."

She nodded. The old doctor leaned forward and kissed her and they began talking; I could hear nothing they said. Without raising his voice the old gentleman talked more and more vehemently, pointing towards the upper windows of the house, alternately pointing and rubbing the side of his long white nose with the knob of his cane. At last she nodded, as if she had at last got a difficulty out of her mind—as if to say: Yes, that's it, I remember now. The old doctor spoke to the boy, who pulled up the reins and drove briskly down the street.

The old house has not been occupied for years. Aunt Charlotte says that people lived in it when we first came here. There were no children and I never looked much at the place. It is too elegant for poor people, and too large; too shabby, in too shabby a neighborhood, for the rich. Aunt Charlotte cannot distinctly remember the last tenants; they lived there less than a year. But the house looked shut up even then, and quite untouched, as if it were going its own way. Every year it seems to settle a little more into the ground. The windows look dimmer, defying the light to disturb the perfect shadows within.

Further than "Miss Jane" we never knew the names of any of the people who came back to look at the house, though I must have seen the old lady and her husband, the vigorous western man, thirty or forty times a year for ten years—the time I've been an invalid—and my aunt, sewing at her machine every morning in the other front room across the hall, watched them come and go a good five years longer. You have understood that Aunt Charlotte is a sempstress. She had been a clerk in the Patent Office—snapped rubber bands around papers and envelopes, whose purpose and destiny she did not know, from nine to five—until I came back from over-seas, paralyzed. We are Pennsylvania people from a small town, Greencastle, who came here, my father and mother and Aunt Charlotte, her sister, to go into the

Government service, when I was a child; my parents are dead. I went from the high-school to the war but when I was eleven or twelve I spent many afternoons at the Smithsonian and wandered over to the Fisheries and the Army Medical Museum where they keep South American mummies and wax representations of diseases, and monsters in jars. We are the only members of our family left in Georgetown. We never hear from our relatives and we are poor.

I will never forget how the old lady nodded to the doctor, as if but for a slight piece of information she knew all that the house contained; and how he nodded in return, affectionately but a little absently, not thinking very much about the house. He must have known all the people there long ago, but he had not lived there. It was that, I think, more than the old lady's coming and going that started me to thinking about her. I began to wonder where she lived, and where I myself should live since this town is not my home; and then too I ask Aunt Charlotte where the people are who ought to be living in the square house. I don't think she quite knows what I mean. She says the neighbors all came after they left, and they either forget or never knew the name. My aunt is very busy and lately she has got so much fashionable patronage that she seems a little giddy, as giddy as an anxious old maid could ever be.

But she does good work and somehow the ladies who go to F Street have decided that a shabby street in Georgetown is the place to go. There is Mrs. Ritter, she comes in a Cadillac, I don't know where she is from; she talks about her parties, sometimes as if she and Aunt Charlotte were really together and the parties weren't hers; but one day she said, "I just hate poor people." But Aunt Charlotte is so innocent. The senator's daughters are pretty and they don't know what they want and they are afraid to let a sewing-woman tell them. I fall into these currents of life around me and I like to think how far away they run. When a car drives up or the

knocker sounds I roll my chair to the window and look out. I roll over to the door, open it, get behind it and wait for the lady to begin talking.

There is old Mrs. Dulany and, come to think of it, it must have been old Mrs. Dulany who lives down near the Tenallytown Road who got all these people coming to our house.

"No, don't thank me. My dear, I don't know any of them. I just told Mrs. Roberts you did splendid plain sewing and I reckon she told some one else who told all the others."

Every spring, every fall, Mrs. Dulany comes three or four times to have some old silk dresses made over or a new black voile. She says:

"My dear, I don't know them at all."

Her right eye suddenly squints, and that side of her face twitches spasmodically until she holds it a moment with her hand. Then she talks on. Sometimes I go into the sewing-room when she is there. "Mr. Hermann, you are looking better this spring." Or "this fall"—as it happens. She always says that, and you feel a great kindness. She gives Aunt Charlotte minute directions about a skirt. "It don't make much difference how I look, I'm gettin' so old."

When I wish to compose myself I close my eyes, and I can hear Mrs. Dulany's voice. It is a little cracked for she must be nearly eighty but the tone is at once sharp and fluent, and what she says is neither memorable nor foolish. She must have come in one day while I was dozing. I felt that she was there though she had not spoken, and I was startled at thinking that I knew what she was going to say.

"Well, Miss Charlotte, maybe you think this street has always been just like it is."

As I looked across the hall Mrs. Dulany was bending a little forward, whether to see what Aunt Charlotte was doing or in some inner excitement I could not tell. The mid-morning light fell on the heap of scraps, the odds and ends of muslin and silk, velvet and bits of thread, that covered the

big table where Aunt Charlotte with her aimless patience was picking about here and there. Mrs. Dulany had spoken; my aunt looked up, her eyes blank, like a surprised beetle.

"Yes'm, only I tell John it ain't as bad as it might be if my work took me out."

Thinking the talk would go on that way I wheeled my chair back to the window—and yet I felt illuminated and pleased. The sun was just over the College wall. It struck me full in the face. It was time to put up the window and let the warm air come in. This is my greatest pleasure. The light shakes the big sycamore leaves, and the sycamore balls in the sudden heat burst, and fall softly to the ground. It is wonderful to watch the rays of sun lift the branch by my window at least a foot higher than it seems to be in the evening shade. There is a faint crackle in the air as the night mist from the river steams up out of the leaves. I knew that when I leaned over the sill I should see the old lady.

She was coming slowly up the street, head and shoulders hidden by a tree, and it struck me for the first time how she walked—as if she were being propelled from the outside, by a force that she neither knew nor could control—like the dressmaker's form in the sewing-room, moving with an even glide—a slightly stooped form for old ladies' fittings. And with a start I thought how curious it was that she needed a cane. She put little weight upon it and at regular short intervals jabbed the rubber ferule noiselessly against the bricks as if indeed that were her way of testing her distance from the ground.

There are some things we know so little about; yet I suppose I looked at the old lady with new eyes because a tone or a phrase in what Mrs. Dulany had said put something into my mind . . . I reckon you think this street has always been just like it is . . . I cannot remember what I thought she really meant, or whether I thought about it at that moment. There are times when my sight grows dim and

my head whirls; I grip the wheels of my chair, move a few feet very rapidly; objects begin to reappear. I think I know things only in action; there are the surprising and intolerable crises that a trivial act of will dissipates as breath a soap-bubble—those harassing swivets of the mind. I tell Aunt Charlotte that if one must be an invalid one must have a wheeled chair, not to go anywhere in but to give one something to do. I can only say that going over to the window and seeing the old lady float by was my way of understanding what Mrs. Dulany had said.

To understand even a little of what one sees one must at every moment understand more than there is to be understood, or looked at another way, a great deal less. I see, of course, very little. When I remember that the old lady stopped coming by at last, in a way that told me she would not come again, I thought how foolish it was to say that she had always looked this way or had done this or carried that. It takes years to understand the easy things: I recall the exhilaration I felt swarming over my face and eyes when I suddenly and definitely knew that no two days are alike, no person the same two days running. There was the beach down on the bay that I had been to as a child, where the shallow utmost reach of the surf deposited at each thrust a thin filament of sand, but never at the same place twice over.

I do know, of course, that the old lady held her head up a little to the left, as if she were about to sniff, that she wore black worsted mittens, and carried a black reticule that sagged under the weight of shapeless objects: the crazy stare through the thick rimless glasses and the apparently useless cane completed the miscellany of her appearance, one's sense of animated odds and ends. I thought she might fall apart, or go up in a wisp of smoke. She had merely been put together by all past generations, and she saw no need of doing anything about it; I mean that she could not have known that she had a self. The gliding ease of her step, the unshakable

regularity of her habits, had all the perfection of an untested desire. I felt, as she passed that last time, though I did not know then it was the last, that she was as perfect as a cyclone, as terrible, with the same suffocating vortex inside.

I am trying, I suppose, to see what she really looked like. I cannot imagine a picture of her. Could she have sat every day for a photograph, for a whole year, always on the same plate, one image upon another, there would have appeared an outline indistinct as a distant shadow, or perhaps one should say that her picture would have been like a whisper in an empty room. Just nothing, in the sense that impalpable fear is nothing: precisely nothing at all. And then I suddenly knew that I had been hearing the voice all this time, the words from the sewing-room forming a single moment with the image in the street.

". . . I knew them all of course, I knew them because old Cousin John Gibson, that was the father of the girls, and my own father were second cousins. And I knew Cousin Georgiana too, his wife. We used to go up there when I was a little girl and I knew them that way, but all the girls were young ladies, too old for me to be intimate with and too young to be married and have children my age. My mother said Cousin Georgiana paid a heavy price for not having any boys. That was why the family broke up. Of the four girls, only one, Mary Anne, made a good match, a Federal naval officer. Old Cousin John, their father, said a Yankee and a rebel looked about the same to him. I reckon he was right about it for that Yankee, such a handsome young gentleman, was the only good husband any of them got."

"Yes'm, that's what papa said, the rebel soldiers that come to Greencastle was mighty well-behaved, didn't steal a thing. I'll just baste this hem so you won't have to try on the skirt again."

"Yes, I don't like to stand on my feet . . . That Yankee

officer bought out the shares of the other sisters—that was after the war and their father was dead—in the land down in St. Mary's. It was the worst thing they could have done. There was Anna; she never married, I reckon I ought to go to see her, she's ninety at least, lived on charity for forty years in the Home for Incurables ever since her mother died. Susan married my cousin on my mother's side, Captain Charles Sterrett. He warn't much force. Aunt Martha, the old negro woman who nursed the girls, helped them, but Cousin Charlie always said: Hadn't the white folks supported her before the war? Just like *he'd* done it. Cousin Lottie I knew best; she married a clerk at Beckitt and Wylie's, a nice deserving young man, only we never knew where he came from—old Major Beckitt said it was all nonsense, folks had to live, and the boy was well-mannered and industrious. But that boy took to drinking and Cousin Lottie supported her family with her needle. Mama said it wasn't right for old Cousin John to leave the land to the girls after they'd been raised in town. Once I heard Mama talking to somebody, that Cousin John had an awful temper, and hit Cousin Georgiana on the head with a tin cup. After that she was never the same. One time she got the old gentleman when he was very intoxicated, sewed him up in two stout linen sheets and horsewhipped him till he was sober. She was never the same after that and he wasn't either. He never touched another drop. They never said much about that tin cup, but after he was dead and buried, and Cousin Georgiana and Anna were living alone in the old house towards the end of the war, Mama showed me the place where she'd whipped him at the top of the stairs. She had one sheet already spread out; he was so unsteady she tripped him with a poker. When he fell he went right to sleep, then the old lady started sewing the other sheet over him. Mama would whisper just as we came to the old lady's door, 'Who would think she could have done it?' And Cousin John left the

house to his sister, when he should have left it to the girls —his sister Anne, the one that married old Mr. Posey . . ."

When she had got to the corner she stood for an instant on the kerb; and looking at her, listening to the voice from the depths of the old house, I could see her incline her head from one side to the other and gaze, rather slyly, up and down the street. I saw her peering cautiously out of a door into a dark hall. With sudden speed she sailed across the street. I suppose she really looked like that at that moment. I see her in four or five distinct scenes, imperishable glimpses, but I know that each of these scenes is composed of many particles of memory, all of them striving day and night to come together and to take form. Before she had quite sat down on the bench she began to take odd pieces of string out of the reticule, laying them across her knees—she was too round to have a lap—and after a brief pause began tying the ends together and winding it into a ball. She rolled steadily and expertly, her hands on her knees; she raised the ball to the level of her eyes, winding all the time, back and forth from her eyes to her knees. In a little while she rested. She looked around with jerks of her head but the head had a different focus from the eyes. Like a chicken pausing alertly between scratches. I suppose she was watching the house.

The sun always fell on her back, throwing the side of her face into a luminous shadow in the middle of which, from the temple to the chin, ran an almost straight line. It made her features thinner and younger. I had to look away. There was a firm and delicate line imbedded in the shapeless flesh. A group of students passed on their way to the College gate. A handsome boy in a bright green sweater looked back at her fumbling with her bits of string, and smiled.

I never wished to speak a word to that old lady. I try to think that after my first real awareness of her I never wanted to see her again. I could not help it—wheeling myself over

to the window. I said to myself: it is to get the morning sun. It was to see the old lady. I have seen people as they ought not to be; I have seen whining monsters with only half a face and I myself am not as I ought to be. That is different. Something will hit you, the will of God, and you're no good for the rest of your life. The old lady was as good as she had ever been; she sagged a little, I think, in her whole being, but like the old house she was, all of her, there, in a kind of perfection that I had not known before. The house stood facing her, not a stick of it changed I am certain for a hundred and fifty years. I can imagine the windows every year getting smaller, sealing up the shadows until at last there will be one great impenetrable shadow within.

". . . and when the war was over Cousin Anne and her husband moved up from Prince William and took possession of the house. Cousin Anne you see was much older than her brother who'd left her the place, and Mr. Posey was younger than she but still older than his brother-in-law. Their children were all grown up. Mama didn't go much to the house after they came, but I did. I was often in the old garden. On my way home from my music lesson at the Convent I had to pass the garden gate. Cousin Anne would lean out like she'd been waiting: 'Come in, child, and have some cake.' She would take my hand and give me a sharp look. She was tall and thin and her nose tied her face up in a knot. I remember how the garden looked in the spring. We sat at a rickety little table under the back gallery. Cousin Anne poured half water and half sweet wine into tall glasses. She would say, 'Honey, give your Cousin George some sangaree.' Cousin George was Mr. Posey. I took it to him where he sat at the other end of the porch. 'Little Nellie, she shakes like jelly,' he said, never taking the frown off his face, and that was his way of thanking me . . ."

I am now sure that I never wanted to see the inside of the house. I cannot help feeling for it a certain respect. It carries itself well. All effort is over and it is superior to anything its imagination might teach it to do. But it is, in its composure, a little menacing. Like the island of Sinbad the Sailor it is sudden and angry with an incalculable life of its own. I always take my "walks" in the afternoon the year round; being down there with the old house, or with the old lady, myself with one of them, I should feel secure; I should have a single problem, and its simplicity would leave open the space between the street and my room. But to be there with them together, the old lady and the old house—that is to be entirely alone, with my watch ticking on my wrist, and arrested in time. I should have my own darkness inside, my own angry perfection, and I should no longer be able to say: the student going into the gate is returning from the movies to his room in Carroll Hall. There would be the student, the gate, and my watch ticking; then my watch ticking alone.

". . . only I didn't shake because I was frail. That was all I ever heard him say. Old Mr. Posey sat in a big arm-chair with horsehair upholstery, his knees wide apart and the black trousers tight on his heavy limbs. He wore a faded bottle-green coat with tails, and a loose black stock round his neck. There he sat frowning, picking his teeth with a gold toothpick that folded like a knife into a small carved ivory handle. I always wanted to touch it but I was afraid to ask him. Cousin Anne colored a tumbler of water with a little wine for me. We just sat there. She rocked vigorously in her chair, then abruptly stopped, as if she'd thought of something. At the end of the garden by the stables was a big sycamore and along the wall by the street ran a high box hedge—it was dug up and sold years ago. On the other side round the kitchen and the quarters bushes of flowering quince grew in huge clusters. Only there was never any cake and

at home we never called him Cousin George. He was Mr. Posey. They say he was in a rage all his life. That was peculiar and there was something else . . ."

I have never believed that anger has anything in it that one can touch and see; it is different from love which is always physical and so knows where to stop, at the end of familiar things. Aunt Charlotte I think never had any feeling about anything; she does not know one person from another; she has felt neither anger nor love. There is anxiety but that is kindness and kindness is not love. This is a neighborhood of strangers. Like me I suppose they have all felt that it is not innocent enough, a place that knows more than we can ever know, knows it all in a way that we cannot understand. It is absurd to say that an old house is angry. We get used to absurdity. To say that of the house seems to me as ordinary as saying that it is placed among unfamiliar things. We make it angry; a new house built in another town makes it angry. It must have once loved familiar things. As I looked down at the old lady making her balls of twine I thought how furious she was, but then she could not know she was furious. With incredible fury she wound up the twine as if it were the last of familiar things; furiously she placed her forefinger against the side of her nose, taking in deep breaths; then she resumed her work with new fury.

". . . and it was even more peculiar. There were Jane and Sarah Georgiana, or Sally George we called her, and it was Sally George who married Mr. Broadwater and went to the southwest. They took Jane's meals up to her room; she never came out. There were Little George and Uncle Rozier, the two boys, and I expect Cousin Anne called her son uncle because Little George had a son; he had married one of old Major Beckitt's girls and gone out west. I never saw him in my life; he couldn't get along with his father so he went west. West was a word you heard all the time. Hundreds

of people were going west. It seemed so far away. The land flowing with milk and honey, old Major Beckitt said sarcastically, but it did seem to flow because Little George made money out of that land he and Mr. Ben Tayloe had bought in the west before the war, and he sent money home. Then he sent his wife and child, a little girl, Little Jane we called her, named after her Aunt Jane, he sent them home to visit. After that visit Little George sent no more money back home, and before long they shut up the house, had to I reckon. Went up to Rockville and died there about the time I was grown. Later Uncle Rozier went west too. I saw him many times, it's right strange how you remember things. I can see him in the front hall coming down the wide white stairway in his carpet-slippers—I remember that because he was such a large man, six feet four they said, and he walked so quietly I noticed his feet. He was different from his father, had the sanguine temperament, but he swore every breath no matter who was present. I think it was this same day. He put his huge hand on my head and shook me. 'By God, she's a pretty young un.' Then he gave me a nickel. Old Aunt Martha who sat in the back hall with a white cap and apron on—she was too old and fat to work so she answered the front doorbell that rang about twice a week—she whispered: 'Don't you be scared, honey, they ain't no harm in Marse Rozier.' She laughed and showed her big eye-teeth, all she had left, hanging down over her lower lip. The old hall was always dark. I could never see the faces in the frames on the wall opposite the stairs. They were Gibsons. You know the first Gibson was a dwarf. I think of those times, how I'm the only one of their kin left here. Jane died while Little George's wife and daughter were here on that visit. Doctor Lacy Beckitt, one of the major's boys, waited on her till she died. They said she just died, but don't crazy people live just as long as other people? Longer. Nobody saw her laid out. She was foolish about her little niece Jane, I reckon be-

cause she was her namesake. All morning she sat alone in her room and after dinner she peeped out into the dim hall, and called Little Jane. Little Jane went upstairs for her daily present. Jane cut up old newspapers into strips like ribbons all day long, and laid them in rows and piles. 'Here's your present for today, child'—handing her some paper strips. She never spoke above a whisper; no one saw her smile; she was very gentle. When she got a new dress she cut it right up into scraps—'They might come in handy,' she'd say. She tied strings round empty boxes, they found hundreds of them in her wardrobe after she died. She saved tinfoil and bits of thread, and made balls of twine. Sometimes I think the old house is waiting to be taken away too, and nobody will ever look inside again who knew what happened there. Not, my dear, that anything really happened . . ."

"That's what I tell my nephew, folks work so hard but don't never get anything out of it. Like carrying water uphill in a leaky bucket."

When Aunt Charlotte broke the silence I knew that I had heard everything that Mrs. Dulany had said: I was brought up sharply against the innocence of my poor aunt, who had heard not a word of it, I mean really heard it. And yet I was convinced that Mrs. Dulany herself, could the question have entered her mind, would have seen nothing that was not perfectly plain. I knew, however, that as Aunt Charlotte spoke Mrs. Dulany was squinting her eye, and her face was twitching. These mysteries are understood in our bodies, not in the mind. I thought I understood that too: when the umbrella mender cries out in the street I feel restless, even a little exposed, and thinking suddenly that my bureau needs tidying up I wheel myself over to it and find myself brushing my hair.

That, too, must be a kind of anger. I looked out of the window. The old lady was tying up the ends of her strings

to start a new ball. The air was still and warm and I knew it was almost noon. A coal truck pounded by on the cobblestones, leaving the noonday suspense deeper than before. I had seen into the old house, and there was the old lady, that cavernous bird of passage, across the street. Damnation had read itself out to me. I remembered the elderly gentleman who had come for her in the spattered carriage, and I wanted him to come again today. I found myself saying, Little Jane. There was the solemn negro boy. Good mornin', Miss Jane. I suddenly thought: Doctor Beckitt, who knew the room in which the crazy woman had died. The old doctor whose carriage might have become his grave. I suppose I wanted Miss Jane to die but I found myself wishing for her a distant grave, or perhaps—and I think this was it —a moving grave that would bring her back to the old grey house in Indian summer after the morning light of autumn had begun shaking the leaves. Though I knew it was impossible I could not bear to think of her dying in the old house. I saw her consumed by the rage of the invisible fire within. I kept thinking, foolishly enough, that she might be saved. But she had no place to die. She could neither die nor live.

The young man was coming rapidly down the street. He looked like a tower of new brick. He was all of six feet; his head, arms, legs moved all together. His clothes seemed carefully impersonal and subdued. He must have stepped out of a fashionable hotel. He wore thick glasses and looked occasionally up, then down, to satisfy himself that there was no obstacle in his way. He wore one glove; the other he carried in his bare hand. He walked quickly and deliberately and he scarcely touched the ground.

He was leaning over the old lady, kissing her, his arms at his side. She put both arms round his neck, and kissed him again and again. He withdrew at last. He sat down beside her. Neither spoke. The old lady fumbled with her bag and relaxed with a sigh. He rose, and standing with his legs

slightly apart, the backs of his hands on his hips, he looked up at the house.

Still looking up, and I thought gradually tenser and more alert, he rocked on the balls of his feet. He stood suddenly still. He rubbed his bare fist slowly in the palm of his gloved hand. He turned abruptly, as if everything were quite clear, took her by the arm, tenderly, pulling her to her feet. The sun from over the wall lit up her face. I could see that she was in tears. He took her cane, a little awkwardly. She leaned heavily on his arm; they started slowly up the street. He hesitated as if he were about to speak, but thought better of it, smiled, and led the old lady on her way. I never saw her again.

Allen Tate

THE SLEEPER

CIRCLED by the lamp lies frail mortality:
The shadows on her eyes are lights
To those that in the fading corners rest;
She is the bird's ash, made in Arabian fire;
Now sunk in brief gestatory sleep,
She'll be reborn, more fresh come forth
For the knowledge that brought her own hot death
In the moment the world's substance slipped
Into the waters that rim the disc of earth.
In the sweet air the several elements were one,
And that the wild fire which in unseeing eyes shone.

GEOFFREY STONE

REMINGTON AND WINSLOW HOMER

In middle life Winslow Homer withdrew from the world to the preoccupations of his boyhood, the sturdy unathletic boyhood of the America before the Civil War, when he liked to fish and hunt, to observe the behavior of natural forms and to make pictures of what he saw and did. In middle life, by mountain lakes, by northern or tropic seas, he learned the meaning of flux and of permanence amid the flux, and entered the profound.

In his own expressed opinion of himself, he was "just a reporter," although of facts with more news value than any which are commonly found in daily papers; "just a reporter,"—of events in the unending Civil War between Man and Nature. In his reporting, as in Thoreau's, the simple record of fact is sharpened into a philosophy of accurate science. Homer was a scientific painter. In his studios he carried on laboratory experiments as protracted as those of an astronomer. Leonardo flayed a horse while designing an equestrian statue; Homer had his models douched with buckets of water to keep them wet for his "life line." The matter of fact was the medium of his imagination, but his fierce eye was innocent of autopsy and his hand wielded a brush, not a scalpel. His science is a science of appearances and designs. He rebuilt every skeleton anew from the evidence of its

fleshly covering. His forms, like globes of glass filled with arrows all pointing towards the centers of gravity, force us to rehearse his anatomical study after him. His figures are not always fully articulated. They always articulate his pictures. Aesthetic science was fused by his later labors with the natural science of accurately measured volumes, masses of specific weight and records of varying conditions of light within a sky which he saw as a globe, not a screen. His volumes displace thir bulk of atmosphere and press their weight upon the earth. Earth and water hold up under the load of the air. There is no painter of the nineteenth century who reports his facts with greater vigor of statement.

The same vigor determined the crucial moments of his life. Born to be an American, he had to stay one. He had to live in his own hemisphere whether he liked it or not. He took what it offered and made it good. Being an American, he was a pioneer. Forsaking the accrued capital of culture, he built up a fresh culture for himself from the start, "An artist must never look at pictures." His paintings are primitive in that they are picture writing. One reads his renderings of fishermen's taut lines and rods as one reads a child's drawing and as a child desires to read a picturebook. All his pictures are composed of symbols; his writing sends forth myth, not criticism. He never forgot his childish wisdom that these things should be so. It increased through his years of hack illustration and joined to itself his science of design. After middle life, the symbols were recorded with ever-growing sentiment to project human life against the life of sea and rock and storm. Always he painted pictures which tell stories; always he was an illustrator of drama, of which the actors are the elements and the plots tell how Man is placed in Nature. He seized upon the most immediate subject matter available to him in America and conquered it for painting and extracted from it the meaning of its ritual. Since his acclaim, ten years before his death at the Paris Exposition of

COW-BOYS COMING TO TOWN FOR CHRISTMAS

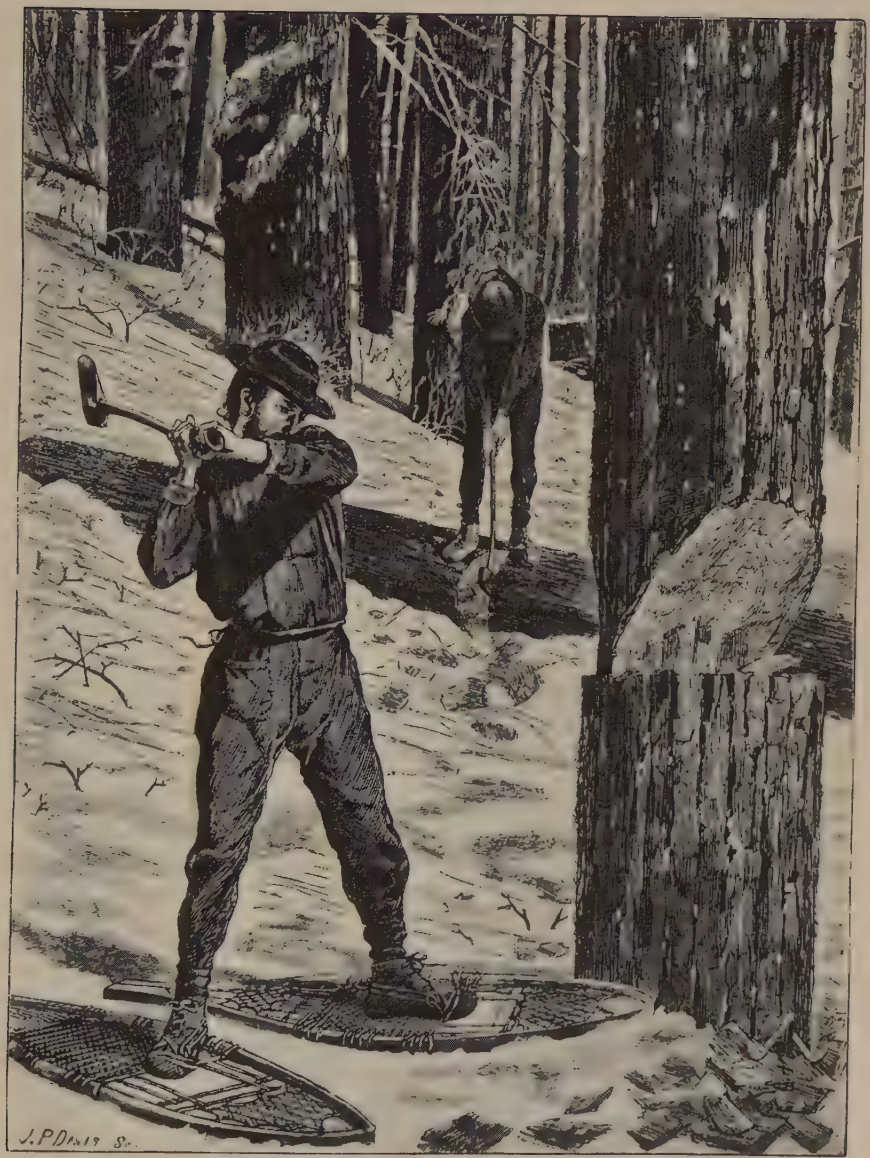
FREDERIC REMINGTON

HARPER'S WEEKLY—DEC. 21, 1889

A RUNNING BUCKER

A "SUN FISHER"

FREDERIC REMINGTON



LUMBERING IN WINTER BY WINSLOW HOMER

REPRODUCED FROM EVERY SATURDAY MAGAZINE, JANUARY 28, 1871.

1900, his pictures have been called "native to America," but I do not think that all his admirers understand his plots. Illustration has long been out of fashion in painting and Homer's universal greatness is obscured.

In the northern woods and tropic seas he learned the inward way. The record is clean, but it is not explicable in words. And in my treatment of the record, I made no definite statement of how Homer found the way, nor of the nature of the way he found. I hope I am clear; I am, moreover, as he was, implicit. Homer's water colors are a record that he found a way in. We can learn the inward way from Homer's art to our capacity, as Fenelosa, Lafcadio Hearn, Henry Adams, John La Farge, Percy Lowell and Henry Sturgis Bigelow learned it to theirs. Being lesser men than he, all these men had to seek the Tao, the way, in Japanese art, but Homer found it at home. The records of his findings, like all great illustration, are not explicable in words.

The plot of Homer's painting is the Tao. It is not ritual only, but idea. What is the idea in Winslow Homer? What is the idea of a young wounded moose fallen in the night on a forest bank with the moon caught in his horns? What is the idea of two men crouching in a canoe which rounds while making no sound, a wooded point at dead of night, with rifles balanced on their knees; or playing with long, bending rods and a taut line with a thing which is called a salmon, but which glows from the green shade like painted glass or a flame? What is the meaning of nasty looking black rocks, nosing out into the still gray sea all winter long? What is the meaning of going through with all that is required of one in order to live? What is the meaning of these and a hundred other things? Homer has sent forth their meanings in picture writing. He expressed, as all great artists express, "This is to this as that is to that." What he said is not translatable—at least not for this pen.

But let me try further to get his meaning. Let me, like all

writers upon art, abandon the enigmatic objects which are my real subject-matter to take refuge in the lesser enigmas of the artist's time and of our time. The substitute subject-matter may place the objects with other objects in a relationship which will make their meaning clear. I cannot explain Homer's pictures, but let me write *about* Homer.

Homer saw that he had to go through the mill of commercial art and to take from it whatever fuel it provided to feed the flame of his genius. For two years he was lithographer and grew more and more methodical. The nineteenth century believed in picture books and made them with conviction. While beginning his career as a popular New York illustrator, Homer studied in the National Academy under Rondel. Temptations were strong to a young man who found himself almost alone in a country given over to immediate practical ambition. Homer withstood. He refused to become the art editor of Harper's. For a few months of the Civil War he was one of Harper's best graphic reporters with the Army of the Potomac. This work culminated in his large canvas "Prisoners from the Front" which made a stir in 1864, his twenty-eighth year. A second temptation, or as it would now be called "opening," presented itself to become some one else besides Winslow Homer, to repeat this success and be a popular military painter. But he turned for several years to genre subjects instead. These are genial in their calm portrayal of women; women in their springtime playing croquet, an old hag gathering fagots whom the forest is gathering to its own; two girls dancing together in the summer night on the roofless piazza of a boarding house which overhangs a man-and-cloud-shadowed sea.

All pictures evoke at least the shadows of words. Composition and color, spacing and representation make up plots of their own; if these plots are re-enforced by a verbal plot as well, so much the better. An artist who does not give this property of his work a purpose and direction deprives him-

self, as it were, of the use of a finger. Painting need not be literally translatable into words, but it must be dramatic. And to be fully dramatic, it must partake of ritual, for ritual stands halfway between the arts of sound and motion and the plastic or graphic arts. Millet, in such designs as the "Sheep Shearing" gave complete expression to a ritual of farm labor, and in the "Sower" elevated another ritual to the mystic symbolism of Revolution. His peasants gather for us their harvest of piety and justice, and stand out before the small mythology of modern times like royal children of Saturn. Yet when his American pupil, William Morris Hunt, came back from Barbazon and turned to his native farming for a subject, he turned aside soon to half-remembered myth and poetry, declaring Yankee farmers unpaintable. Thoreau had set down the reason of this failure of the American picturesque and pastoral in these final words: "Ancient poetry and mythology suggest at least that husbandry was a sacred art, but it is pursued with irreverent haste and heedlessness by us, our object being to have large farms and large crops merely. We have no festival nor procession nor ceremony, not excepting our cattle shows and so-called Thanksgivings, by which the farmer expresses his sense of the sacredness of his calling or is reminded of its sacred origin. It is the premium and the feast which tempt him. He sacrifices not to Ceres and Terrestrial Jove but to the infernal Plutus rather. By avarice and selfishness and a grovelling habit from which none of us is free of regarding the soil as property or the means of acquiring property chiefly, the landscape is deformed. Husbandry is degraded with us and the farmer leads the meanest of lives; he knows nature but as a robber." Homer made a wise choice when he abandoned the independent farmer.

The genre plots of Homer's do not tell as good stories as his later works, which deal with the cult of Nature. The subject-matter, "other things" being equal, is an essential to

a work of art, and here the social influence of Homer's decision to live in America and the moral integrity which determined his life are of the utmost importance to his aesthetic understanding. Let me deal further with the subject-matter, and then with the "other things," the color and the spacing.

Homer's subject-matter was the most romantic possible. Romantic because it told romantic stories, not the word-picture stories of Delacroix, of historical romanticism, Walter Scott and Hugo; nor the stories of the British painters that came on butcher calendars; not the stories of Dickens or Stevenson, but the stories one feels that one has written, because Thoreau or Burroughs or even Ernest Seton Thompson said that one knew so. The stories of the camp fire and the tiller, the stories of sailing and hunting of the woods, the sea stories where women take small part, like the world's best stories, for good stories deal not with facts but with ideas.

A painter who handles ideas and is capable of handling more than one idea at a time must deal in ritual. Americans as a people lacked the sense of pathos, the habitual familiarity with tragedy, to give any social ritual full meaning excepting one, the ritual which acts out Man's primal combat with beasts and elements. It was to the rites and rubrics of camping, hunting and fishing that Homer turned from military and genre subjects, having found that American war and love and American farming failed him. The amateur huntsman and fisherman; who were at once the chief characters in Homer's pictures and the main public for his dealers and who carried their civilization with them when they turned to Nature; were not purposeful or conscious of all they did while fishing and hunting. To leave the hateful city, which one cannot make lovable, for the wilderness, and there to kill beasts, although one is not actually dependent upon hunting for one's food, is to make of hunting a propitiation for the thwarting of one's desires by groups of

other men. Homer's hunters and fishers, going away seasonably throughout their lives to the forest and the sea, learned of tragedy and to what they learned Homer gave conscious and purposeful expression. For this they loved him. The symbols of their cult were those of suffocating fishes and bleeding beasts. They were the priests and votaries of a religion. He was a sage of wood and sea. Subjects of the industrial city seem never to have occurred to him. His mind was somber; it was not morbid, and in his day the American city could have given him no distinct sign howsoever to his human purpose of any aspects of activity except the most sterile or decayed.

Any one who compares his paintings of the wild East with those of Remington, painter of the Wild West, will see that Homer was as wise in his choice of subjects as he was in the handling of them. The difficulty of the task, the conversion of a phase of "low-brow" anti-culture into a form of "high-brow" culture (to view hunting and fishing in a period of urban decay and iridity from what may be a prejudiced point of view) seems to have insured its success. Remington, whose task replete in striking ritual was easy, did not succeed. As an illustrator, Remington is second only to Homer among the Americans, yet as an artist he can scarcely be said to exist. In facility he is superior to Homer, as journalism is more facile than literature, but his facility is the facility of ease. He made an easy choice in subject-matter, but he had no tragic sense to subject his talent and give his design direction. He could not see the pathos in the Rodeo, he saw only the daring.

Remington is a good draftsman. It is fun to look at his men, splendid on splendid horses. They swagger about half drunk on high heels under their insteps with heavy loose belts over their baggy chaps. With tight pants cut high, with vests cut off short and with their wide hats they are spoiling for a fight. But what did all this mean to Remington? Not

very much. Yet the cow-boys' habit came to the Wild West through Mediaeval Spain from ancient Crete. The cow-boy is dressed from top to toe in garments which are markedly designed to fit him only while he is on horseback, and to be loose or close in all the wrong places while he is dismounted. These lithe, sturdy men must sway and undulate when they walk. They look helpless when they sit on anything except a horse, even on a chair. But when they ride, the men's loins cleave to the spines of the beast and we have Centaurs.

The cow-boy's clothes are the vestments of a ritual. They are the symbols that man is helpless before nature, without the aid which he exacts from nature to its undoing. The Rodeo is the sacrifice which commemorates the perpetual mastering of matter by the mind. All its ritual of Tartaric yelling and perilous dancing points to this end. Remington could not see it. He saw only how handsome cow-boys were on horseback, and how handsome on foot and how they gathered together to have a big time.

The gaiety of the Rodeo is first a propitiation to Death, but touching as the cow-boy appears when dismounted, once he has broken the spirit of the wild horse which wanted to kill him and which henceforth would die for him, then it is apparent that the pathos of this ceremony, which has become proud and mocking, is the pathos not of the man; but of the beast. The Rodeo, like the bull-fight, is a persistence of animal sacrifice. The Rodeo, with the horse-race, and the Italian Pallio, American foot-ball or English soccer, are remnants of old religions of which Mithra was the greatest god. If any American painter had had only a little more sense of ritual than Buffalo Bill, our Wild West movies might be better than they are. At present they are Remingtons. Americans are not trained with ritual enough now to know that the presence of ritual indicates a racial tragedy. Even our West Point parades are perfunctory. Ritual is to be distinguished from formula.

From his fortieth to his seventy-fourth year, Homer never relapsed into formula, although he constantly reworked the same subjects. His drawings are calligraphic; they are never typographical. The formulas of magazine drafting which he employed as an illustrator are used not so much as short cuts for himself as short cuts for those who look at his pictures. All his pictures are addressed not only to the senses but to the intelligence through the senses. The science he teaches, the intrinsic relationship between objects and forces, could not have been conveyed by the pseudo-scientific methods of the impressionism of his time, for this impressionism was concerned more with atmosphere than with objects. Homer knew that everything in the air which lies between our eyes and the enveloping volume of the objects which our eyes perceive is an impediment to our comprehension of the nature of the envelope of the volume, and that howsoever the record of all which lies in the air may convey a touching or charming message to the intellect, still in proportion as this message assumes an importance over the desired message concerning the object, in like proportion will the intelligence be dissatisfied. Homer's interest lay in how much one can see by night, or storm of rain or snow or mist, rather than in how faintly we see things under these circumstances. He understood that obscurity is not mystery. While the impressionists thought only of the sensations which objects give us, Homer always kept the object itself in his mind. He gives us not merely its appearance; he not only gives us the object but tells us about it by leading us into it. His time of day, his light, which is that with least play of shadow, with least atmosphere, is chosen and contrived for this purpose. The what-is-called "atmosphere," (meaning sentiment) is recoverable only by the barometer of a mind whose point of view presents objects in clear relationship. His grasp of the moment, though one cannot live up to it in the course of a lifetime, is nevertheless everyday; Classic, in short. His

favorite hours are those with least nuance, broad noon sun or dark night, an overcast bleak sky. The light he chose, under which one must paint well in order to paint anything, drove him to draw and render rather better than he knew how.

He cared little for the easy art of the abnormal or for caricature, whether of form, climate or light. He knew that shadows are the enemy of the very thing for which the impressionists of his time used them, the revelation of form. A moment's thought instructs any one that shadows always obliterate form. Only shade or outline can give it. Shadow obliterates both. In the impressionist or academic supposition that form is revealed by shadow, we have an instance how the confusion of words has its effect even on those arts which do not purposefully evoke words, if there be such arts.

It contributes to the irrevocable poverty of American culture that there are no executed mural decorations by Homer. They would have been incomparable within nineteenth century art, for he was the only painter of the time equipped with a mastery in the calligraphic presentation of plot through symbolic ritual who would have left his wall surfaces free from a scum of fixed light. His decorations would have dominated the volume of his chambers but would never have asserted themselves over the actual and varying conditions of light within these chambers. The quality of his color is more suited to decoration than the quality of his only American rival as a colorist, La Farge. The what-is-called muddiness of Homer's color is color rather than coloring. It is the muddiness of Bokara rugs, Beauvaix tapestry, Byzantine mosaic. If such things are muddy, Homer's water colors are muddy. His oil canvases are said to be metallic in texture. This metallic texture (like Eugene O'Neill's wooden character drawing) though unworthy of the highest praise, is to be found in the work of many serious artists, such as Mantagna. (In Homer it recalls Messonier!) But as Homer never rose to complete proficiency, as he was

always struggling with his craft, this metallic aspect of his technique falls short of simple affirmation. The effect of Homer's oil paintings goes forth as its intent arrived, a protest to other's painting. He disobeyed his own rule. He looked once in a while at oil paintings. Homer's oils protest that oil painting need not be oily. The greatest painting makes no protest, and only those of Homer's later oils where he approached the monumentality of mural decoration rank with his water colors which were the studies for them, and were made while he forgot everything but the matter in hand.

All his work exists in contrast to the oil painting which confines itself to the texture of cloth and cosmetic, and which, by exaggerating highlights and neglecting to model within shadow, degrades painting to the surfaces of bas relief—those textures, those surfaces, all evenly colored over with an epidermis of vaseline. A comparison of Homer's pictures with those of his chief technical rivals confirms his greater importance. Homer's water colors are reservoirs of modest strength and quiet wisdom. Sargent's water colors put beside them appear as tissue prettiness and giggling loquacity. Sargent, to be sure, is arresting in the craft of indication; like sudden piano notes from a distant room which one might mistake either as an old pianola record or Paderewski over the radio; but people who take this craft for art are surely blinded. They differ from Sargent himself, at any rate, when they say that Sargent's craft of indication is superior to Homer's craft of representation.

Any biographer could tell us a reason for Homer's superiority to Sargent. He was brought up better. Both, as it were, were posthumous children of the pioneer civilization. Sargent is commonly supposed to have escaped the consequences of this inheritance by having been brought up in Europe, but I do not think that this can be true, for the simple reason that Sargent and Sargent's father and mother

before him were American pioneers of the sort who are called tourists. Morals and culture have nothing to choose between this sort and that sort who fled ever Westward as the years filled up the land around them with their fellowmen. Mrs. Sargent persuaded her husband against every evidence to the contrary that it was cheaper to travel about from continental hotel to hotel than to set up housekeeping. Little John's eye was trained, if training it may be called, by the instantaneous perception of glimpses of people, landscapes and buildings from hotel windows and railroad carriage windows. These are the picture frames to Sargent's paintings. The longer he looked at things the less he could tell about them. His most studied oils suffer from the superimposition of instantaneous perception upon instantaneous perception.

Homer was not a nomadic pioneer. He was the sort to settle down and build human wealth anew from the fresh scene about him by persistent labor. He was as restless a traveler as Sargent, but he was not a tourist. In a single European visit there opened before Homer during excursions at Tydemouth the immense possibilities for an artist with brains which are presented by the daily lives of fisherfolk. This was the turning point of his life, and when he came home, he was a new man. But every time Sargent came home, he brought less of the wealth of European culture back with him. There was no turning point in Sargent's life. His water colors may have the swift and summery virtues of a prospecting surveyor's notebook, but I think it more likely that their virtues are those of a memoranda for the volumes of Baedeker which the subjects of his portraits seem invariably to finger.

The nineteenth century minded architect is a tourist, which explains why Sargent's lack of method in rendering was thought worthy of emulation by our architectural draftsmen. Sargent enjoyed giving the sensation of glints of light

and flecks of shadow, just as he enjoyed getting the first aftertaste of a nip of whiskey or the first whiff of a good cigar. He was concerned with everything which is of no concern to architecture or to any serious person. In Sargent's paintings, nothing is ever exactly anywhere. The ball is not centered on the pedestal, the balustrade is not in line with the stairs, the coping is not on the terrace. The figure as it descends exerts no pressure on the steps nor does it displace any volume of air, nor is it ever hung upon its spine. The hands stand forward a little away from the wrist and the thighs are considerably in retreat from the knees. If there were any space through which one could pass behind these figures and objects, we would find them concave, like smashed moulder's castings. When it is placed beside the work of such a virtuoso as Sargent, Homer's art seems labored, but in passages he states facts so accurately that their effect would be as thrilling as the feats of any virtuoso, were not the meaning so seriously stated and so sad. Travelers can see how houses are sad and playful; tourists cannot. Even though a house shelter God or Death or Sin, neither the shell nor the occupant can be visible to one who has no home. The sign to accompany the first building of our architecture will be the disappearance of Sargent from our technical schools. This will make way for an Architectural Homer.

Homer, and not Whistler, joins the waters of the East and West in America like the Panama Canal. There is no other body of work by artists of European culture which is so near the naturalistic school of Chinese landscape painting as the countless water-color studies which Homer threw off during his protracted experiments for his building up of oil on canvas. Degas, not Whistler, was Suez. As Degas's later pastelles heighten the merits of Japanese prints, so do Homer's water colors enliven the American culture with the qualities of the painter of the Tao. They are directed by a

kindred philosophy. Seldom as in the "Fox Hunted by a Flock of Starving Crows" is his composition in the relationship of Chinese art as Whistler's arrangements were often in the Japanese. Homer did not make mountains as in Chinese landscape painting, by a series of fading washes, wherein the valleys between successive heights are made to seem filled with mist, but in studies of rock and surf his simulacrum of nature's perpetual change and balance rivals the Chinese. His water colors have the same close graded values and sharp but rotund silhouette. There is a difference. Homer compels the mood, whereas the Chinese present the mood. But through Homer's work, which always gives us two essentials which we may require from painting, the representation of objects and the imitation of nature; we enter into the object by an inward path so easily that it is apparent that he has blazed a trail before us. He has found the way, as the Chinese found the Tao. When I see a great work of sculpture, I enter its volume as the eye enters the convolutions of a shell. This is the sense in which art is called the imitation of nature. Thus does a Greek fret imitate a wave; this is the aim of "abstract" representational design alike.

The great merit of Chinese art depends upon the imaginative faculty to see in an unsatisfactory arrangement a possible satisfactory composition, achieved by spacing. La Farge, more deliberately Oriental, did not habitually rise above the Chinese restaurant; nor did Whistler. For composition they substituted arrangement. Homer, though of less fanciful talent than Whistler and less humanist than La Farge, transcends them both. La Farge shares with Homer the advantage of never having learned how to paint easily. His constantly wrestling with his naivete kept him sturdy. He did not coddle his weaknesses as "primitivists" do; nor was he under the embarrassment of Whistler of having constantly to forget how to paint. He fixed his eyes on objects and on spacing, not on outlines and surfaces, but La Farge tamed his

strange subject-matter by the arrangement of still life. Any subject can be arranged as in still life and there is a distinction to be drawn between arrangement and composition, though the meaning of these words overlap to some extent. A picture may be ill composed, though it be of subject-matter well arranged (let us say a bowl of peonies) and subject-matter with the barest arrangement (let us say a kitchen tablecloth and a catsup bottle) may be the point of departure through spacing and volume to a whole world of composition. In Homer the composition always exceeds the arrangement and enhances the reality, the volume, the specific gravity of the forms which stood before him under the light he chose. A talent like Homer's, depends upon an imaginative faculty. It was this faculty which enabled him to break down fresh subject-matter for painting. Whistler did this also in his painting and etchings of the River Thames and interpretations of domestic landscape already moulded by the hand of man, but Whistler's imagination, though keen, was passive—that is to say, he saw to it that the objects before him were arranged in a pleasing way, though they did not please most people. He painted them exactly as he would have painted a still life made up of intrinsically pleasing objects. Homer's subjects are never so arranged. In themselves, as actual scenes, with little interest in their picturesque relationships, they are transmuted into compositions.

When Whistler made a Japanese portrait, he had to dress up his sitter first in a kimono, and only after La Farge had travelled the Pacific, could he learn how to paint in Chinese, but Homer could have made Dame de Pays du Porcelain out of an old apron, and he spoke in the state of Maine so clearly as to be heard in China. It is an old difference, the difference between the material and fragmentary possession of the East by the Renaissance architects of Holland and the full, imaginative possession of the East by the Baroc architects of Rome. It is the difference in possession between the

maker or destroyer and the buyer or seller. It is the difference between the Palestine of Carpaccio and the Holy Land of the Sistine Ceiling.

Nowhere does history separate out into biography and philosophy so clearly as in what is called the history of painting. We must leap from man to man and from general idea to general idea, if our minds are not to be filled with attic rubbish. In the West at least, such great artists as Homer can leave no school. Homer's engineering in sentiment is the secret of his greatness. The artist who will follow him in equal rank will resemble him in this engineering, not in subject-matter.

Once Homer had made his subject-matter easier to paint, once Frank Benson followed him, success withdrew from the essay. Benson had a formula by which to paint life in the open. Before a painting or etching of Benson's (for all its detailed facility and precisely because it is on the whole "better than" Homer, as Whorf is "as good as" McKnight or Sargent or Homer himself) one must focus one's eyes in the exact center of the composition. One must not stray about in it as one can stray through Homer's pictures, as through all great pictures. One reason that one must not stray is that (as in the paintings of Sargent or Monet) there is always a blind spot, an empty place on the edge, in the corner, if not in the very middle. One must not stray; one must above all remain within the picture frame, for just beyond its corners lurk the empty baked-bean cans, the wrapping paper stained with bacon fat, the empty egg-shells of his characters. What a contrast Benson's canvases present to Homer's! Homer always invites one to stray. It was for this reason, whether advisedly or not, that he introduced in his All's Well the trick of rendering his stars in such a manner that they come out one by one and little by little until the sky is at length filled with these patient assurers to mankind that all is well. Thus do the Chinese conceal their painted birds amid painted

foliage. Almost as in puzzle pictures, one does not see at first how these trees are full of birds. Homer, like the Chinese, makes his composition exist beyond the frame in all directions.

The characters of Benson's pictures are hunters and fishers who have learned like Benson, the formulae of hunting and fishing, and who in proportion as they think themselves to have stepped from the notebooks of the writers forth into the portfolios of the painters whom they admire, have recognizably not done so. Similarly with marine painters, the followers of Homer always portray, though one cannot detect how in this flaccid art they manage to do it so exactly, the gasoline motor in the sail-boat.

The work of Homer's successor will differ from his completely, but Homer will stand back of him for all that. Although the inward way may no longer be followed along a lonely path but be traveled in company, it can be done in company more surely for the lonely ones who went ahead.

To minds which wish the wilderness to be conquered by the mason rather than by the hunter, to minds which want the helmsman to turn from the city to the sea, such individualistic naturalism as Homer illustrated seems an evasion of the human necessity. It substitutes the conflict of men with beasts for the more holy combat of men with men. It is not completely human and, to some people, Homer, no less than his admirers, may seem subject to the analysis of escape mechanism, because he chose a naturalistic rather than an urban subject-matter.

What is this jargon of "escape"? No one escapes. Does one ever, in the sense in which the word is used, even try to escape? Does one try to escape if one is celibate, or profligate, if one is gregarious or solitary, frivolous or meditative, worldly or religious in one's gifts? The explanation explains too much. Is this the actual motive, escape? If it be, is not the entire point what one escapes to? The jargon has arisen from a necessary study of pathological, or at least abnormal,

persons. The normal mind thinks less of what it flees than of that it escapes to. If one gets to some point, others should not judge one by what one has left behind.

Homer arrived at his goal through the woods and the sea, rather than through the factory and the town. The necessary social survey which must precede an artist's exploitation of a subject-matter had not covered the industrial city. It had covered only the wilderness. Homer turned from the stale traditions which the nineteenth century inherited from older days to fresh subjects. In Homer's hands the art of illustrative landscape was made to be as stern a conquering of nature as civil engineering and in the pieces where his subject matter and possibly his own ideal public as well as were those hunters, sailors and fishermen who have no riches but their toil, he extracted the full essence of realist mysticism. Or let me say instead that he liked to rough it in the great outdoors and to paint what he saw, because this statement places the emphasis where it belongs; on the hand behind the brush and the eye behind the hand.

But a people who can enjoy riding at all seasons of the year through the country in closed automobiles are not likely to continue in great natural landscape painting, however well their artists once started, and this more particularly as through ever-widening diameters, from urban centers, all landscape is turned into Real Estate. It may be fortunate for a versatile people like the Americans if their subject-matter be limited, for even an externally imposed limitation may make for clarity of purpose. Certainly a people to whom messy kitchenettes are either too strange or too familiar can, if they are sincere with themselves, find in drawing-room still life little more than monotonously varied studio sillinesses. This subject-matter had never more than a technical meaning. Still life is only the detail of a *Marriage Feast at Cana* enlarged. Even though we are to have no more great painters of the outdoors, great subjects remain. The Ameri-

cans have lost the subject-matter of their greatest painter. It is to neglected elements of national ritual that they must turn. Homer conquered the wilderness as the American farmers could not conquer their farms. American painters will conquer the city as Homer conquered the sea.

What are the subjects which remain now that the cult of nature is indeed decadent? The bird games, golf and tennis, cannot do, if hunting does not do. If Bellows, an old baseball player who fused into his treatment of this greatest of bird games the suggestion that its social value might consist in the practice it affords in throwing bombs, did not exhaust the subject of baseball, nobody can. After the Civil War, urban America turned to athletics with nationalistic fervor. The explanation lies in the character of sport as ritual, but it is not adequate to our times. Football is a bull-fight game, hurdling and foot races are remnants of religious dances. The horse race is an unconsummated sacrifice and the last great picture of the horse race is Ryder's Race Track where death rides alone without contestants. Eakins began the aesthetic conquest of prize-fighting in which British art had already reached its summit. Bellows continued it; in a less bedazzled manner than Remington's treatment of the rodeo, to be sure, but in a manner which is incomplete and will not, I think, be completed. In the cult of acute vicarious suffering which can be enjoyed in brutal splendor at boxing and wrestling matches; where the only respite from horrid dance is afforded by the pauses for the calculated and mocking lustrations fanning, caresses of the exhausted victims; there is embedded a sentiment inadequate to modern times. For in wrestling, men show their kinship to the reptiles, while in boxing they only hint of the small essential quality which distinguishes them from the brutes. As these cults are broken down by painting or sculpture, they display again to a forgetful age the piety of their exultant ritual, but after all the Civil War of Sport is only a parade. The Civil War

to suggest to us our adequate plots is no longer that between man and the world of nature but between man and the world of his own making. Piranesi, in his series of prisons, indicated by prophetic symbolism that which is at once our jail and our instrument of torture, the machine. It has been given its iconography by the abstract painters, but there is a vaster machine composed of human cogs and pistons which awaits artistic iconoclasts. Although the sea has been shorn of inhuman terror and thus removed from the subject-matter of great painting, the pathos of the sailor remains and in his tragedy, like the Farmer now, he is brother to the city victims of the Juggernaut of capital. Birchfield and Hopper, who among our contemporaries are closest to Homer, though they are inferior colorists, provide possible backgrounds for compositions of which countless cartoonists have submitted sketches. The subject-matter is the class struggle. The plots of these compositions will be told as Homer told his plots in arrested motion, like moving-picture stills or snap shots of ballet. The painters of these compositions will be of the contemplative cast of mind; and being so, will enter into the objects and forces before them; and this practice will strengthen their contemporative faculties. In this fashion they will be followers of Homer, but they will return to the industrial city which Homer abandoned. The subject-matters of sport are triflings and can appeal only to those painters to whom their craft takes on the aspect of a major American Summer sport and which made Bellows' transition easy from the baseball field to the studio. While the way is opening which Western Europe must pass along its forty years purgation from the idolatry of human and inhuman machine gods, the subjects of traditional religion are valuable only as they afford in their conscious ritual a training for the artist to see ritual where the participants do not see it. The fancy dress studio party pageantry of Abbey can only remind us of Swift's polite conversation at the masquerade, "I know who

you are." "No, you don't." repeated and repeated. There is more than this to be had from the eucharistic cult, though Sargent could not see more, but if to La Farge it afforded only an academic training in dramatic composition, it will give no more to any other modern. Disorganized religion, as seen in the revival meeting or in Baptismal ceremonies of the middle Western mind offers little more than ready-made arrangements in the mob, while the debased remnants of the religion of Aristophanes, which are to be seen in music halls, pale before the gatherings of those vaster shows, the lynchings where the K. K. K. provide the fun and passion. But perhaps even these latter sacrifices have become too formalized by habitual familiarity, like the more ancient sacrifice of the Rodeo. The American painter of ritual must base himself on the everyday. The daily life of workers and farmers, country auctions of foreclosed farms, nocturnal street meetings, picket lines and bread lines, industrial or governmental massacres, these humdrum subjects with their vast apotheosis of hope and terror, misgiving and of dream, supply the lack of the nationalist mythology which never grew to vigor and which placed the magazine covers of Blashfield upon the ceilings of our houses of state in place of those full spread cartoons, which once made Puck and Judge worth looking at. With such a road of tragedy before him, the American painter will take little interest in the records left behind by others who before him built idols or destroyed them. "An artist must never look at pictures." The canvases are prepared; the tubes are neatly squeezed out; the brushes are cleaned and sorted. All that is needed is the eye behind the brush and the mind behind the eye.

JOHN WHEELWRIGHT

BEN SHAHN

It is sometimes perplexing to come face to face with the opinions that contemporaries of past periods had of their artists, and to check up on the final allotment of fame as ratified by posterity. Gigantic figures, pricked, dwindled like balloons, while from some corner obscurely related to fine arts, a fashion-plate designer like Moreau-le-jeune, a newspaper reporter like Guys, emerge as the indisputable mouthpieces of their epoch. Thus, on the ground of experience, we may prophesy the deflation of our own giants of modern art, and start hunting through improbable corners of garrets and cellars for more authentic geniuses dyed deep enough to suit the taste of our grandsons.

Why is it that contemporaries of the artists usually guess wrong as to their respective merits. We associate the idea of greatness with the term "old masters" and those are for us elders with long beards who live and work in an ivory tower suggested by the museum atmosphere in which their pictures are now buried. We forget that those old masters were young, and that they achieved international fame only by clinging tenaciously to their own earthly boundaries and

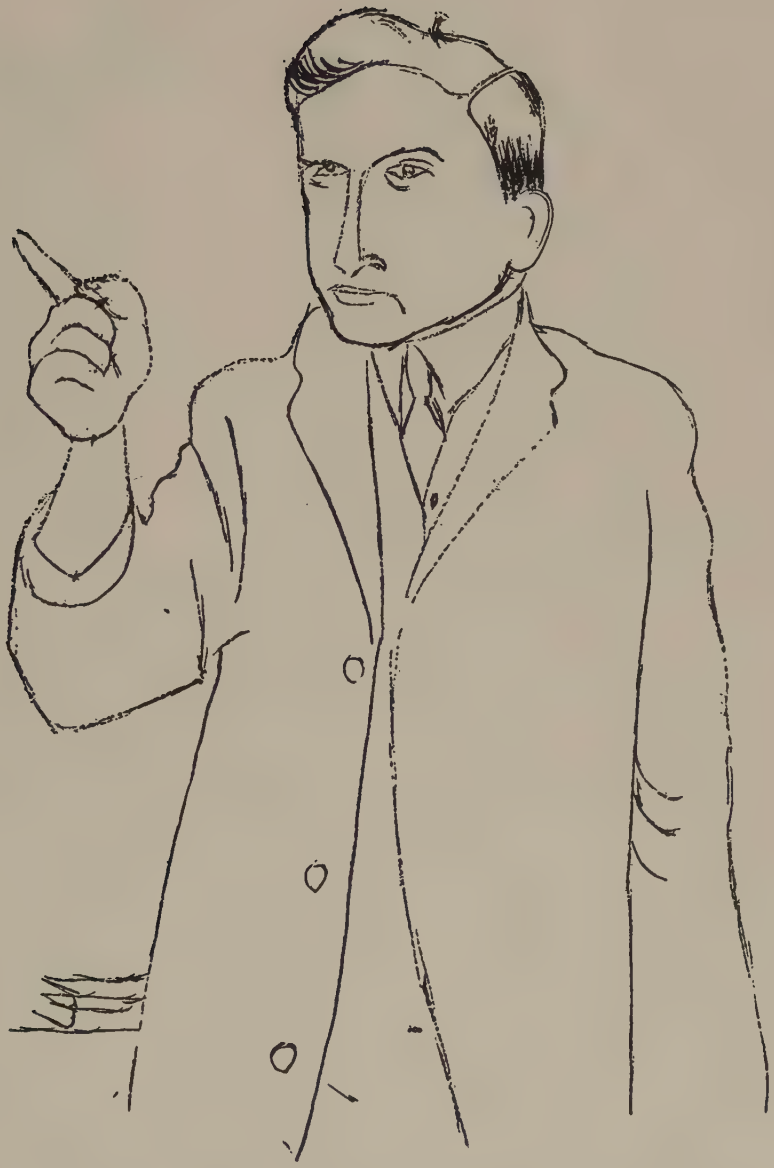
mental idiosyncrasies. Thus Brueghel, after a trip to Italy at the time that Michael Angelo was painting the Sistine, came back home steeped deeper than ever in the atmosphere of his own Dutch peasantry and his distaste for the Spanish invaders. Siding with one's own moment, country, party or hamlet, diving into the social turmoil, using pencil and brushes to club your opponents is paradoxically one of the surest ways to remain in posterity's consciousness as a master whose work did transcend all limitations of time and space.

We can safely look at Ben Shahn as a most valuable witness to our epoch. Both his language and subject matter are unmistakably contemporary. He is indeed a painter of historical tableaux as much as Emmanuel Leutze or the Baron Gros, and if his pictures are so dissimilar from theirs, it is a further proof of how genuinely Shahn is of his time. The sources of Shahn's art, that is, the technical sources, its grammar, are to be found in this school of Paris whose aims differed so entirely from his own. Flippant Dufy and Catholic Rouault contributed indirectly to his vocabulary those broad washes of gouache which in an apparently accidental way create the volumes, but not this tense, grimy city atmosphere which remains peculiarly his. On this loosely brushed background a line as keen as the sharpest silverpoint superposes its own version of the subject, sometimes in agreement with the mass modelling, but more often unbinding itself from it and creating a version of its own. It is a palimpsest, two texts perceived simultaneously, whose concordancies and discrepancies create a third image, forcefully dynamic, which is the picture.

Much of Shahn's plastic is explainable by his aims. Being a story-teller, his source material consists mainly of newspaper reports, his models being the photographs of rotogravure sections and tabloid sheets. Degas also used photographs, but depurated, stylized, lifted to the plane of

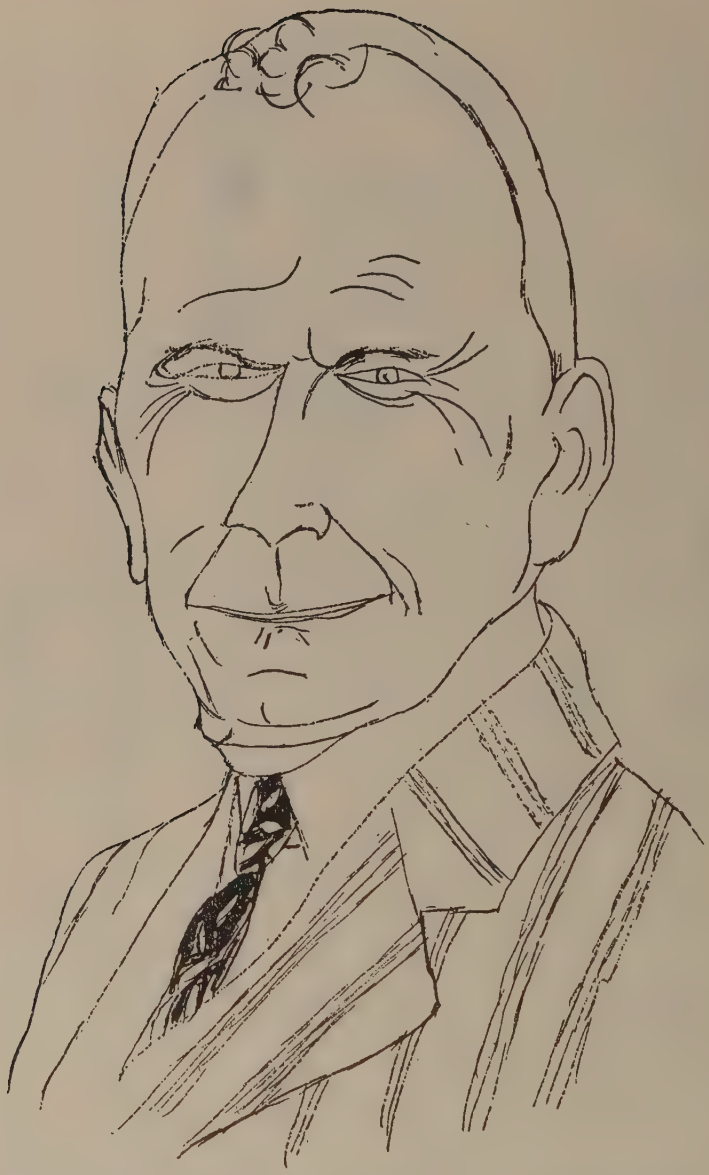
his art. Shahn, on the contrary, delights in what is peculiarly accidental, cynical, and ungentlemanly in camera work. The gymnastics of inhibition by which we immediately substitute for any given spectacle a more anthropomorphic version in which hands and heads will be given the leading role, do not fool the camera, nor Shahn. For them a man, however intellectually eminent, will exist mainly through the bunch of folds and creases which are his clothes, his buttons, his shoe-laces, his grotesque shadow on a brick wall, the baroque mouldings on the arm of his chair, while his mouth and eyes may be summed up by three inconspicuous slits. Such an ousting of our lawful vision is a slap to the highly orderly and satisfying implications that this vision symbolizes. Yet the more one grows accustomed to this new version of the world, the more is one able to perceive in it a new order. The overgrown canine teeth of Governor Rolph, the bittersweet dimple at the corner of Mooney's mouth are enough to reassure one that this apparently mechanical vision is as heavily loaded with moral values as the more conservative and antiquated version.

JEAN CHARLOT



E. H. CUNHA: ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY BEN SHAHN

Brush Drawing

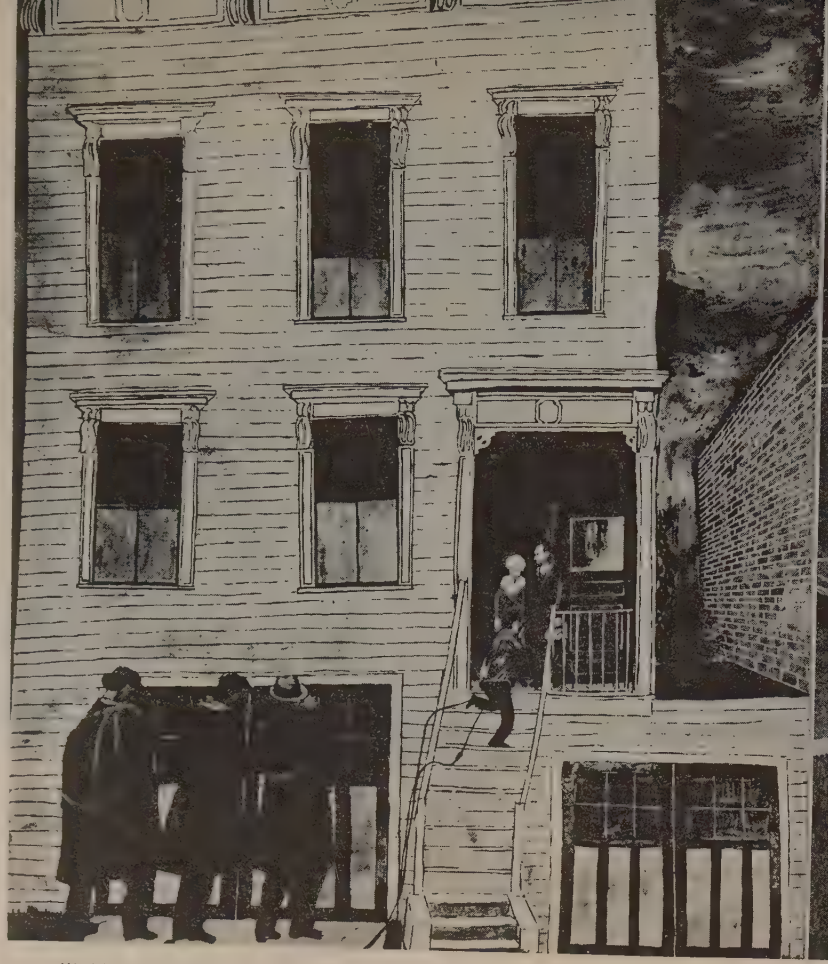


EX-GOVERNOR YOUNG OF CALIFORNIA — BEN SHAHN

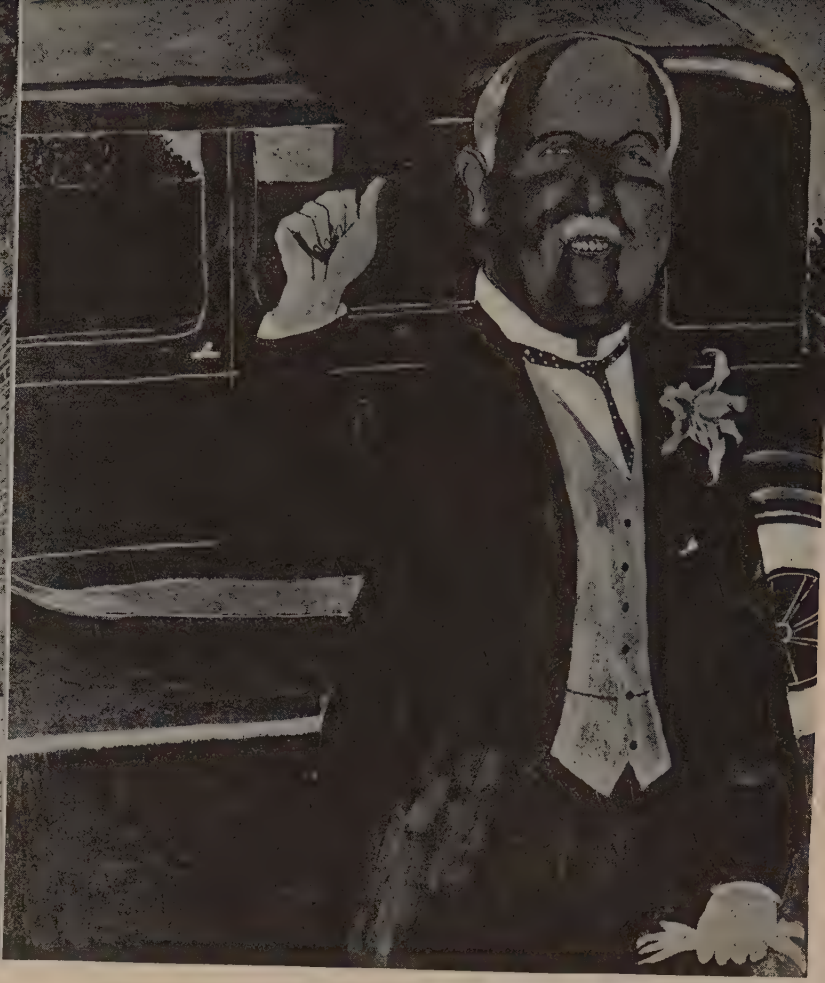
Brush Drawing

MAYOR WALKER SHAKES TOM MOONEY'S HAND
MOONEY AND HIS WARDEN, J. B. HOLOHAN

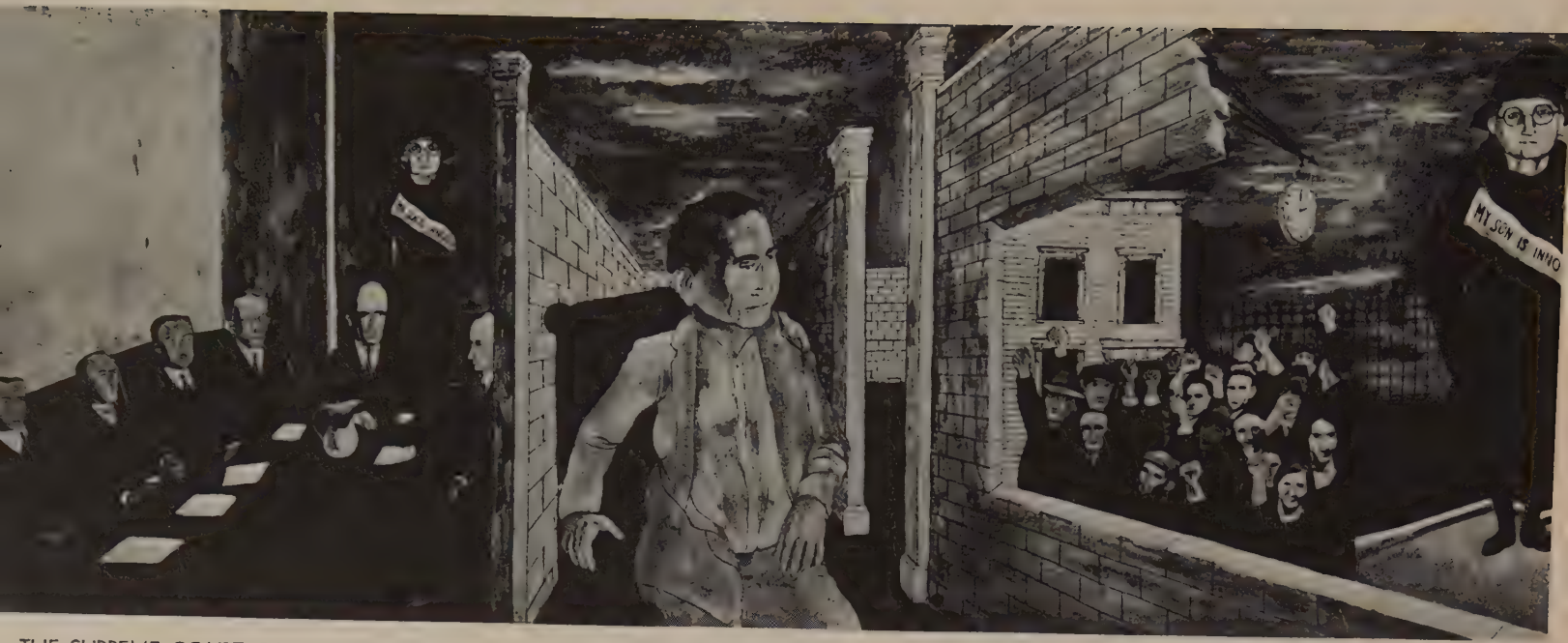
BEN SHAHN
(TEMPERA)



WALKER GREETS MOTHER OF MOONEY
(TEMPERA)



GOVERNOR JAMES ROLPH, JR., OF CALIFORNIA
BEN SHAHN



THE SUPREME COURT OF CALIFORNIA

MOONEY
APOTHEOSIS
(Panel in Tempera)

TOM MOONEY'S MOTHER
BEN SHAHN

THESEUS:
A Trilogy

FOR HENRY RAMSEY

I. THE WRATH OF ARTEMIS

ON THE wet sand the queen emerged from forest,
Tall as a man, half naked, and at ease,
Leaned on her bow and eyed them. This, the priestess,
Who with her savages had harried Greece
From south to east, and now fought down from Thrace,
Her arrows cold as moonlight, and her flesh
Bright as her arrows, and her hatred still.
Heracles eyed the ground, and Theseus watched her.
Remote and thin as a bird-call over ice
From deep in the forest came the cry of her warriors,
Defiance from Artemis, the evasive daemon:
Hippolyta smiled, but Heracles moved softly
And seized her suddenly, bore her to the ship,
Bound her and left her vibrating like a deer,
Astounded beyond terror. And her women
Fell as they came, like water to dry earth,
An inundation of the living moon.

From the close hold of the nervous galley
She heard the shouting muffled in soft blood,
A steady dying suddenly away,

And, anger seizing her body like a lover,
Kneading her slowly to the height of passion,
She prayed the goddess to avenge the dead.
Then in the doorway, blackened with maidens' death,
Appeared the Attic conqueror in fulfillment.
Theseus, inexorable with love and war,
And ignorant with youth, begot upon her
A son, created in her shuddering terror,
To be born in Attica, the naked land.

In Attica, the naked land, she strode,
Brooding upon the secrets of the goddess,
Upon the wet bark of the Scythian forest,
The wet turf under bare foot, and the night
Blue with insistence of the staring eye.
The son, conceived in hatred, grew implacably,
Beyond her slow death, which he saw in passing,
Insolent, slender, effeminate, and chill,
His muscles made for running down the stag,
Dodging the boar, which Theseus would have broken,
Keeping step with the moon's shadows, changing
From thought to thought with an unchanging face.
He, judging Theseus from his narrow wisdom,
Yet judged him, and exiled him from his quiet,
The wrath of Artemis grown part of Theseus,
A man of moonlight and intensive calm.

II. THESEUS AND ARIADNE

AFTER the mossy night and the wet stone,
The grappling with the wet hair of the beast,
After the slow and careful fingering
Of the pale linen on the cold return,
Theseus emerged. Ariadne awaited him,

Her face half hidden with black hair and shame.
And Theseus spoke:

The Minotaur is dead.
Pasiphaë the white will sin no more:
The daughter of the moon, who bore this ghast
And dripping horror, has been long at rest.
The sin of your blood I have extinguished; yet
Think not you will go quit. Your body is mine,
By all these tokens; and the taint of hell
Has eaten through my skin. Minos contrived
The trembling blackness of that hall of vision;
The prisoned fiend, your brother, beat me down,
I drew him after, and his blood burned through me,
Stinging more wildly than your body.

She:
My mother's sin has poisoned you, and I
Was poisoned long ago. We share this crime,
And I am yours, I know not to what end.
Minos' vengeance is buried in our two bodies.
You had me from Minos, should you prevail,
And Minos is the will of Zeus, withdraws not:
I am motionless in the scales of Justice.
We go now to your ship; the carven wood
Will glide in quiet from the rocks of Crete,
That blood-stained island of the gods, and we
Shall set our feet in peace on lesser isles.

So Theseus took her by the hand, boarded
The limber galley, and the foam distended
Coldly above the crash on rock. The boat,
Quick on the heavy tumult, scoured the inlets
And found that island where he slew her, yet

Escaped not, took her sister, her for whom
Poseidon betrayed him, when he slew his son.

III. THE OLD AGE OF THESEUS

HE GATHERED Phaedra, hard with childhood, small,
Shivering in arm and breast, into his arms.
He knew his age at last. Sin with this child
Was sin in solitude. Arms that had bound
The Heraclean bull, Phaea the Sow,
That had fought side by side with Heracles
And beat their black way from the ice of Lethe,
Were hard with realized identity,
Beyond her comprehension, and he lay
Whole in the salty toughness of his age.

When he set foot in Attica, he found
Aegeus at rest, and he assumed the State.
Here were abstractions fitter for his years:
The calculation of corruption, thus
To balance evil against evil surely,
And establish immitigable good.

He ruled
Hard in his certitudes through Phaedra's death,
The betrayal of his son, that eccentricity
Of furious children. And he gathered up
The knowledge of his youth: the steady shame
Of tall Hippolyta; the calm of Aethra;
The quiet evil of the grave Medea;
The image of *Pirithoüs* in Hell,
Caught in the moving flesh among the shades;—
Passion immovable!—the Orphic music
That swelled the measure of the Argo's oars

To a golden stride coëval with the Sun—
Gathered them slowly up, and fed upon them,
Distilled from them the honey of calm wisdom—
The face of Ariadne dead, himself
Suddenly translated to another time.

Alone, he and the State. The State, established,
Exiled him into Scyros. Lycomedes,
The strange face of a king, was all that stood
Between him and himself. And Lycomedes,
The treacherous host, betrayed him to the State,
Which had betrayed him, to which he had been betrayed
By every movement of his flesh and spirit;
So cast him from the rock to solitude,
To the cold perfection of unending peace.

Yvor Winters

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

I

THE Christian Science Church does not give out the number of its members. Mrs. Eddy, who could always quote scripture for her purpose, forbade "numbering." The result is that public opinion has always wildly exaggerated the size of her following. In exalted moments she herself claimed "millions." The number is not to be found in works of general interest touching on the subject, such as (to name two off-hand) Siegfried's "America Comes of Age" and Fishbein's "Fads and Quackery in Healing" (wherein the doctor-journalist gives an estimate of two million). But this is owing to the influence of the Christian Science organization brought to bear on the publishers of reference works where the figures are likewise invariably missing. For they are to be found precisely where one would expect to find them, under the law—in the Census of Religious Bodies (1926). The total there given is 202,098.

There are, however, many other people who call themselves Christian Scientists, go to practitioners, buy the literature and attend services, but who, often for family or social reasons, do not join the Church. There are also small contingents in foreign countries. A combined total of 400,000 would be a fair estimate.

In 1930 there were 2451 churches and societies in the

world—almost exactly twice as many as when Mrs. Eddy died in 1910. But these figures indicate the spread of her religion geographically rather than its growth numerically. It requires but sixteen members to form a church; and the many societies are tiny isolated groups in places where a few of the faithful gather together in Mrs. Eddy's name. John V. Dittemore, formerly a director of the church and the leading lay authority on Christian Science organization, Dakin and others believe that the Church is losing numbers.

There are relatively few churches in the South. The number tends to increase as one looks west. California leads the states and Los Angeles with thirty-three churches heads the cities. In that haven of cults and schisms orthodox Christian Science is looked upon as conservative, aristocratic, intellectual—"high hat."

Britain follows the United States with twelve churches in London alone as against thirty-two in New York. Canada with rival churches in the prairie town of Medicine Hat is third, followed by Germany with fifty-six organizations—but over half of these are societies.

The membership is overwhelmingly nordic and protestant. A number of Jews have gone Christian Science and been made welcome, but probably not nearly so many as is generally supposed. (A curious outgrowth, quite unorthodox, is Jewish Science.) The 12th Church, Manhattan, is listed as "colored." Women outnumber men by a ratio of about three to one.

Christian Science never had a period of mass conversions. No effort has been made to proselytize among the poor and ignorant. Thus lack of numbers is offset by the enthusiasm, respectability and education of the membership. Propaganda is carried on at a dignified level. The literature is widely and freely disseminated. Every church has its reading room open to the public. Free lectures are given throughout the world by a permanent traveling staff of ladies and gentlemen of im-

pressive appearance. The committees on publication through letters to the press and in more devious ways wage a running battle with publications disseminating "erroneous" matter touching their religion. The history of their amazing audacity and effectiveness in intimidating newspapers, reference works, publishers and editors, in squelching "objectionable literature," has been well told by Henry Raymond Mussey in a series of articles in "The Nation" (1930). And Scribner's put out a pamphlet, "The Blight That Failed," setting forth the many obstacles they met with in publishing and distributing the brilliant Dakin biography of Mrs. Eddy.

A religious faith rules the lives of its adherents and sets them apart from the gentiles. Its discipline is a matter not merely of law and letter but of grace. Man in Christian Science has faith illumined by a unique culture. Since good Scientists read their literature daily and demonstrate its principles constantly over all the ills of flesh and spirit, they move in a world of their own. Whence the Christian Science smile; the shining eyes, alert faces and restless manner, signs of spiritual stimulation; the dignity which rests so hardly on a bubbling enthusiasm. Laymen who protest that there is no talking with them because at every turn they recite one or another of their shibboleths should understand that worldly ratiocination is foreign to their psychology, that they speak a new tongue, and that to comprehend their faith one must be born again.

Christian Science is a religion, not a healing cult. Its foundations are matters of faith, not logic. Mrs. Eddy, unfortunately, dealt largely in chains of reasoning: "I won my way to absolute conclusions through Divine revelation, reason, and demonstration." "Science and Health" is a dialectical work. Mrs. Eddy's logic, unhappily, was peculiarly flighty.

Christian Science theology will come up for later discussion. But it seems necessary here to touch on the essentials

of the Scientist's credo. He believes that God is All; that God, All, is Love. Therefore there can be no reality in flesh or matter. Therefore there is no sin, sickness, death or any evil thing. The world of flesh and matter is the creation and the illusion of mortal mind, itself unreal, non-existent. By continual demonstration Man in Christian Science denies the dark world of mortal "beliefs." He knows he is not always successful for divine science is still in its early stage. Indeed, the Christian Scientist seems to be peculiarly susceptible to illusory mortal ills against which he wages unceasing warfare, to be forever suffering under successive "beliefs" or "claims." But he has faith that in time the whole world will come to Christian Science and that sin, disease and death will disappear.

Mortal mind, says Mrs. Eddy, was a liar from the beginning. It is unreal. But like the sin and disease it creates it hath a terrible seeming. Through animal magnetism, whether unconscious or malicious, it imposes on mankind a shadow world of flesh and the devil. Thus on the mortal plane—the unreal dream-world of matter—Scientists are as superstitious as any medieval theologian pondering the mysteries of demonology, witchcraft and black magic. The phenomena of spiritualism, the evil eye and malicious hypnotism are easily explicable in the nightmare which mortal mind dreams and dwells in.

The "Manual" forbids Scientists to indulge in malpractice (employ mesmerism) on pain of expulsion. But it counsels them to defend themselves against it. Faced with "truth," like the Devil confronted with the Cross, animal magnetism is powerless to harm. But eternal vigilance is the price the Scientist must pay. Hatred, envy, sensuality, greed, sin, disease and death are errors of mortal thought. But personal love and affection, physical desire, pity and sorrow are also illusions of mortal mind which, Mrs. Eddy confesses, are "sometimes beautiful but always erroneous."

Charity is frowned upon in Christian Science. The first duty of the Scientist is to raise *himself* toward perfection; his second to make his light shine before men. Thus the smile is the flag he flies, the symbol of his inner harmony and strength. The greatest gift he can bring to a brother in distress is the knowledge of "truth," for if the sufferer will turn to Science his needs will be taken care of.

Christian Scientists do not deify Mrs. Eddy. Neither do they deify Jesus. Jesus was a man who demonstrated "Christ, truth" which was from the beginning. Mrs. Eddy, in her spiritual meaning, is the "Woman" referred to in Revelation. And they believe that her offspring—Christian Science—is the Holy Ghost, that Divine Comforter which Jesus promised would come after him. This power, known to the early Christians, lost during the dark years of the medieval Church, was rediscovered in anguish and travail by Mary Baker Eddy.

Finally, Christian Scientists believe in their healing as a practical science. Every one of them is convinced that he has healed and been healed many times.

Now as in her lifetime Mrs. Eddy is the absolute monarch of her Church. She rules through the "Manual" *which may be amended only with her consent.* Since her death the Board of Directors represents her as head of the material organization. But it has no spiritual authority. There is no pope; there are no pastors; and teachers, practitioners, lecturers and readers are mere functionaries. The Bible and "Science and Health" are the only preachers. Mrs. Eddy's other writings and the publications which she founded and which continue the policies she laid down for them are also widely read. A Scientist will say, "We must not forget our 'Manual.' That teaches us discipline."

The "Quarterly" contains the citations from the Bible and "Science and Health" which good Christian Scientists follow

daily and which constitute the Sunday sermons. The weekly "Sentinel" and monthly "Journal" print testimonies of healing and articles and editorials adjudged "scientific" by the editorial boards. A Scientist will say, "You *must* read So-and-so's article in the last 'Journal.' It was thrilling." To the outsider, however, the pieces tend to sound all alike.

The daily "Monitor" has received high praise in some journalistic circles, for it is a high-minded and well-edited newspaper, a member of the Associated Press. Crime news, cigarette and patent medicine advertising, and writing that is cynical, radical, pessimistic, ironic, flamboyant or slangy in tone are banned. The paper reflects the Christian Science smile admirably. When it is deemed advisable to mention disasters, depressions, scandals in public life or wars and rumors of wars, the more encouraging aspects of such unhappy situations are the ones featured and stressed. The "Monitor" is partisan only on issues where it sees a struggle between good and evil. It supported Hoover in the last two elections not because it is Republican but because it is militantly dry. It stands for liberal causes, believes in the League of Nations, the World Court, the cancellation of debts, disarmament. It admires such world figures as Woodrow Wilson and Ramsay MacDonald—and is not above throwing an occasional bone to Norman Thomas. How to keep the sporting page dignified and free from slang has been a serious problem. On the whole that seems to be lacking in "snap."

A religion which denies the existence of matter and preaches that divine love is sufficient for all human needs would be expected to take a definitely ascetic turn. Such is not the case with Christian Science. The "thought" seems to be that since flesh and mortal mind are unreal anyway, they may as well be fed their illusions as scourged and humiliated. And there is much to be said for this from a practical point of view. Just as the Scientist may demonstrate over sin and sickness, so may he demonstrate "supply" to take care of his

material needs and worldly ambitions. He may "take up in Science" money matters, business affairs, the passing of an examination, improvement of his personal appearance, the winning of friends. Thus Christian Science contains some of the appeal to persons seeking "self-improvement" which has made advertisements of physical culture systems, memory training, prophylactic remedies, and short cuts to wealth, fame, beauty and learning so effective.

Christian Scientists are forbidden to speak ill of other faiths. But individually they tend to fear and hate the Catholic Church. The good Scientist should be incapable of racial or religious prejudice. But the Catholic Church is openly hostile to Christian Science and the Catholic Encyclopedia carries antagonistic articles on Mrs. Eddy and her religion. The Scientist fears Catholic "thought" as a powerful enemy. He tends to believe that the Catholic miracles are the work of animal magnetism. Some Scientists believe that Armageddon will be the struggle between Christian Science and Catholicism—fought on the mental plane—for world mastery.

But the Christian Scientist usually strives to be what he considers a good citizen. He thinks of himself as progressive and forward-looking and willing to co-operate in all good causes. Nevertheless he is seldom popular. Because he belongs to a faith which the outsider does not understand and frequently ridicules, the more reserved Scientist seems to react defensively toward his fellowmen. He is careful to disassociate himself from freak cults. The mystic, the introvert, the morbid or melancholy fellow, the ascetic, the Jesus shouter, the dreamer, the man of peculiar ideas—all these are shunned by the practical Christian Scientist. But they are continually getting into the Church where, unless they be born again, they prove themselves unamenable to discipline, and in their loose and "unscientific" enthusiasm give the religion a bad name before the world. They rarely remain long

but often continue to call themselves Christian Scientists after they have left, claiming to be independents who have rebelled against the materialistic spirit of the organization.

The first chapter of the semi-official Powell biography of Mrs. Eddy illustrates the worldly attitude of sound Scientists. The Reverend Doctor Powell's thesis is that Christian Scientists are "quite like other people." First he lists a group of celebrities who have testified to the merits of the religion and the respectability of its adherents. These include a half dozen scions of the European nobility, a representation from Hollywood headed by Mary Pickford and ending with Cecil B. De Mille, a cordon of clergymen who at one time or another have said a good word for a rival faith, Dr. William Mayo who says he has sent people to Christian Science, Thomas L. Masson who avers (apparently without irony) that Scientists keep their minds pure and are exceedingly prosperous, and Mabel Walker Willebrandt.

Powell then goes on to give his own impressions. They smile, he says, but not vacuously. They are never noisy or disorderly. They travel, "journeying much by motor." The lecturers are "immaculately dressed." "To keep appointments airplanes are often used by them." At the home for elderly people as at the two Christian Science sanitariums the table "would do credit to the best hotel."

This may all very well be. Nevertheless the typical Christian Science home seems cold and repellent to more earthbound, sensual mortals. Even where there are growing boys and girls and mayhap an attractive wife there seems to be a depressing deficiency in animal exuberance. Then, too, to discover the feet of clay supporting the radiant smiles is discouraging. Since the children learn to lisp in the new tongue they often impress the outsider as smug and chilly little blighters. But of course many Christian Science children throw off the burden of their religion with all the obstreperousness of normal childhood. How to hold their young

people is a serious problem confronting the Church authorities. It is apparent to any observer that the Church is pitifully weak in its second generation membership.

Women in Christian Science tend to fall into certain recognizable classifications. In the wealthy metropolitan churches there is always a small group of fashionable, traveled women of wealth and social position who admirably combine an outer worldliness with an inner spirituality. Most Scientists are of more modest station; but they are proud of these and of the distinguished actresses who profess their faith. Then there are many practical minded women in the Church who never believed in doctors much anyway. These are proud of having rebelled against family tradition in favor of Mrs. Eddy's plain commonsense. In private conversation they will occasionally wax alarmingly unorthodox. One will be told, in a burst of confidence, that a person should be sensible and if he can't be reached in Science there is no harm in going to a doctor.

Again there are the sick and the discouraged who come to the new faith seeking healing and comfort. Some of these leave soon, less because they have failed of a cure than because they have found Scientists hard and unpitying underneath the smiles. Such sufferers fail to understand Christian Science. Others, with or without cures, find a spiritual home. And in the happiness of revived hope that pours over them many of their most desperate problems solve themselves. The quiet dignity of the services, the opportunity for study and self-betterment, the pride of the devout in their Leader, their Book, their Church and their history—these factors impress many refined and sensitive women weary of the rough and tumble of crude evangelicism with its boisterous sociables and vulgar revivals. Sinclair Lewis, some will remember, in a piece published in "The Nation" a few years ago, discovered Carol Kenicott, grown older and defeated by Main Street, reading "The Christian Science Monitor."

Finally, as in all religions, political faiths and other movements, there is the lunatic fringe—cripples, drug users and alcoholics with a sense of sin, neurotics and psychopaths of various kinds, and cranks.

Like Mrs. Eddy, most of her followers have a weakness for "culture." But while it is all very well to feed flesh and mortal mind their illusory provender, how may one deeply serve both God and Mammon? Books, pictures, music and architecture are products of mortal mind, redolent of matter, sensual, exuding animal magnetism. Christian Scientists tend to resolve the problem by seeking inklings of "truth" in the poets and by interpreting symbolically the less gross of the Masters. Mrs. Eddy quoted Shakespeare along with the Bible and one of her own poems on her title page; and Powell quotes Edna Millay. But it is with relief, one imagines, that the devout Scientist turns from art to the well-thumbed pages of "Science and Health" of which an admirer, one M. Louise Baum, has said: "Even as the English Bible stands as the great monument of English style . . . and even as Dante made Italian speech by epitomizing it in his fervent poem, even so the writings of Mrs. Eddy are certain to stand as models of twentieth century style. . . ." One may only hope that Miss Baum is mistaken.

Since all material things tending to improve the condition of mortal man are demonstrable in Science; since Scientists are often "immaculately dressed," "journey much by motor," use airplanes to keep appointments, and provide tables that would "do credit to the best hotels," the question naturally suggests itself, why may they not avail themselves of the discoveries of physical science in the field of therapeutics?

To answer this question it is necessary to anticipate a little on the historical section of our essay. The answer lies in the story of Mary Baker Eddy, especially her relations with the locally celebrated mental healer—Phineas Parkhurst

Quimby. One must understand that Mrs. Eddy originally hoped to make a living and a reputation as a Quimby disciple in the field of mental healing. Thus mental healing is the foundation on which Christian Science theology is predicated. Mrs. Eddy's efforts to expand on Quimby's confused and tentative explanations of his system formed the nucleus out of which eventually emerged the present edition of "Science and Health." In attempting to explain Quimbyism she came to explain God and Creation.

But a second answer is that *they do*—to a certain extent.

The degree to which a loyal Christian Scientist may legitimately avail himself of physical healing is governed by Mrs. Eddy's dicta and by her example. A Scientist may use opiates in cases of severe pain. Mrs. Eddy used morphine. "They [opiates] do not remove pain in any scientific sense. They only render mortal mind temporarily less fearful, till it can master an erroneous belief." Christian Science nurses, some of whom have been trained at the Christian Science sanitariums, are supposed to be skilled in bandaging, cleansing of wounds and general care of those suffering under "beliefs." "Science and Health" admits that "until the advancing age," etc., etc., "it is better for Christian Scientists to leave surgery and the adjustment of broken bones . . . to the fingers of a surgeon, while the mental healer confines himself chiefly to mental reconstruction and to the prevention of inflammation"; but it goes on to assert that Science "is always the most skilful surgeon, but surgery is the branch of its healing which will be last acknowledged." Scientists go to oculists and dentists by common consent. Mrs. Eddy had trouble with her teeth and wore glasses. Indeed, she resorted to "painless dentistry" and defended herself in her well known style by saying, in substance, that had she refused to take the anesthetic she would have turned the dentist's thought against herself, since he would *think* she was suffering pain.

Such reasoning would seem to leave the door wide open. Mrs. Annie C. Bill's "Parent Church" (now The Church of The Universal Design), a Christian Science schism, pushed it to logical conclusions by advocating cooperation with physicians who, in turn, were naively invited to send mental cases to their practitioners. But loyal Christian Scientists turn to doctors only as a last resort when mortal mind bears down too hard upon them. Hundreds of testimonies of "cures" relating to broken bones, decayed teeth, defective eyesight and surgical cases are to be found in Christian Science testimonies. One comes to the conclusion that Scientists take from physical healing what they are forced to take—no more and no less. And Mrs. Eddy, who grew canny in her old age, in a few scattered passages provided them a way out, at the same time spiking the biggest guns of her most dangerous critics.

The Christian Scientist is always "working" for himself. But if he is unable to cope with his "problem" he goes to a practitioner. There is no set formula or secret process governing the healer's labors. He destroys the patient's "false belief by both silently and audibly arguing the true facts in regard to harmonious being." Both patient and healer " 'Agree to disagree' with approaching symptoms of chronic or acute disease, whether it is cancer, consumption, or smallpox." Absent treatments are given. Sometimes, it is said, the first effect of a mental treatment is painful, for a kind of spiritual "chemicalization" takes place while "immortal Truth is destroying mortal belief."

To become a practitioner one needs only to have his card placed in the "Journal." According to recent figures of Dr. Louis S. Reed, quoted by Fishbein, there are approximately 8848 practitioners in the United States, 1887 of whom flourish in California. This means one practitioner to every twenty-three church members. In Dittemore's opinion the number of practitioners is increasing during the depression.

Presumably the Church authorities make some investigation before publishing a name. And most practitioners in the past have gone through "class," a brief inspirational course in Christian Science. Some practitioners are unquestionably high minded; many in the smaller places are merely ignorant enthusiasts; but the opportunity for easy money has undoubtedly attracted a proportion of charlatans.

Practitioners do not like to keep a patient long if his trouble is serious. They frequently suggest a change if the patient himself does not first decide to try his luck elsewhere. A sufferer often goes the rounds of all the practitioners available to him and comes back to his starting point before he dies. Nurses, too, like to remain only a short time on a case that is not responding. Because the sanitariums have waiting lists, they are likewise able to shorten the stay of a guest and thus maintain—from the point of view of their mortality rate—a healthy circulation.

Failure to "reach" a patient may be owing to some concealed "error" in the practitioner; or it may be the result of a deep-seated "error" in the subconscious mind of the patient —an illicit passion or a consuming hatred. But an infidel may be cured; children and animals are healed. Mrs. Eddy once revived a tree. The reasoning here is that a little learning is a dangerous thing, for the ignorant, stubborn Christian Scientist may be unwittingly working against himself.

There have been thousands of testimonies of cures in Christian Science, but none of failures. Every once in a while, however, some particularly shocking case is aired in the newspapers. Every physician and all those who have had experience with Scientists know that in serious cases even apparent cures are the rare exception. But no thorough scientific investigation of the results of the work of the various healing cults has been satisfactorily carried through.

This is not the place to delve into the subjects of mental healing, dual personality, suggestion, psychotherapy or psy-

chogenetic disease. (An interesting study in the psychogenetic field is "A Psychological Study of Cancer" by Elida Evans, with an Introduction by Jung.) But since diseases such as diabetes, heart trouble, tuberculosis and cancer are frequently of long duration which periods of improvement are felt by the patient and hope is being continually revived; since digestional and other functional disturbances, children's diseases and colds usually cure themselves with only perfunctory ministrations from physicians; since persons of general bad health fluctuate between good days and bad days, as Mrs. Eddy did all her life; since melancholia, hysteria, hypochondria and other mental conditions are so often responsible for physical ills—since these things are true, the Christian Science practitioner has considerable room to turn around in and may effect both real and seeming cures. One should recall, too, that modern medicine and surgery mark a departure from the past and that humanity struggled along many centuries without them, often using remedies now believed to be either ineffective or actually harmful.

But granting that faith sometimes works miracles in certain kinds of cases, there can be no question (outside the various cults) but that the practice of mental healing applied to physical ills has resulted in unnecessary suffering and death to a degree which far exceeds its therapeutic value. It is shocking to see a baby tossing on a bed of fever while his parents or a practitioner try to argue down the "error." Loyal Scientists will fight against agony for long periods before, worn down and scarcely conscious, they will admit the interference of a doctor. They believe that if you once go to a doctor your faith is weakened to such an extent that it becomes difficult to continue in Science thereafter. And they love their religion. They are willing to die for it. But the saddest cases in Christian Science are those in which neglect has resulted in incurable conditions—particularly in cancer, tuberculosis and severe infections. In such cases the doctor is

usually called into a Christian Science home too late. And usually he is eventually called.

Sooner or later Christian Science opinion must come to admit the use of drugs and surgery as a compromise with the world of matter—just as it accepts food, toothpaste, warmth, bandages, dentistry, soap and water and the ordinary rules of hygiene.

But first the Church must readjust its point of view toward its history and toward Mary Baker Eddy and toward mortal truth. If, however, it should surrender its fables and traditions and also yield so radically on the subject of healing, it would be confronted with the problem of finding some justification for its existence.

II

The recent absorbing and scholarly Bates-Dittemore biography completes the exploitation of the last known body of unpublished Eddyana. Mrs. Eddy's history has now been combed in a succession of volumes beginning with Georgine Milmine's laborious and thorough investigations back in the muckraking era.

It is not as a mind, a heart or a soul that Mrs. Eddy strikes the epical note, but as a will and a personality. The will came to deny existence to the whole world except itself; and the personality expressed an egotism unsurpassed in biography.

Dakin sees her as a tragic figure, pathologically abnormal from childhood and, during her climacteric years, a psychopath with a paranoic trend, subject to delusions of persecution and delusions of grandeur, the ignorant, unscrupulous but essential mystic. Dakin himself has mystic leanings. Fleta Campbell Springer approaches Mrs. Eddy from the point of view of a modern rationalist and sees her a grand comic figure on the American stage, paradoxically both unique and typical, human, feminine, abnormal and altogether captivating. The two *authorized* biographies are defensive and

without merit, evasive, untrustworthy as to facts, unfaithful in interpretation.

The approach here is not biographical but critical. The intention is to treat the Leader, not as the human being and the woman with her fears and follies and splendid triumphs, but as the founder of an established American religion.

Mary Baker, the baby of the household, was born in 1821 into a family of substantial New Hampshire farmers. Her ancestry, "according to the flesh," as she so oracularly puts it, were of English, Scottish and Irish Protestant extraction. It is characteristic that the account of her forebears in her sketchy autobiography, "Retrospection and Introspection," is inaccurate. For however infallible when pronouncing ex cathedra, Mrs. Eddy was always unreliable where mortal memory was concerned. And along with a memory which rarely struck a correct date or got the facts quite right and which was so adjustable to her ideas of what should have been in place of what actually had been, she manifested all her life a naive fondness for titles, wealth, high connections and all the trappings of rank. In her own mind she was no commoner, even according to the flesh. When her devoted disciple, Julia Field-King, traced Mrs. Eddy's descent back through British history to the House of David and thence all the way to Adam—having accepted the theory that Anglo-Saxons are descendants of the ten lost tribes of Israel —the work came to nothing because Mrs. Eddy had supplied the wrong name for a grandparent. Julia Field-King was never forgiven.

Throughout her long life Mrs. Eddy was never free from illness. She suffered from a painful "spinal trouble." There were attacks of indigestion, pains in the stomach and over the kidneys. She complained of neuralgia. The birth of her son seems to have left her with either a permanent injury or an incurable neurosis after a difficult confinement. Toward the end of her life she had to combat the extremely painful ail-

ment called gallstones. Subconscious fears found expression in frequent hysteria. During her childhood she was subject to violent attacks variously described by neighbors of the Bakers as fits, tantrums and spells. These sometimes resulted in cataleptic seizures. Mary's father was a stern New England Calvinist, described as "a tiger for temper and always in a row." Mary's will clashed with his but her fits sometimes brought him to terms. The body was frail, the will strong and undisciplined, the mind active but untrained. But this is only one side of the picture. On her good days Mary was talkative and vivacious, something of a favorite in the family. Mrs. Eddy was to have *good days* and *bad days* all her life.

Because of poor health and her excitability Mary went to school for only brief periods. She was never forced to compete with other children in either study or play. Her education was the product of her reading which followed her fancy. From her early letters, which are charming and precocious, as from her later ones, it is obvious that Mrs. Eddy never mastered the details of a formal education. She might well have admitted it. But Mrs. Eddy never admitted. She asserted that she had known her grammar as well as her catechism; that she had studied the ancient languages under her brother during his vacations from Dartmouth College; and on various occasions she pretended to knowledge she could not possibly have possessed. But she does say, "After my discovery of Christian Science, most of the knowledge I had gleaned from schoolbooks vanished like a dream. Learning was so illumined that grammar was eclipsed." Facts, details and disciplines—all "the etcetera of mortal mind"—were of little importance to Mrs. Eddy for "our mortal history is but the record of a dream . . ."

In her late teens Mary was reading the poets—Milton, Scott, Shakespeare, Mrs. Hemans, Barry Cornwall, particularly Byron. Of course she took to writing verses herself and by the time she was twenty-one these were appearing in

newspapers. None is in any way distinguishable from the imitative verse so common in the provincial press of the period. To paraphrase Springer, she was not a poet; she was not even a poetess. Once only in her life did Mrs. Eddy rise to poetic expression—in her fine hymn, "Shepherd, Show Me How to Go." In its simplicity and feeling this poem is so unlike anything else Mrs. Eddy ever wrote that one is at a loss to explain it.

Mary's home was a religious home. But there is no evidence except her own that she was ever seriously devout. At seventeen she joined the church after a brief religious "craze." But her leanings seem to have been worldly rather than mystical in her youth. Mrs. Eddy later claimed that she joined the church at twelve after denying predestination in a speech that brought tears to the eyes of the elders. The error in age is typical of the workings of the Eddy mind, and the critic is justified in holding equally apocryphal a number of other stories Mrs. Eddy told to illustrate the spirituality of her girlhood. Most of them, like the sermon at the age of twelve, have their prototypes in the Bible.

At twenty-two Mary Baker married George Washington Glover, a young contractor from Charleston, South Carolina. The husband died within six months leaving his frail bride pregnant and penniless. Mrs. Eddy's later story of how she freed his slaves may be set down to her peculiar tendency to conjure up out of the past facts which certainly ought to have been so but which, out of sheer perverseness, actually were not so. She may have felt that *if* Glover *had* owned slaves she *would* have freed them, that the spirit counted for more than the letter. But even so the historian, mindful of Mrs. Eddy's anti-abolitionist sentiments at this time and of her Yankee parsimony, tends to be doubtful.

Mrs. Glover was too ill to nurse her baby or care for the growing boy. Young George was brought up by a family retainer who later married and took him away. When he was

eleven his foster parents moved to Minnesota and his mother did not see him again until he was thirty-four.

Mrs. Eddy's critics have accused her of incapacity for mother love and a lack of common decency in allowing her boy to be brought up on a level lower than her own. Her father is reported to have said, "Mary acts like an old ewe that won't own its own lamb." Mrs. Eddy stoutly maintained that there had been a "plot" to separate her from her child. It is reasonable to assume, however, that if she had yearned for her boy she would have held him. Submission, sick or well, was never one of Mary Baker Eddy's virtues.

Young Glover grew up to be an illiterate man. Many years later Mrs. Eddy sent for him. He proved disappointing. When the "New York World" suddenly became interested in Mrs. Eddy in her old age, George was induced to join in the "Next Friends' Suit" brought to protect his supposedly incompetent mother from herself and her associates. It was Mrs. Eddy's own fault that George actually believed her to be under the domination of Calvin Frye. She had used Frye as a buffer against George's requests for money. The suit ended in a fiasco when Mrs. Eddy at eighty-seven proved herself to be quite competent to manage her affairs. To end further trouble, however, she settled $250,000 on her son. That was all he was to get. Her estate of close to three millions was willed to her Church.

For nine years of dependent widowhood and nine years of her second marriage Mrs. Eddy was a semi-invalid. It is during this period that morphine first enters the story. She wrote Patterson that her only relief was to take morphine "which I so much disapprove." It is certain that Mrs. Eddy had frequent recourse to the drug both before and after her "discovery" of Christian Science. It has been said that she was a slave to it, and again that it "drove her crazy." Calvin Frye refers to "the old morphine habit" in his diary. There is internal evidence that it played a part in her wilder delusions.

But however much she may have used it during her most difficult years, it is unlikely that she ever became an addict. She was peculiarly susceptible to the drug—as Swinburne was to alcohol—and a little seems to have been enough to make her hysterical or send her instantly to sleep.

During this period Mrs. Eddy's interest in literature stopped and was never revived. She read assiduously in newspapers and kept a scrapbook in which she pasted clippings that struck her fancy—a queer miscellany including such stuff as "Dewdrops of Wisdom" and "Gems of Truth." She was to draw on this material when her own inspiration failed her. Later in life she got hold of a book called "Philosophical Nuggets" from which, as Bates has shown, she occasionally plagiarized. She was interested in phrenology, spiritualism, mesmerism and other rages of the day. She dabbled in homeopathy. On her good days however Mary Glover appeared in her world, stylishly overdressed, shocking the townsfolk by her use of cosmetics, dropping southernisms learned in Charleston into her speech—the New Hampshire poetess.

There were always men. One of these was a peripatetic dentist named Daniel Patterson who practiced a little homeopathy on the side, a big, bluff Don Juan of the countryside, not very strong in intellect or commonsense. The invalid widow married him, and the marriage was not a success. Mrs. Patterson's condition grew worse; Patterson's fortunes steadily declined. They separated in 1866 and later Mrs. Eddy got a divorce on the grounds of desertion. She always insisted that the real grounds were adultery and, referring to her second husband as a "distinguished dentist," asserted that he eloped with "a woman from one of the wealthy families of (Lynn)" leaving a note which read, "I hope sometime to be worthy of so good a wife." One may be sure that if Mrs. Eddy had a husband who was a dentist and eloped, he would be a distinguished dentist and would elope with a member of one of the first families. For some time

Patterson sent her money in small driblets when that was all she had to live on. Years later, after Mrs. Eddy had grown rich, her one time gallant suitor died in the poorhouse of his native town.

But before the separation, in a last desperate attempt to gain health, Mrs. Eddy had gone to Portland to consult a mental healer of the day—P. P. Quimby.

Mrs. Eddy was forty-one when she went to Quimby in 1862. She was at the end of her rope, scarcely able to walk, apparently incurable. In a week she was climbing seven flights of stairs and had found a cause. She spent three months sitting at the feet of the master, absorbing all he had to say, making copies of his writings for her own use, the most enthusiastic of the Quimby circle. She wrote letters of extravagant praise about him to the newspapers and revised one of her early poems in his honor. She described herself as "a living monument" to his genius. She acclaimed him as the successor of Jesus who healed through "truth" without recourse to spiritualism, mesmerism or other "error." Mrs. Eddy was beginning to speak the new tongue. Two years later she suffered a relapse and returned to Quimby who again helped her.

Quimby was a man of small education, but fine presence and genuine goodness. He had been a clockmaker by trade until he became interested in mesmerism. He seems to have been a remarkable hypnotist, but he grew dissatisfied with animal magnetism—Mesmer's name for his method—and by degrees worked out his own ideas of mental healing. Long before he knew Mrs. Eddy he had begun jotting down notes intending eventually to organize them into a comprehensive system. But his death in 1866 left his work uncompleted. His philosophy will be considered during our discussion of Christian Science theology.

The shade of Quimby was to haunt Mrs. Eddy to the end of her days. Had she been less the victim of her own

megalomania there need have been no Quimby controversy. Had she been willing to play the part of St. Paul in the new faith; had she been willing to assign to Quimby the role of John the Baptist; had she even been generous enough to acknowledge her obligation to him on the mortal plane, she would have saved herself much trouble. But Mrs. Eddy never acknowledged.

During the eighties and nineties the Quimby battle rocked the Christian Science world. Mrs. Eddy fought with reckless abandon. She claimed she had effected cures before she ever heard of Quimby; that Quimby was an illiterate mesmerist; that she had helped Quimby with his manuscripts and suggested many of his ideas and his phraseology. When her letters and poems in his praise were quoted against her, she declared that if she had written them it was because she had been befuddled temporarily by animal magnetism. But the conflict left its scars; and her part in it must have undermined the last vestiges of her integrity. The tangled mass of her denials, assertions and contradictions, without considering the other side, prove her to have been, in this instance at least, utterly dishonorable. The following extract from the Frye diary has been published by Dittemore:

"This morning she told me the mental threat urged upon her was 'you have got to confess, that is, go tell that you got it from Quimby or you will be damned.'"

Had George Quimby published his father's manuscripts (he allowed certain people to look at them) he could have dealt her a crushing blow. But the controversy was distasteful to him and he seems to have feared so unscrupulous an adversary. They were published in 1921 when the holographs were made available for students in the Congressional Library. The rare first edition contains Mrs. Eddy's letters to Quimby. These were omitted from the second edition owing to Christian Science influence.

In 1866, before they separated, the Pattersons were living in Lynn, Massachusetts. And in that year occurred the foundation miracle of Christian Science—the immemorial "fall on the ice." It was five years after the fall when Mrs. Eddy first publicly claimed that after the doctor had pronounced her injury incurable she had arisen on the third day through sudden revelation of the principles of Christian Science. But in a letter written at the time of the fall, unfortunately, she had attributed her healing to Quimby's method. And many years later Doctor Cushing was to attest that he had never thought her condition critical.

After Patterson's "elopement" Mrs. Eddy passed through her time of greatest trial, her "three years in the wilderness," moving from one boarding house to another in a succession of mill towns, leaving behind her a trail of petty debts and petty quarrels. She was angular, somewhat ridiculous in manner and appearance during this difficult period, estranged from her family, but still able to impress simple folk with her learning, her knowledge of the Bible and her splendid egotism. And she was talking "truth" to whomsoever.

She had to make money and she intended to do so by practicing Quimbyism. But there was a great obstacle in her path. She lacked the healing gift. Indeed, Mrs. Eddy habitually set things at sixes and sevens wherever she went. She seems to have realized her deficiency early and to have selected for herself the roles of teacher and writer, leaving healing to her disciples. But to maintain her authority she found it necessary to claim preeminence in this as in all other aspects of the work. She was wont to speak off-hand of her hundreds of cures, embellishing some of them with gory details. But she made the mistake of giving names and when investigated by Milmine her former patients responded with great unanimity. The answer of a son of a deceased patient sums up the evidence: "She done him no good whatever." The Clark whose cure is so elaborately described in "Science

and Health" declared, "*I* didn't know she cured me. Have always had this same trouble and have it yet." The official Wilbur biography comments on the ingratitude of the many who forgot their healer as soon as they were healed.

Mrs. Eddy's first success came after her partnership with a pleasant but serious young workingman of twenty-one named Richard Kennedy. "Dr." Kennedy practiced healing; Mrs. Eddy organized and taught a small class. Kennedy gave Mrs. Eddy one-half his earnings; Mrs. Eddy retained all of her own. She charged her pupils one hundred dollars for twelve lessons and they agreed to pay her ten percent of their income after they graduated or, if they should choose not to practice, a round one thousand dollars. She was later "led by a strange providence" to raise her fee to three hundred dollars while reducing the number of lessons to seven. There was never anything small in the way Mrs. Eddy managed the business end of her movement.

The cause obtained a foothold among a small group of Lynn mill workers. By 1875 Mrs. Eddy was able to buy a house. An existing photograph shows an odd two-and-one-half story affair displaying the bold sign, MARY B. GLOVER, CHRISTIAN SCIENCE HOME. But before this Kennedy had gone the way so many favorites were to follow.

Kennedy was the first of the long line of "malpractitioners," former Christian Scientists who turned in spite and revenge on Mrs. Eddy armed with malicious animal magnetism —the dread M.A.M. In the third edition of "Science and Health" she rose to magnificent, Ciceronian heights of invective in counter-attacking the young man, describing him as "The Nero of to-day, regaling himself through a mental method with the tortures of Christians."

Kennedy was followed by the gentle Spofford who seems at one time to have entertained hopes for the Leader's hand. He is set down in Christian Science history as the "criminal

mental marauder." The third of a sinister triumvirate was a really shady character named Arens. After his fall from grace his malpractice always took the form of arsenic poisoning, "mentally administered," doubtless, as Bates guesses, because of verbal similarity. Mrs. Eddy's thinking seems to have been frequently influenced by the related sounds of syllables.

During these years Mrs. Eddy was a sick woman. This is the period on which her critics concentrate, which Milmine muckraked so thoroughly. The story is one of nights of agony when the faithful were summoned in relays to ward off the attacks of M.A.M.; of pain and drugs, wild bursts of temper and hysteria, moments of transfiguration and reckless claims of infallibility; of dreams of serpents, gorillas, negroes, houses of assignation with locked doors in which Kennedy approached her. The dark atmosphere enveloping the strange little sect of humble folk can scarcely be exaggerated. This is the period of the multiplicity of law suits, including the celebrated witchcraft case in which an injunction was asked against Spofford's wicked malpractice, and the indictment of Arens and Asa Eddy for conspiracy to murder Spofford in their zeal to protect Mother from his malign power. It was during this time that George Glover, according to his later story, went to Kennedy with a loaded revolver and while "the Nero of to-day" "shook like a jellyfish" ordered him to cease torturing his parent.

Mrs. Eddy became obsessed with her demonology. She could not leave it alone. It was her constant harping on M.A.M. while teaching a faith proclaiming the allness of divine love that finally broke up her Lynn organization, drove away her most intelligent disciples and alienated outside sympathy. Its ramifications were endless. A follower, it was discovered, might become a carrier of M.A.M. Unaffected himself he would be the means of transmitting its effects to the Leader. Again, Mrs. Eddy complained of the

devout that they leaned on her mentally, robbing her of her strength, using it selfishly to bring about their own petty cures. She pleaded with them to leave her alone, accused them of killing her.

The most pitiful victim of M.A.M. was Asa Gilbert Eddy. The Leader selected him in 1877 to be her partner in a "spiritual union." Like all those whom Mrs. Eddy chose for intimacy, he was her inferior in mind and will, an ignorant, devoted soul, the original wearer of the Christian Science smile. But the smile was false. He was terrified by M.A.M. It is said that he frequently ducked into doorways to let an evil emanation pass him by. Suddenly he was stricken down. One Eastman, a mushroom-college "doctor" with a shady past, a recent convert to Christian Science, agreed with Mrs. Eddy that the symptoms were those of arsenic poisoning—indicating that Arens was at work. A reputable physician, called in at the last minute, gave a diagnosis of heart disease. Asa died and his widow insisted on an autopsy. The autopsy disclosed a diseased heart but no traces of arsenic. This had no effect whatever on Mrs. Eddy who now remembered that she had never believed in post-mortems. She spread the story of the "mental murder" over the pages of Boston newspapers and achieved her first big piece of publicity.

In personal relationships Mrs. Eddy remained unfortunate. Her last attempt to establish a close human bond was made when she was sixty-six and adopted Ebenezer J. Foster, aged forty-one, a former homeopathic physician and recently a valuable worker in her cause. Foster-Eddy did not last long. When he ventured to assert himself, and after it was reported that he had become a victim of M.A.M. in the guise of a lady worker in his office, he fell from favor. Years later he emerged from obscurity to join with George Glover in the "Next Friends' Suit," and when Mrs. Eddy settled

$250,000 on her first son, she satisfied her second with fifty thousand.

In the end Mrs. Eddy had to fall back on Calvin Frye. She was often fretted by his unimaginative devotion. But he made himself invaluable and seems to have been a convenient punching bag for the exercise of Mother's Olympian wrath. It is one of the ironies of her story that long after both their deaths the diary of this faithful soul came to be used against her.

Mrs. Eddy's amazing success came only after her message began to extend beyond the limits of her personal contacts, borne onward by means of five principal agencies. These were "Science and Health" (1875 on), the Massachusetts Metaphysical College (1881-1889), the "Christian Science Journal" (from 1883), the missionaries sent out to key cities, and newspaper publicity.

Mrs. Eddy worked on her book, giving it the best she had, over a period of thirty-five years, keeping a copy of the latest edition by her at all times, revising, correcting, adding new matter and cutting out old, preparing for its successor. Her policy of insisting that good Scientists buy a copy of each new edition as it appeared, even where only minor changes had been made, stimulated royalties. The sixteenth edition (1886) marked a departure. Mrs. Eddy was now successful and growing more conservative. She determined to hire an editor and make a complete revision of the book. Her choice fell on a gentleman and scholar, James Henry Wiggin, a former Unitarian minister, a tolerant free thinker and genial man of letters and the world. He undertook the job with considerable misgiving; but his association with Mrs. Eddy lasted four years and is one of the pleasant episodes in her career. Mrs. Eddy had enormous respect for learning and admired Wiggin. And while he was shocked at some of the things he saw going on, he seems to have had a rather amused liking for "the prophetess." Wiggin's service to

Christian Science was to make "Science and Health" "respectable," as Bates puts it, or "civilized," according to Dakin. Mrs. Eddy liked to think that his work was confined to correcting her grammar and minor details. But Wiggin saw his job as one in which it was his duty, first to keep Mrs. Eddy "from making herself absolutely ridiculous and secondly to keep her from flatly contradicting herself."

Many of Mrs. Eddy's veteran disciples were disappointed in the new edition. They missed her wild rhetoric, her bold invective, her passion and moments of religious ecstasy. But Mrs. Eddy could not be bothered with the old guard now; she was looking higher; the faith was rapidly climbing the social ladder. "Science and Health" remains Mrs. Eddy's book, but in 1886 Wiggin trained it to harness. As it stands to-day it is neither Quimby nor Wiggin nor good red Eddy.

The Massachusetts Metaphysical College was the original source of the Eddy fortune. Under its impressive name and prospectus it was merely a continuation of Mrs. Eddy's Lynn classes. "Science and Health" was the only text book. Students came from all over the country to take its three weeks' course; then, fortified by a diploma from a Massachusetts "college," they went back home and put out their shingles.

The eighties saw the growth of Christian Science from an obscure sect to a sensational new religion. After her Chicago speech, which has been likened to Bryan's "Cross of Gold" effusion, Mrs. Eddy became a national celebrity. Now began the new order. Henceforth, backed by thousands of worshiping admirers, she would not be dependent on her immediate following. She returned to Boston to stamp out the spirit of rebellion there by boldly smashing her organization, then retired to Pleasant View at Concord, New Hampshire to build anew and on a firm foundation. Here, removed from strife and curious eyes, her bad days hidden from the world, Mrs. Eddy, past seventy, founded her new Church.

The two sides of Mrs. Eddy's nature now had full play.

Within the Eddy household life was as turbulent as it had ever been in Lynn and Boston. The suppressed Dickey "Memoirs," written as a tribute by the last favorite, describes the terrific battles with M.A.M. A shift of mental workers was on duty at all times to guard the Leader. A special committee was detailed to handle the weather. On occasions it was found necessary to resort to physical help. Calvin Frye and others were instructed in the use of the hypodermic needle. Doctors were called in when gall stones developed. And on her bad days Mrs. Eddy's electric bells rang through the house violently and repeatedly summoning help and throwing the establishment into confusion and terror.

But at the same time Mrs. Eddy was proving herself a shrewd and ruthless organizer. She maintained her authority to the end, the absolute dictator. By a stroke of her pen she dismissed her pastors. She hurled by-law after by-law at her meek and responsive Church and lopped off heads almost as fast as they rose above the mass.

Her cause was growing. The original Mother Church was built in 1894. Other churches sprang up all over the land, including Mrs. Stetson's huge New York "cathedral." In 1906 the even huger Mother Church "Extension" was completed and the impressive dedication ceremonies marked, perhaps, the high peak of Christian Science.

But Mrs. Eddy had to pass through one more period of storm and stress before the end. Vague rumors led to newspaper persecution; and when, to still gossip, she consented to be interviewed, the reporters caught her twice on bad days. Their lurid stories led to the "Next Friends' Suit." For a whole year the merciless Milmine articles followed one another in McClure's Magazine. Other writers, including Mark Twain and Powell in his first book hastened to cash in on the aroused public curiosity. More than once the aged Leader cried out piteously.

But a reaction set in. Public opinion took the view that the

old lady had been persecuted enough. The committees on publication were working overtime. A wealthy Scientist bought off the publishers of the Milmine biography. The official Wilbur biography (over Mrs. Eddy's protest and only after Miss Wilbur had threatened suit) was published to offset the Milmine articles, just as in 1930 Powell's second book was authorized to counterbalance Dakin. Everything connected with Christian Science seems to take on the bizarre and contradictory nature of Mrs. Eddy—even the bibliography. Powell's rosy-hued, Weems-like biography of 1930 is written by the same man who in 1907 wrote a severely critical biography, on which he is still drawing royalties; and the official Wilbur biography of 1907 was financed by John V. Dittemore who in 1932 supplied Ernest Sutherland Bates with the raw material for the most thoroughly damaging biography that has yet been published.

Mrs. Eddy had suffered too much at Pleasant View. In 1908 she moved to her last earthly home, Chestnut Hill in Brookline, near Boston. She moved on a special train guarded front and rear by extra locomotives, accompanied by her household and a cousin—who happened, also, to be a physician. The chief events at Chestnut Hill were the ousting of Mrs. Stetson wherein Mrs. Eddy played a part worthy of Bismarck (the story is told in detail by Altman K. Swihart in his excellent "Since Mrs. Eddy"), and the founding of "The Christian Science Monitor." The idea for the "Monitor" was given her by an old newspaperman who also suggested the main policies it has pursued. But Mrs. Eddy, close to ninety, was keen to see its possibilities and penned her famous command in the terse language of a military order.

On December 3, 1910, Mary Baker Eddy died of pneumonia at the age of eighty-nine. She had outfought all her ailments and death came gently in the form of "the old man's blessing." When she realized that death was near she made Adam Dickey promise that he would say she had

been killed by M.A.M. But her last written words, scrawled on a scrap of paper, were, "God is my life."

Most lay discussions of Christian Science philosophy and theology resemble the arguments of the blind men over the conformation of the elephant. Mrs. Eddy with some justice complained of her critics that they made no effort to understand her work as a whole but spent their time attacking passages removed from their context. She also complained that many people did not understand her sense of humor. This is true for Mrs. Eddy had a considerable store of typical early Yankee humor of the rural kind. Thus, when she says of washing babies that it is no more necessary than taking a fish out of water and covering it with dirt, she is not to be taken literally. It is the kind of remark her mother might have made about some new-fangled parent who was forever tubbing her infant. Much of her wit is elephantine, consisting of bad puns, worse alliterations and not very funny Yankee exaggerations. But occasionally it is startling. She was quite conscious of the effect of her line, after a serious passage, "God has no bastards!" Emily Dickinson might have said that. But wise men often took Mrs. Eddy's every remark very seriously, sought for profundities where there were none, and found the elephant very like a whale.

The philosophical background of Christian Science, as with any other system, may be said to reach back to antiquity. But unless one sharply defines its immediate sources he is likely to pay it the quite undeserved compliment of a heavy epistomological treatise. There is little point in discussing Berkeley, Spinoza, German metaphysics via New England transcendentalism, or Hindu mysticism through Emerson, in connection with Eddyism.

The immediate sources of Christian Science were these—and no others:

1. Quimby's "Christ or Science" and "Questions and Answers" together with her long talks with Quimby. From

him she got her ideas of mental healing, the foundations of her philosophy and much of her dialectic—her peculiar use of such words as "truth," "belief," "Christ," even "Christian Science." Quimby was directly influenced by Mesmer. He may also, however, although not a reader, have caught the spirit of intellectual and religious rebellion which was in the New England air during his period.

2. The Bible, which Mrs. Eddy calls her sole guide. Before she wrote "Science and Health" she worked years on an exegesis "The Bible in its Spiritual Meaning" in which passages were interpreted according to Quimby's ideas as these filtered through her own unique mental processes. This work was never published; but it is the forerunner of the "Key to the Scriptures" and the many explanations of Biblical quotations, including the Lord's Prayer, scattered through her work.

3. Her reading and her experiences with the occult "crazes" prior to her meeting with Quimby—the "Dew-drops of Wisdom" kind of thing on which she may have whetted her wits to tackle ideas and from which she caught something of the intellectual spirit of the times. She picked up a few words and notions, perhaps, from the Shaker community near her early home. In the later editions of "Science and Health," it is true, the tags of classical learning and the references to the philosophers, the biologists of evolution and even theologians indicate occasional incursions into rival fields of thought as well as the influence of Wiggin. But these are merely embellishments intended to lend worldly convincingness to her already established divine argument.

To approach Christian Science from another tack: One must bear in mind that the new religion did not spring full-grown from the mind of its divinely inspired "founder and discoverer."

First: Mrs. Eddy, as a disciple of Quimby, taught and tried to practice mental healing.

Second: Quimby's speculations in Mrs. Eddy's trust grew to the stature of a divinely inspired system—a theology. (The first edition of "Science and Health" did not aspire to the dignity of a sacred work. It was a forerunner, one might say, of the "New Thought" movement—another outgrowth of Quimbyism, founded by his principal disciple and apostates from Christian Science.)

Third: Followed the Church with its divinely inspired "Manual" ordained by its divinely inspired Leader—Mary Baker Eddy.

Before taking up Christian Science theology a few words should be said about Quimby's ideas. The "Manuscripts" show a homely but extraordinarily original mind struggling with concepts for which it has neither training nor great liking. But Quimby was an honest searcher for truth. He liked healing and he healed people, ergo he had to try to find out how he did it. He had abjured hypnotic practises when he discovered his cures were as effective without them. His thought led him to the conclusion that all disease is mental in origin and, therefore, is curable through the mind. The cure (as with the psychoanalysts in their limited field) was effected by making the patient himself see and understand the mental nature of his trouble. "The explanation is the cure." In accounting for cures effected on children and incompetents he worked out a hypothesis about the nature of unconscious mind far in advance of his day and quite original with him. But unfortunately he did not follow it up. He gave absent treatments on a telepathic principle. Stefan Zweig should have taken Quimby, who had enormous success in his work among humble folk, rather than Eddy, who probably never healed anybody, as the American figure in his recent "Masters of Mental Healing."

Quimby was not an orthodox Christian. But he believed he had hit upon the secret of the Christian miracles. Hence he used, among other names, the term Christian Science for

his method. And since he had no scientific vocabulary and because his patients were mostly familiar with the Bible, he used scriptural terms and scriptural illustrations. He apologized for them once, but said, "All my illustrations are called out by the case I have to treat." In reading the Quimby manuscripts which are discursive and full of repetitions, one should remember that Quimby was first a practitioner and only secondly a somewhat puzzled thinker, and that these writings are his clinical notes. But he was led deeper and deeper into speculating on the nature of God and man as he went farther and farther back in his search for truth. He decided that human knowledge was an aggregation of "beliefs," and that through these beliefs man created his own world—i.e. the world of matter, i.e. all that comes to us through the senses. Here certainly he is in good company. But beyond man and his beliefs there must be an absolute—God, Principle, Truth. And man belongs there, too—that is, Spiritual Man. "Now to separate these two is what I am trying to do."

Quimby's speculations were never synthesized into an iron clad system, and he proceeded very cautiously over many years. But when Mrs. Eddy started thinking there was no stopping her. Her thinking is merely so much mental activity stimulated by her emotional responses, dominated by *wish*. Throwing overboard with complete irresponsibility, through denials, everything that slowed up her progress, she pushed her boatload of Quimbian ideas over the seas of Quimbian dialectic, guided by the Bible as a meek and responsive pilot, into the harbor of the absolute. But on the voyage, unwittingly, she hurled overboard her precious passenger, man himself, along with his Old-man-of-the-sea, Mortal Mind.

Since, before she had finished, Mrs. Eddy dismissed as non-existent the entire universe of both mind and matter, except God speaking through Mrs. Eddy, there seems little point in discussing the argument which supports her Divine

Revelation. But for the curious I have attempted to reduce it to its lowest terms.

A. POSITIVE: (Axioms, dependent on the Bible and Revelation)

1. *God is All-in-all.* This does not mean pantheism, however, or that whatever is, is right, for ——

2. *God is Love.* Thus Love is All-in-all. (And God is all love. He is also all good, all principle, all wisdom, all truth, etc., etc.)

3. Man is "God's image and likeness", the deflection of God, co-existent and co-eternal with God. (Without God, says Mrs. Eddy, man would not exist. Without man, God would remain unexpressed.)

B. NEGATIVE: (Through reason)

1. Matter cannot be God nor can God be in matter, for all evil comes through matter. Therefore matter does not exist. Then there is no sin, disease or death. Neither is there birth. ("An egg," says Mrs. Eddy, "is an impossible enclosure for deity.")

2. Matter is the creation of mortal mind, a contradiction in terms, Mrs. Eddy admits, since "Mind" is one of the synonyms of God, and there can be no such thing as *mortal* mind. But she uses the expression, so to speak, for the sake of the argument. Mortal mind, a part of matter and unreal, on the illusory mortal plane controls all matter. Thus we have the phenomena produced by malicious animal magnetism, the many superstitious beliefs, spiritualism. Mortal mind produces "table-tipping as certainly as it produces table-setting" and "sees what it believes as certainly as it believes what it sees."

What is this "mortal mind"? "Nothing claiming to be something"; a belief; a dream.

Wiggin put his finger on a crucial spot when he raised the question. Who has this belief? Who dreams this dream? Mrs. Eddy's reply seems to have been that mortal existence is "a dream without a dreamer." This naïve explanation appears in the sixteenth edition on which Wiggin was first employed.

Mrs. Springer, in a speculative moment, surmises that Wiggin was smitten with the sonorous phrase and hastened to set it down. The "dream without a dreamer" was subsequently removed; but we still have "the belief and the believer are one and are mortal"—i.e. unreal, non-existent.

Right here the missing keystone of the arch of the whole crazy structure should be apparent. But commentators have been so fascinated by the anomolous, sinister, yet intriguing spectre, mortal mind, that they have forgotten about man himself. The question is not only who has this belief or who dreams this dream. But who does anything? Who, "leaning on the sustaining infinite," finds to-day "big with blessings"? Who must learn that prayer "is an absolute faith that all things are possible in God"? Who is the "struggling heart"?

Not Spiritual Man, surely, perfect, eternal, mirrored by God and co-existent with him, untouched by birth, death, sin, disease, or matter! Not mortal mind, of course, for "there is no such thing as mortal mind. . . . Matter cannot believe, and Mind (God or Spiritual Man) understands."

Mrs. Eddy, way beyond her depths but not recognizing the word retreat, quite casually *assumes* a middle man, or middle soul, that is, the ordinary Tom, Dick, Harry, Jane or Joan for whom her book is written. Let us call this "middle-man" Hamlet, for convenience—but a Hamlet, it must be remembered, who plays off-stage without even the voice of the ghost. He has no part in the Eddy cosmogony. He is nameless. He is less real than his ape-like brother, Mortal Man; more vague than his divine alter ego, Spiritual Man. Yet it is Hamlet who struggles from the old "Adam-Dream" in mortal mind toward his "at-one-ment" with God. It is for Hamlet that the "Book" is written; and he is the most important character in it. It is Hamlet who is healed, who is the "struggling heart." Man in Christian Science is Hamlet, Christian, the Pilgrim, grievously burdened by matter, journeying through the sloughs of sin, sickness and death

toward the Holy City—perfection in Divine Science. Jesus was Hamlet. Mary Baker Eddy is Hamlet.

But Mrs. Eddy, *wishing* toward absolute perfection, at war all her life with this mortal coil which she decided to rule out of existence, denies him. And well she does. For he would wreck her cosmos.

Christian Science is an American phenomenon. But it grew out of cultural America. That was its appeal to the West. It does not belong with any of the homely frontier religions. It is not grounded on charlatanry like Joe Smith's Mormonism which owes its long life to the fact that it became a political, social and economic cause, a state religion, its flame kept alive through memory of bitter persecution and the saga of its splendid achievement in the wilderness. Christian Science is intellectual. Mary Baker Eddy knew what she was saying and meant what she said. And however irrational her message, the student of her works knows exactly what she means in every paragraph.

Christian Science is out of New England. Had Mrs. Eddy not been so mortally afraid of her equals and superiors she could have had her entrée into the Concord circle. She could have been a "thinker." She was satisfied with nothing less than being the voice of God. That eclectic soul, Bronson Alcott, admired her book, although Louisa was dubious. Mrs. Eddy says she talked with Emerson. She probably did meet Whittier whom she claims to have encouraged and strengthened in his old age. She would not have lasted long. But, as Wiggin said, Mrs. Eddy was nobody's fool. Like so many of her kind, she despised her devotees while leaning on them, and while kow-towing to well-placed outsiders. Her exalted egotism covered the profound depths of her sense of inferiority.

Without a good mind or a single outstanding talent, without a background of knowledge or worldly experience, with

no remote conception of honesty on the intellectual plane, she pushed in where philosophers and saints would fear to tread and achieved a success that realized all but her wildest dreams.

Certainly Mary Baker Eddy was a remarkable personality —and distinctly remarkable in organizing and consolidating her movement. The process, however, was not subtle. Her public created the myth. Mrs. Eddy was not Machiavellian. She was naïvely opportunistic. Her by-laws are a curious hodge-podge with one principal aim—to insure her personal supremacy by protecting herself and precluding others from getting any share of the honor, glory, authority or money—to maintain her dictatorship during her lifetime and even forevermore.

But say what one will, Mary Baker Eddy achieved immortality on the earthly plane which she denied. Her name will echo down the ages, even though often in derision. Who shall measure greatness? And who shall stand in the holy place of power? He who hath not lifted himself up unto vanity nor sworn deceitfully? He who hath clean hands and a pure heart? Not on this mortal sphere, certainly. Dare one say that, while going the way so many other religious and philosophical systems have gone before, Christian Science is less important merely because it seems so much more absurd.

FRED T. MARSH

FILM CHRONICLE

EISENSTEIN AND THE THEORY OF CINEMA

BY ITS inceptual nature, the cinema is a progressive medium, proceeds in time. In its development, it tends increasingly toward intensiveness. The path it follows is opposite to that of the theatre, which is an intensive medium tending toward progressiveness. There are points at which they contact, where it would be difficult to distinguish between the cinematic and the theatric. There is, however, a maximum beyond which intensiveness cannot proceed in the cinema, nor progressiveness in the theatre. In the cinema, it is the point beyond which the constant of progression is dissipated; in the theatre, the point beyond which the constant of intensiveness is shattered. In the mute cinema, *Joan of Arc* is the maximum of intensiveness, and because its intensive nature was respected within the progression, it is cinema, and not, as idle observers have called it, photography. In the theatre, Meierhold's *D.S.E.* exceeds the maximum of progressiveness, departs from the sphere of the theatre, but, because it is not realized within the sphere whose constant is progression, arrives at no other art.

Eisenstein's experience in the drama was gained with Meierhold, the director who has most expansively "cinematized" the theatre. It is, therefore, not surprising that the self-assertive younger man should have entered the sphere of the cinema. In crossing this threshold, he believed he was following a "dialectic" of art, one sphere of a planetary system—drama—"negating" the

other. Meierhold chided him for his absolutism, and quite rightly, for the dialectic of art is socially involved, and Eisenstein was omitting the ability of a fresh society to revive an exhausted sphere. In immediate terms, Eisenstein was forgetting the stimulus of a vivacious audience.

The absolutising of his own actions and reactions constitutes the body of Eisenstein's theoretical writings, "eccentric and fractional." In practice, his alertness and persistence have enabled him to seize the stature of an event and reproduce its configurations suggestively. In extension, this prowess has made it possible for Eisenstein to follow the practice of montage to its extreme. To seize stature and reproduce configurations requires a sharp sense of quantity, and Eisenstein, as Anisimov* has indicated, is an artist in the quantitative, which would make him primarily an engineer. That is why Eisenstein is truly the directors' director. He has been pace-setter in the world generally, and very particularly in the Soviet cinema. The battle against the "formal-aesthetic" in the Russian film is largely a battle against the Eisenstein influence. The battle on the challenging side has reached a position where it is necessary to face the danger of a pyrrhic victory. In the zeal to negate the dominance of "externals", the youngest directors are risking the loss of lessons in organization learned from the disciplined though prodigious works of Eisenstein. After all, Eisenstein, in his colossalism and his contours without specifications, was serving the progress of the motion picture in and out of Russia, enlarging its image, enhancing its syntax, dissolving the barriers of literalism. It was in doing these things that he, more than any other individual, turned the cinema again to relationship, the constituency of art.

The relationship of art is vested in the record, the restoration, the revelation, the three r's. Eisenstein's ideal of the cinema has been the synthesis of the documentary, the abstract and the dra-

* In his essay on "The Films of Eisenstein," Ivan Anisimov has made a pertinent and consistent study of the relationships within Eisenstein's work. His insistences are often too sectarian, and tend to submerge the director's contributions, in spite of his profession of admiration. Anisimov was a member of the recently dissolved Russian organization of proletarian writers. His essay is an instance of the tendency that finally congealed, to be rendered fluid again by the Soviet society, an organism of fresh momentums. This literary organization did give a judicious tenacity to proletarian expression, but when the judicious became judicial, tenacity became monopoly. In a healthy society, "frozen assets" are readily liquidated.

matic. Of all his films, *Ten Days* (*October*) comes nearest to his ideal. To understand, however, the subsequent development of Eisenstein as director and theorist, one must examine his second film, *Potemkin* and Eisenstein's own appraisal of it. *Potemkin* has been called the perfect film, and rightly, within its own category of frontal attack. The film extended this elementary category by disturbing the usual geometric progression with a variation in the metre. This was assured by construction from the viewpoint of the imprinted image itself. Up to that time, the dramatic motion picture had passed through the stages of the camera. There was first the tethered camera, when, so to speak, no directorial point-of-view existed. The actor was a "sedulous ape" and that was the sole consciousness. Later there was invented the ambulant camera. Between the rigid and the completely mobile camera, the panoramic had come into being; the motion picture was an art of its initial instrument. The camera was "the alembic of film intelligence." Of course, during this time continuity was developing too. Continuity may be considered the anticipation of montage. The development of the camera from passivity to activity reached a period when camera was king. Films were conceived "in camera." The domination of an art by its instrument, something that effects but is not contained in the finished work, may become a suppressive burden on the art. The Soviet directors put the camera in its place as an instrument, and themselves began to stress a method.

In the primitive (pre-art) expression the unorganized phenomenon is rampant. The determinant of the primitive film is action, realized in speed and antic. In the intrinsic film the phenomenon is organized as rhythm, realized in tempo and pattern. In the film of frontal attack, heretofore committed to the primitive, Eisenstein constructed rhythm, emphatically borne by the effect-cause-effect construction and concentric intensities of the massacre on the Odessa steps. *Potemkin,* by constructing rather than merely recording the attack, achieved a perfection of powerful surface masses, achieved the perfect "poster", as Eisenstein has himself called it. It remains a film of frontal attack because it was conceived on that level; therefore its perfection, therefore its inadequacy. It is not the historic event but only the single physical episode, the "quick emotional *discharge*". The designation of his picture as "poster" may have been an afterthought with Eisenstein to disarm criticism of its philosophic shortcomings. The

after-the-fact aspect of Eisenstein's speculations and promulgations has been noticed before. His theory is frequently a rationalisation not only of his practice but of his temperament. Absolutes are the usual result.

Himself an intellectual, he proclaimed the mass as hero. He was not alone in this, but the proclamation was personal to him, and of that personalty he made a law. To him the professional player was undesirable. Fortunately, what he expressed as a law, others, like Pudovkin, particularized into a principle, the principle of documentary selection, professional or non-professional, the emphatic pronunciation of type. The mass-documentary legalism sharpened the already intensified editing. One extreme concurs with another. If little trust is to be placed in the digit, if he is to be neuter, "it" must be reinforced, activated, by an external will. Moreover, if acting is reprehensible, the player must not be permitted portrayal. He must therefore be limited to a physiognomy or a posture, and these must not exceed their pictorial length: the principle of "laconism."* In this way montage as suggestive interreference is further intensified in practice, and in theory becomes "the basic, everlasting, and vital principle". It becomes *tout-cinèma.*

Eisenstein has divided montage, both as a description of the historic sequence of cinema and of the contemporary levels of cinema, into four "methods": metric, rhythmic, tonal, over-tone. The metric film is "the rude force of the motive action", determined solely by the simple arithmetic or geometric progression, effected by the *measurement* of unvarying *time.* It is matter-of-fact, rudimentary impact. Is not therefore the term "metric montage" a contradiction? Rhythmic detail is a breach in the simple progression to stress the content, the *impression,* of a particular component scene. Rhythm is the patterning of rhythmic detail in accord with the distribution of content. Therefore "rhythmic montage" is really a redundancy.

Montage is initiated in the associative process. Hans Richter,

* Victor Turin, director of *Turksib,* a film Eisenstein disparaged as lacking montage, speaks of "associative laconism" (association and brevity). Eisenstein would probably oppose the junction, and speak, as he has recently, of "extreme laconism", which he finds in the writings of Babel, who, perhaps, has a practical grasp than anyone else of the great secret that ". . . no iron can enter into the human heart with such stupefying effect as a full stop opportunely placed."

German experimentalist, has said: "The conscious formation of associations is one of the most important possibilities of montage. . . . Every kind of combination of successive images evokes peculiar and even powerful reactions. Every combination produces its own effect, and a seemingly slight change in the combination may cause a totally opposite psychological reaction . . . under the head of association one must understand three divisions: formal, rhythmic and content relationships." The severity of the dictum agrees with Eisenstein's ultimate "over-tone montage", "the collective calculation of all the appeals of the piece." It is a "synthesis" out of "tonal montage." In the latter order the values are not those of editing but of pervasive qualities—tones of light, graphic composition etc. Is not "tonal montage" therefore a misappropriation, and "over-tone montage" a usurpation? Montage is simply intensive editing, and Eisenstein's conception of it, his conception of a superior montage, is the maximum of intensive editing. Kuleshov, whose associative editing Eisenstein derides, and Pudovkin, whom Eisenstein has confronted with a "conflict-montage" theory, have made contributions to film-construction that are not unrelated to Eisenstein's contrast-and-conjunction. Eisenstein would object to the premise of association in Richter's statute. Yet his own work is a development from association, ideally, in speculation, from perception to apperception. His speculations, issued as despotisms, are fascinating explanations of a fact which neither explain the fact, nor provide exact precepts for others to follow. In that sense, "his theoretical reasoning has a negative significance." To build upon practices in *Old and New* a theory of a montage of conflicts, which later finds extensive authority in a truism *Art is always Conflict*, which in its turn finds universal authority in the law of dialectics is a transcendentalism far removed from the concreteness of dialectics. This montage through "collision" and "resolution" Eisenstein calls "the dynamic principle". Anisimov has charged Eisenstein with not thinking dialectically; in the orderly heap of his "Principles of Film Form", Eisenstein has a profusion of quasi-dialectics. Anisimov has called him a mechanical rationalist; Eisenstein writes: "Hypertrophy of the purposive impulse—the principle of rational logic—causes the Art to freeze to a mathematical technicalism." In the same manifesto, Eisenstein describes montage as "the nerve of the Film". Further refinement of this thesis will make montage the neurosis

of the film. "Overtonality"* is, in the profoundest sense, not merely "flair, aroma", but what is conveyed to the apperceptions, "the higher nerve-centers", of the observer. It is the memorable residue when the screen is bare. It is the inference. "Overtonality" may be achieved *in part* through montage. Eisenstein's films, far away from literal construction, are yet deficient in aftersense, in the qualitative. His montage gives the weight of the physical content, but not the meaning of the social, because the personality of the event is lacking. Yet he is the greatest living master of construction, which, unfortunately, is not enough. Nowhere in his writing does Eisenstein dwell upon the human actor as the material of the experience. There is but negligible reference to the social subject-matter, and then apart from the formalities of practice. Richter also keeps the formal and content relationships apart, parallel but not reciprocal. To Eisenstein dialectics is continent in methodology. Dialectics is, however, at once the subject and its measure, and to eliminate the former is to go abstract, as Eisenstein most often does.

Abstraction and absolutism lead to the exaggeration of indices. Eisenstein is a man of erudition through rabid reading and rapid assimilation. Quite correctly he seeks sources in man's other expressions. The cinema is an art among arts and can be instructed by its colleagues. But a source must not exceed its instructional or corroborative function. Conceiving of ideal montage as a "molecular" process wherein two independent "cells", "placed in juxtaposition, explode to a new concept", Eisenstein recognizes the pictographic language as montage. The use of the term "explode" is significant. "Eye + Water = '(explode to)' To Weep." The index is in the separateness of the two images which, juxtaposed,

* The analogies film-directors find in music become preponderants in Eisenstein. This is a form of absolutism, which coincides with the concept of a "pure art", an art not verifiable concretely. Undoubtedly, there is a bond between music and movie, as there is between any two arts, but to make the affinity other than mutually reciprocal is to yield to the false concept of "purity". Goethe's declaration, which Eisenstein quotes with reverence, that "Architecture is frozen music", is not a permanent law, but the aesthetic value of a particular period. Terms like "over-tone", "counterpoint" must, in cinema jargon, be only tentative conveniences. Now that sound is organic in, rather than accessory to, the motion picture, it will ask a return of these borrowings, and other explicit designations will be required. In fact, a major enterprise for the critic of cinema is the establishment of a pertinent terminology.

produce a third, a concept. Eisenstein rejects as "vulgar" the "description" of the phenomenon "as a blending", yet is not the first attachment of the ideograms associative, and then propulsive? To enlarge the index into a law of optics, sharing the characteristic of "super-position" with stereoscopy is to make an enormity of a footnote.

The hieroglyphic nature of the Japanese language, its depictiveness, the "ascetic" laconism of Japanese poetry, the separation of the vocal from the mimic in the Japanese theatre appeal to Eisenstein as cinema. He would expand them into a system, rather than limit them to indications by asterisk. He concludes that while there is cinematography in every other Japanese expression, there is none in the Japanese cinema. The diagnosis is incorrect, because the wrong instrument of measure is used. The indeterminateness of the Japanese cinema is due to a confusion in the class-rôle. The other expressions were realized in a period of exact class-delineations. The cinema was born and has been reared in a period when the aristocracy is enacting the rôle of the middleman. The conflict between the "old form", based on the traditional theatre, and the "new form", yearning toward America and Germany, has not yet been resolved, and will be resolved only by a revolutionary force. In one branch of the cinema there is no such conflict. The rice-paper animation, being graphic cinema, derives from the traditional.

Eisenstein thinks "explosively", at great velocity and with no "check and double-check". His mental processes are atomic. Yet they are associations. By their intensity his thoughts seem to be in continuous production from the need to qualify the thought previously rendered. This quasi-dialectical succession is not what is meant by "thinking dialectically". Professing to clarify, it isolates the measure from the subject. The procedure is a sort of intellectual quarantine. "Dynamics" is used "in the sense of methodology of form, not of content or action". The result is a great mountain of abstraction, serving mainly the shadow-eater. The directors' director becomes the critics' director. The dynamics of the film is not separable into that of method, action and content, save to the anatomist. By anatomy the whole man is not discoverable. If, by Eisenstein's definition, the dynamic is *his* principle, as opposed to Pudovkin's, which he calls "epic", can Lèger's graphic be called dynamic, "linear" dynamic? The dy-

namic in the cinema is one of severel energies of the film, energies not mutually exclusive. It is the resultant of the progressive and the intensive. Pudovkin* has described it in these words: "In the method of Griffith are combined the inner dramatic content of the action and a masterly employment of external effect (dynamic tension)." Eisenstein views the resultant as the "effect" of a "collision". That is thinking "physiologically", an intellectualisation of Pavlov's reflexology. The valuable elements of his speculations, however, are many, but seldom enlarged upon. Like his own montage, he conceives in "shocks", in a "linkage" (his characterization of Pudovkin's progression) of "shocks". For instance, his dynamic of directions deserves a close study, as does the entire spatial thesis of cinema. The development of the cinema in intensiveness is largely the exploitation of space. The entire history of man's progress toward cinematography is the effort to record movement (time) in space (graphically). At the other end of the evolution, the screen itself awaits exploitation. Eisenstein has dwelt upon the screen in the cinema, but mainly as to its dimensions—shape and direction—and only incidentally for its variability, "a gigantic new agent of impression as the rhythmic assemblage of varied screen shapes".† The screen has entered his considerations in the matter of "Wide Films", but not yet in the organism of the cinema: it can only be inferred in his "conflicts". The Frenchman Claude Autant-Lara has invented a screen-within-a-screen, as yet crude when I saw it in Paris in 1930, within whose normal rectangle the images change their panels—their area and axis—according to the degree of intensity and range of vista of the content. Commentaries, flashbacks, sub-motifs, visual epithets range in and out of different sections to carry on the psychological story. Eisenstein's notes on the screen were impelled by the academicism of Hollywood theoreticians, and one can feel in them a boyish intellectual glee in "putting it over" on the orthodoxy. However, in preparing the notes for publication, away from the hypnosis of his own voice, the author might have rearranged the sequence and allotment to stress the lively use of the screen, the screen's progress from instrument, passive and receptive base, to plastic material. In Eisenstein's remarks on the wide

* Harry Alan Potamkin's article on Pudovkin appeared in Vol. VI, No. 3, of the Hound & Horn.

† Sergei Eisentein's "The Dynamic Square" appeared in Vol. IV, No. 3, of the Hound & Horn.

film, one imperative stands out: *"Acoustics help optics!"* At that meeting in Hollywood, he was referring to the "optimum acoustics" of the auditorium, but in the exclamation Eisenstein has concentrated again his concept of a "common denominator" (equivalence) for the sound-sight film. This community is also, according to him, the sum of a conflict—"between Optical and Acoustical impulses." That sum is "counterpoint." With that Eisenstein concludes his chart of the cinema, "the first possibility of devising a *single system of visual dramaturgy* covering all general detail cases of the problem."

He wants a "single system", a monistic mechanism. Both Eisenstein and Pudovkin use the term "motion" very little in their writings. The conception of motion as a "key" is a literalism remaining from the days when films were "motion tableaux", and an open sesame from the ritualistic art-as-magic. But there is a ritualistic attitude also in this voracious "single system". When objectivity becomes empirical, and there is no consistent interrelation of subject and measure, grossnesses occur. What Eisenstein calls linkage-montage and the epic principle is association by adhesion; conflict-montage and the dynamic principle association by cohesion. In Pudovkin separate images adhere to a nuclear image; in Eisenstein separate images cohere to render a sum. Emphatic instances are the receipt, in *Mother*, of the letter by the imprisoned son; the rain-ceremony in *Old and New*. Eisenstein once told me that he had re-cut that incident some twenty to twenty-five times for the right overtone, the specific suggestion. Is there then, like Flaubert's one right word, one right series? Richter says there is. But that is too rigid a conception. There are permutations and combinations from which a suitable series is to be selected. The absolute of "one right" is a discipline like the captionless film. Just as in the particularization of a theme into a plot, and in the realization of a plot in a movie, there are many possibilities or alternatives, so within the body of the movie there is more than one way of composing a duration. Unity is essential but not restrictive. Eisenstein could have inter-referred the images (symbols) in other combinations and achieved an equivalent, if not identical, transmission. No difference in quality would have been discerned. As there is a point beyond which impressions are ineffective, so there is a point below which distinctions are evanescent. To insist on exceeding either is to be, respectively, violent or precious. There can, of course, be a wrong selection or series

caused by a mis-reading of theme or an incorrect detail of method or a deficiency in temperament. A film may even be perfect in execution and yet, as the realization of a theme, be a wrong film: *New Babylon, Soil, White Shadows.*

To achieve "signification", an art aspires away from the literal. Qualified ratio, or proportion, succeeds literal ratio: that is the development from the metric to the rhythmic. It is proportion (alternation on the basis of content distribution) attained through disproportion. There is disproportion in the expression of the content-values themselves, the ratios of statement. If Eisenstein opposes the narrative-method of Kuleshov (he is wrong in attaching Pudovkin so closely to this method), it is because a statement does not of itself convey a meaning. One must determine the proportion of the idea, and then build for that proportion. Unfortunately, in his practice Eisenstein sees the physical container for the idea, and the disproportion becomes an heroicism. Not collectivism but certain of its constituent aspects was conveyed by *Old and New.* Of all the principles of constriction, disproportion, because it is the value-relation of measure to subject, is the richest in its dialectic potentiality. Yet this principle Eisenstein has mentioned only casually or by inference.

The most problematic of the disproportions is Eisenstein's "pathetic treatment of non-pathetic material". It is problematic because as it stands it is more a rationalization of the director's sympathy for objects than a completed thesis. What of the pathetic material, the human factor? Is there a converse: the non-pathetic treatment of pathetic material? In Eisenstein's practice there is just that irregularity, due to a temperamental neglect. This converse submits a correct approach to certain human materials: the idyllic, for instance. But until Eisenstein determines the vital proportion in the relation of subject and objective environment, the pathos of the non-pathetic will overwhelm and not elucidate the subject.

From the acceptation of "shot" as "cell" there follows the *intra*-relation of the component picture. Having seen, in practice, that a film cannot be built *in toto* of cohesive particles, but has to alternate this intensive construction with another intensive construction, the sustained duration, Eisenstein rationalized the need with an "intra-cadre" "conflict". His Mexican film, which I have seen in part in the unfinished state in which he was forced to leave it, shows an increased respect for the intra-relation. We may

expect from its author a new "theory" of cinema based on this increased respect, necessitated in part by the exigencies of production. Eisenstein has discountenanced the antipathy to pictorialism. He is right. So long as the pictorial is not falsely emphasized into the picturesque (the easel-film attitude), but honored as an intensive consideration, it is a value. Eisenstein is an engineer who sees each film as an individual problem to solve. This "objectiveness" explains the absence from his films of the eccentricities, the awkward witticisms and arrogances of his writing. The problem, unfortunately, is seen as a methodological one: objectivity without participation. The new "theory" may either proclaim an elaboration of montage, or, less likely, a departure from montage as an inclusive. Eisenstein did mention that he would have something to say about this "composition of the shot", a phrase that brings him close to Dreyer, whose *Joan of Arc* he found unacceptable.

The emphasis of the component is part of the development towards inference, the *"deep reflective processes"* as distinguished from the visceral attack. The ultimate of "over-tone montage" is, Eisenstein has said, "the intellectual cinema". Anisimov has called the latter a "peculiar defensive device justifying his Eisenstein's limitations." Though there may be a general truth in this characterization, "the intellectual cinema" cannot be treated peremptorily. The mistake of Eisenstein lies in the categorizing of a distinct "intellectual cinema", but an examination of his comments on this cinema reduces the error to merely verbal. If, instead of "intellectual cinema", we say "intellectual appeal", and define "intellectual" as socially inferential, we are arriving at the mature cinema. Eisenstein has indicated that the intellectual appeal is not circuitous, but as direct as the drive of the elemental film. The motion picture must develop, in order not to stagnate, through a serious and profound content, necessitating a treatment permitting scrutiny. The cinema is structurally ready for such content, and when that content is genuinely allowed it, the cinema will realize itself in all its variety.

The literary contributions of Eisenstein since he has returned to his homeland are reassuring. Centering about his work at GIK, the state cinema school, they are a redeclaration of intention. The dialectics of his own experience with the capitalist cinema, commercial Hollywood and the "independent" Maecenas, may have turned him from organization to organism. He quotes Lenin:

"Criticism must consist in comparing and contrasting a given fact not with an idea, but with another fact . . ." to corroborate the intention of establishing principles "by critical comparison with the more stadial early forms of spectacle." The fact must be compared and contrasted with another fact in the same sphere: recall Lenin's sundering of Kautsky's eclectic sources. (The terms "stadial" and "spectacle" suggest still the ritualistic bias.) But the comparison must be informed by a principle authenticated, not solely in the aesthetic medium, but primarily in the social manifestation. There is a great difference between an elastic and opportunistic judgment. If by "concrete work on individual material", Eisenstein means that he will relinquish, for instance, his "non-coincidence" as the "basis" of the compound cinema, and recognize that while an art aspires away from the literal, it does so as a growth rooted in the literal, he will ascend from the provocative to the preceptorial. He has been and still is a major stimulant.

Harry Alan Potamkin

MUSIC CHRONICLE

NOTES ON THE SEASON

THE new edition of Berlioz's Memoirs (annotated, and the translation revised, by Ernest Newman; Alfred A. Knopf; $5.) was an important event. The Memoirs, first of all, are brilliantly written, and worth reading for that alone. In this they are like Shaw's criticism: both Shaw and Berlioz produced musical criticism that had value and interest as literature. No one else has done this; or perhaps I should say that no one else has done it so successfully; or perhaps what I really mean is that no one has done it in just the same way. They produced not only literature, but literature of the same type, the same tone and style: they wrote with gaiety, verve, irony and wit, and at bottom with great seriousness. Shaw expresses this in his own way: "Berlioz," he writes, "was almost as good a critic as I." There are differences, of course—the difference, chiefly, that Shaw is lighthearted in his gaiety and irony, while Berlioz is bitter. The reason is that Shaw is disinterested, while Berlioz is dealing with the circumstances of his own tragic career.

In his own country Berlioz achieved no place as a composer. His originality offended the academicians; and whereas Wagner could appeal to a cultivated general public, Berlioz could not: there was no such public in France. It was not only Boïeldieu who complained: "How could I approve of such music, when soothing music is, above all others, the music I like? . . . What need was there to drag such extraordinary harmonies into (Cleopatra's) invocation to the Pharaohs? I am not strong in harmony myself, and I must confess that I could make nothing of those other-world chords of yours . . . And then why introduce a rhythm into your accompaniment, the like of which no one ever heard before?" "In this quaint conversation," writes Berlioz, "Boïeldieu was merely expressing the ideas about music current in France at that time. What the Paris public wanted was soothing music, slightly dramatic in tone, but simple and colorless, with no unusual har-

monies, unwonted rhythms, strange forms, or unexpected effects; whatever the subject . . . it must be so set as to make no unusual demands on the attention or talents of either audience or actors. Music was to them simply a pleasing, tasteful art, and they liked the music suited for evening dress, neither too exciting nor too dreamy, but joyous, troubadour, *chevalier français*—Parisian music."

In Paris, therefore, it was a misfortune to possess—or to be possessed by—artistic integrity like Berlioz's. "I would have died rather than allow the slightest liberty with the old masters to pass unnoticed," he writes of the occasions when, as a student, he leaped up during a performance at the Opera and shouted: "There are no cymbals there; who has dared to correct Gluck?" or "Not two flutes, you scoundrels! Two piccolos! Two piccolos!!" But later, when he wrote with deadly effect of the artistic misdeeds of conductors, producers and theorists, he made enemies of people who were able to keep his works from being performed, and himself from receiving the post at the Conservatoire or the Opera that he wanted.

The result is summed up very well in one of the notes. "He saw each of the Paris theatres closed to him, while the crowd flocked every night to the operas of Meyerbeer and of the crowd of mediocrities who followed in his wake. He saw himself excluded from each position of musical power and profit as a vacancy occurred . . . He could give his own occasional concerts in Paris only by a terrific expenditure of money and energy . . . He had had, in fact, the imprudence to be born into a not very musical nation in one of its least truly musical periods; and France could find no better use for its greatest composer than to keep him listening to, and scribbling about, the passing trivialities of the ordinary musical life of a big city. The composer of the *Symphonie fantastique*, the *Harold in Italy*, the *Romeo and Juliet*, the *Damnation of Faust*, had to run round night after night reporting the doings of composers who were not fit to black his boots, of conductors who were the merest journeymen in comparison with himself, and of the eternal succession of singers and fiddlers and pianists and all the other small fry of music . . . Rightly understood, Berlioz's story is in some respects the most pitiful in the whole annals of music."

Only outside of France was he treated as a great musician. Of Germany he writes: "My welcome there is heartier every time I

go; the German artists are more and more sympathetic. At Leipzig, Dresden, Hanover, Brunswick, Weimar, Carlsruhe and Frankfort I am overwhelmed with marks of friendship for which I can find no adequate expression of gratitude. On the public also, the intendants of the royal theatres and ducal orchestras, and most of the ruling princes, I can bestow nothing but the highest praise." And in 1854 he ends (as he thinks) "with fervent thanks to that sacred Germany where the worship of art is still kept pure; to generous England; to Russia, who saved me; to all my kind friends in France; and to all the noble hearts and lofty minds that I have ever known in any nation . . . And as for you madmen, more stupid than dogs or bulls, my Guildensterns, my Rosencranzes, my Iagos, my precious Osrics, you reptiles and insects of every species, farewell . . . my friends; I despise you all, and trust to have forgotten you before I die."

And in addition to the deeply moving story of Berlioz, himself one of the company of noble hearts and lofty minds, we get from the Memoirs a valuable picture of the musical world of Europe as he observed it during his lifetime.

As for other books of the season, Chaliapin's autobiography, "Man and Mask" (Knopf; $3.50), is not as good as it should be; but what he has to say about his work is interesting; and so are his experiences during the first four years of the Russian revolution. Long a sympathizer with the revolutionary movement because of his hatred of suffering, oppression and cruelty, he was horrified by the new revolutionary oppression and cruelty, the executions and murders of innocent people, some of whom he knew personally. His own life was made thoroughly miserable: his savings were confiscated; his apartment was invaded repeatedly in the middle of the night by parties of soldiers who stole his personal belongings, including paintings which they said should belong to all the people, but which he later encountered in German art-stores; and as an artist, particularly, he suffered at least as much from the soviet of the proletariat of the Marie Theatre-stage workmen, chorus, orchestra—as he had formerly from the bureaucrats, while the Communist ideology about art for the people, as enunciated and applied by former stagehands or wives of Communist officials, "froze and deadened our souls, laid waste our hearts, and sowed the seeds of despair in the minds of all." It is unfortunate that these things, which were real enough, have remained the only realities for him; that they have made it impos-

sible for him to realize that something has been achieved by the revolution besides the substitution of new stupidities and new abuses of power for the old. Not that he is entirely without acuteness in this matter. When Gorki tried to induce him to return to Russia, Chaliapin persisted in his refusal. "I did not believe there was a chance for me there to work and live as I understood working and living . . . I was afraid . . . of the new human relationships under the Soviet regime . . . Any day some party or group might revoke all the promises made to me. Suppose, for instance, that I wanted to go abroad: I should be detained, forced to stop in Russia, and protestations would be useless . . ."

Pourtalès' "Richard Wagner: The Story of an Artist" (Harper; $4.) is factually correct but heavily emotional. The first volume of Newman's life of Wagner (Knopf; $5.) I must postpone to the next issue.

The League of Composers celebrated its tenth anniversary this season. In acquainting the public with new music the League has done necessary and valuable work; and it is a pity that the effort should have been so poorly rewarded. The opening concert presented "outstanding successes introduced during the last ten years," including songs from "Das Marienleben" by Hindemith; an excerpt from Saminsky's "Plague's Gagliarda;" "The Creation," a Negro sermon by Louis Gruenberg; and the Piano Quintet of Bloch. The one work of consequence was the Quintet; the rest of the ten years' "outstanding successes" were appalling (and I am ready to start a Society for the Suppression of Louis Gruenberg. Also, I think it would be better if the League were *for* composers rather than *of* composers. The opening program demonstrated that it was bad to have Gruenberg and Saminsky on the governing board). Appalling, too, was the feature of the closing concert, which was billed on the program as follows:

THE NEW YORK STAGE PREMIÈRE
of
PIERROT LUNAIRE
Melo-Drama by
ARNOLD SCHOENBERG
LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI
Conducting

This concert also presented a Russian film, "Alone," with a score by Shostakovitch which seemed to me very poorly matched to the film sequences, and very poor itself, except when it introduced folktunes. As for the program of works composed especially for the League's anniversary, those which I heard—by Chavez, Copland and Milhaud—did not impress me as having any value.

The recitals I attended—by Hofmann, Gieseking, Szigeti, Rethberg, Olszewska, Chaliapin—offer an occasion for certain points about performance. All of these recitals were alike in one important respect: they were given not primarily to exhibit music, but necessarily to earn money, and to do this by exhibiting the artist's performances of music—performances of works which the concert public knows and likes best, and which also, therefore, serve as standard tests of performing ability. This affected not only the programs but, in one case at least, the performances: it resulted not only in a certain amount of trashy music being played, but in a certain amount of trashy playing. And of this corrupting influence of the virtuoso career Hofmann provided the worst example.

First of all, in the matter of program. For years Hofmann, like all virtuosos, has gone on reshuffling the same limited group of works that he learned as a student; and for years his programs have followed pretty much the same pattern: one large work—a Beethoven Sonata or the Schumann Fantasy; a group of small pieces by Chopin; a closing group of salon and display pieces; and finally encores: Chopin's "Minute" Waltz, Rachmaninoff's most famous Prelude, Mendelssohn's Spring Song, Rubinstein's Melody in F. This year he announced a program that was astonishing, for him: a transcription of Bach's Organ Prelude and Fugue in D major; Beethoven's Sonata Opus 101; Brahms' Variations on a Theme of Händel; Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor; and for the rest a Gluck Melody and two small pieces by Chopin. Evidently the box-office results were not satisfactory; for he became "ill," postponed the recital, and changed the program, dropping the Beethoven Sonata and adding another Chopin Nocturne and a final group consisting of Debussy's "Clair de lune," Liadow's "Music-Box," and the Strauss-Godowsky "Fledermaus" waltzes. When I left, before this final group, he was playing the "Minute" Waltz as an encore.

Then in the matter of performance. Playing the same works all these years, Hofmann has found relief or interest in playing them

differently, in putting more and more "interpretation" into them. There survive certain performances—of Beethoven's Sonata Opus 111 (which he played in Brooklyn) or the slow movements of the Sonata Opus 101 (Town Hall Endowment Fund concert) or the "Emperor" Concerto (with the Philharmonic)—that are still unequaled in their simplicity, clarity and power. Only a detail here and there betrays the tendency which made hash of the Händel-Brahms Variations and the Chopin B flat minor Sonata (Carnegie Hall) or parts of the Beethoven Sonata Opus 101 and the Chopin B minor Sonata (Town Hall). These works he used as an acrobat would have used a trapeze: to exhibit to gaping audiences his powers of "interpretation." I mean this sort of thing: playing a phrase with a scheme of dynamics the direct opposite of what Brahms prescribed and in direct opposition to the tendency of the phrase; repeating the phrase (or the entire exposition in a sonata) with a different scheme of dynamics; picking out one note from each of a series of accompaniment chords, and bringing out these notes as a counter-melody which Brahms or Chopin never dreamed of; and various other businesses which combined to produce some of the most abominable playing I have ever heard. I can see the reviews if it had been a young pianist: ". . . youthful excesses of which it is to be hoped time will cure him." But of Hofmann it was ". . . heights of inspired musicianship."

As for the other artists, they all compromised with what they thought were the tastes of their audiences. Even Szigeti did not dare to give the sort of program he had been giving in Australia (where people really like the best, or else think they ought to). But his playing he kept absolutely pure. And so with Gieseking: if he played request numbers and dazzled his audience, as it had come to be dazzled, with excessively fine-spun pianissimos that made Bach and Beethoven exquisite, his playing nevertheless did not for a moment descend from its level of fine musical sensitiveness and taste.

Rethberg's singing, in a program of *lieder*, was among the most perfect, most exquisite, that one could imagine. Its defect was the defect I spoke of in connection with Toscanini. She brought to every song the same easy flow of beautiful sounds and perfect phrasing; and while many of the songs needed no more than this for the realization of their content, there were others for which it was not enough. A song like Schumann's "Widmung" demanded at least more intensity; others the subtleties of color, accent, inflec-

tion, which bring out in the music what is related to the poem. It is these subtleties that constitute the art of *lieder*-singing; and a remarkable demonstration of this art is available in the records which Elena Gerhardt made recently for the Hugo Wolf Society. On these records the voice is still of lovely quality, but that is not the important thing. At its freshest it was not what Rethberg's voice is, and one did not listen to it for the reason that one listens to Rethberg's—to enjoy physically flawless and exquisite singing. What was fascinating, always, was not the voice, but the use made of the voice by one of the most subtle and sensitive of musical intelligences. And today that is more fascinating than ever. (It appears also to have been discernible as far back as 1907. I judge by two recordings made in that year, which have been repressed and issued on a 10-inch disc by the International Record Collectors' Club, Bridgeport, Conn. The songs are Hugo Wolf's "Heimweh" (not the one in the Hugo Wolf Society Volume I) and "Und willst du deinen Liebsten sterben sehen;" the voice is fresher, of course (but of the same essential quality), and comes over very well; the accompaniments are by Nikisch, but the piano did not record well at that period).

Olszewska was more successful with *lieder* than Rethberg, giving them dramatic point and intensity—sometimes melodramatic point and intensity. Which brings us to Chaliapin. Where Gerhardt brings out the meaning of the words only as it appears in the phrase of music, and only by her treatment of the phrase as music, Chaliapin's delivery of a song takes the form of a dramatic representation, an acting out of the poem with all the means at his disposal: face, hands, body and voice—the music being treated as an accessory to the dramatic purpose, and very often, from a strictly musical point of view, unmusically. In his autobiography he writes that a character must be projected not only with appearance—make-up, costume, gesture, movement—but with voice: the music of the part, he says, must be sung with the appropriate "intonation"—by which he means not pitch but quality or color. He is speaking of opera, but evidently it is his attitude toward any music he sings; for in a song, too, he growls or chuckles or speaks or mimics in falsetto—not to speak of other liberties with phrasing and tempo.

I had forgotten Schlusnus; but his *lieder*-singing is something to forget.

To return to the "interpretation" which is so prominent in virtuoso piano- and violin-playing—a greater amount of nuance in tempo and dynamics is conventional in solo performance than in orchestral performance (from the very nature of solo performance a greater amount of nuance is possible; and such nuance stamps performance as personal and subjective). This may be observed in the usual performance of a classical concerto, in which phrases that are played in the orchestral introduction with great purity of style are later played by the soloist with many impurities. Bruno Walter provided a striking instance of this when he conducted the Mozart Piano Concerto in A major and played the solo part himself. As conductor he played a certain passage without the slightest modification of tempo and with only the subtlest changes in dynamics; as pianist he played it with nuances that made it precious. This alone made Toscanini's recent performance of Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto with Horowitz at the piano eventful: stylistically it was pure throughout.

But the greater nuance of solo performance has been introduced into orchestral performance, which therefore has also become personal and subjective. I have already referred to the "wilfulness" conveyed by Stokowski's performances; and at the last New York concert of the Boston Symphony Koussevitzky offered an especially horrible example of the tendency—especially horrible because of the particular work in which it was manifested. The first movement of Tchaikovsky's Fifth was not played; it was drawn and quartered. In this instance Koussevitzky seems to have had the same idea as Mengelberg: "In Tchaikovsky everyt'ing *exaggéré*." But they are wrong: in Tchaikovsky everything must be restrained. It is hysterical performance that has made his music appear hysterical; played simply it would be only emotional. Following with the score I could see how much more Koussevitzky did then Tchaikovsky asked for, and how differently the music would have sounded in a performance that simply obeyed the composer's directions. In this respect Toscanini is wholly admirable: his performances are models of purity of style (and fidelity to the score), whatever they may lack occasionally in effectiveness.

And while I speak of Toscanini I should like to call attention to a change in his work—a tendency to greater breadth and weight. This was first noticeable in such details as the marked slowing down of the introduction to Brahms' First Symphony, the new massiveness of the first movement of Brahms' Third, the similar

change in the Funeral March of the "Eroica," and so on. Toscanini himself is doubtless unaware of all this, and actually denied any change of tempo in Brahms' First; but a musician in the orchestra has confirmed my impression. He says that Toscanini is constantly restudying these older works, and that the result is a fresh awareness of every note, a desire to make it count for all it is worth, and a tendency, therefore, to give it the utmost of its time and sonority. And so the Funeral March of the "Eroica," which moved swiftly and lightly when he first played it here, now reveals itself slowly, with spaciousness and weight, with each phrase extended to the utmost of intensity. This tendency is not without its dangers: it has resulted in a certain amount of ferocity and sheer noise; but on the other hand it has improved his performances of Brahms and Beethoven.

As for his repertory, I think it would be better not to pester him about it, if the results are to be chiefly a Wagenaar symphony; or a Pierné transcription of Franck's Prelude, Chorale and Fugue (as abominable as Respighi's transcriptions of Bach); or Schelling's inescapable "Impressions of an Artist's Life" (my Society would also devote itself to the Suppression of Ernest Schelling and All His Works); or grade C Tchaikovsky (Toscanini, apparently, dislikes Tchaikovsky so much that he will play only his weakest music; which is logic of a sort). I think we had best make up our minds to be satisfied with what Toscanini has to give: his performances of Beethoven; and to go to a concert of his expecting only what we would expect in a room of a museum.

Coming to records—the most treasurable release of recent months, for me, is a single disc by Casals (Victor, 7368). On one side is a slow movement from the Bach Violin Sonata in A minor; on the other is the Air from the Suite in D. The purity I have been talking about is striking in these recordings—purity of style, purity of tone. Menuhin's tone, on the other hand, softens and sweetens on records; and this is noticeable in the second movement of the Bach Concerto for two violins, which he has recorded with Enesco (Victor, 7732-3). In fact, with the swells on detached notes, the playing at times becomes downright precious. The old Kreisler-Zimbalist performance of this movement is more straightforward (the acoustic recording, for one thing, makes it sound drier). The present version has the advantage of being uncut; and the performances of the first and third movements are quite

good. Another Bach release—valuable because the work is seldom played—is the Brandenburg Concerto No. 6, satisfactorily performed by a chamber orchestra of the École Normale conducted by Cortot (Victor, 11264-5). And further single discs: Frieda Leider sings Wagner's "Träume" and "Schmerzen" (Victor, 7708); Dusolina Giannini "Madre, Pietoso Vergine," from "La Forza del Destino" (Victor 7602); Chaliapin "Le veau d'or" and Mephistopheles' Serenade, from "Faust" (Victor, 7600); and Moiseivitch plays Schumann's "Grillen" and a Hummel Rondo (Victor, 7606). Each of these is excellent.

In England Elgar is regarded as a great composer. But even in England there are a few dissenters, among them E. J. Dent, who considers Elgar rhetorical and vulgar, and whose opinion caused great excitement and public protest recently. I happen to agree with Dent; but for those who disagree there is an excellent recording of the Violin Concerto, made by Menuhin and the London Symphony Orchestra under Elgar himself (Victor, M-174). Prokofieff's Third Piano Concerto is the one he played with the Philharmonic this season. The first movement strikes me as quite empty; with the second the work begins to amount to something; and the third becomes exciting. The performance, by Prokofieff and the London Symphony under Coppola, is brilliant, and the recording is very good (Victor, M-176).

Haydn's Symphony No. 7 in C major is seldom played; in fact, I have never heard a performance. It is not the best of Haydn, but it has charm and a few lovely moments; and the recording by the London Symphony under Hans Weisbach is therefore welcome, particularly since it is extremely good (Victor, M-140). Excellent also is the final duet of "Siegfried" recorded in its entirety by Florence Easton and Lauritz Melchior with the London Royal Opera Orchestra under Heger (Victor, M-167).

For its album of Brahms songs (M-175) Victor took the trouble to look for items that had not yet been recorded, chiefly the "Vier Ernste Gesänge" and the Duets Opus 28. But it did not look for singers who were best for the purpose, as H.M.V. has done for its Hugo Wolf albums. Instead it used two of its young singers, Rose Bampton and Conrad Thibault. They have fresh voices and sing intelligently; but they are not yet able to produce anything comparable with the Hugo Wolf recordings. Miss Bampton sings the "Ernste Gesänge"; and Mr. Thibault sings, alone, "Wie froh

und frisch," "Der Gang zum Liebchen," "O wüsst ich doch den Weg zurück," and "Kein Haus, keine Heimat."

A word should be said about the booklet that accompanies this set. Nearly all the booklets are bad, but in the case of a symphony it doesn't matter so much. The listener could get along without any booklet: listening to the music repeatedly he would become familiar with the detail, and eventually the structural logic would impress itself upon him. And he would be better off without this sort of thing:

"This subject is one of unveiled sentiment . . . a sudden passionate yearning . . . which does not find sympathetic response in the piano solo following. Indeed, the subject with which the piano replies would indicate a fear of a display of feeling by injecting a kind of gruff humor into the melody. But when the strings (Record Six) coaxingly continue the sentiment of the second theme, the piano is no longer able to withstand the alluring strains, and, with the orchestra, brings this theme to a thrilling climax." Etc.

But songs have words; and the listener should know what the words are, or what they are about. The booklet, then, should give the original German and a faithful translation. Actually, in the one issued with the Brahms songs the German is so full of mistakes as to be unintelligible in spots; while the English is the translation made for singing purposes, which sacrifices meaning to time-values. Also, the translator's prudery causes him to falsify one song entirely: in the German the youth implores the girl to let him into her room; in the English he implores her to run away with him and marry him. And then there are introductory comments. Concerning "Es rauschet das Wasser" we are informed that "Toward the close the contrast between the seriousness of the man and the flirtatiousness of the maiden reappears." Actually, there is not a trace of any such contrast anywhere in the song.

Not the most elementary care seems to have been taken in this matter—care, that is, to have the booklet written or supervised by someone who knew German.

B. H. Haggin

BOOK REVIEWS

THE ART OF ACTING

ACTING: THE FIRST SIX LESSONS. *By Richard Boleslavsky. Theatre Arts, Inc. New York.* 1933. $1.50.

THIS is the book which Mr. Boleslavsky's admirers have been wishing for for some years—or rather the first book, since it is no more than an introduction to his theatre lore. Anyone who has been so fortunate as to come into contact with his teaching (which says so much more to us than many of his American productions) understands that Mr. Boleslavsky has a great deal to give. And we must be grateful to Mrs. Isaacs (who writes an introduction) and to the National Theatre Conference, for finally getting *The First Six Lessons* into print.

Mr. Boleslavsky entered the Moscow Art Theatre more than twenty years ago, and so was able to learn from the greatest actors and directors of that group when it was at its height. At that time the theatre and the opera in Moscow and St. Petersburg must have been flourishing in a way which we can hardly imagine in this country. There were not only the great state-supported institutions for Music, Drama and the Dance, there was a wealth of private permanent theatres, devoted to every kind of entertainment, from Music Hall to Ibsen. The Russian cities were theatrical centres for all Europe; Mr. Boleslavsky never tires of recalling the performances of Duse and Salvini. In reading *The First Six Lessons* it is necessary to remember this background, for the actor's education which Mr. Boleslavsky outlines implies, I think, his native performer's paradise. When he asks

the neophyte to study music, painting, and dramatic literature, it sounds grotesque to us, who remember our favorite talkie star. Mr. Boleslavsky understands the situation of the American actor, yet I think he looks back to Czarist Moscow as the norm. One must remember also that as a writer Mr. Boleslavsky belongs to the generation immediately following Chekhov. The Chekhovian farewells are still ringing in his ears; and if, as Director of the First Studio, he reacted against the drama of leisure-class weariness and nostalgia, it was only toward homesickness grown democratic: tears and *sensibilité* for the masses. The present book is in the form of a dialogue between Mr. Boleslavsky and "The Creature"—a young actress who applies for lessons. I am sorry to say that the Creature is such a quivering bundle of smiles and tears and lovable childish fits of anger that it is impossible for me, and perhaps for the present generation in general, not to be embarrassed by her. It is too much like Dickens' joyous weeping; Mr. Boleslavsky is a great lover of Dickens.

Only when one has discounted Mr. Boleslavsky's rather awkward writing in a taste which is at least quite foreign to us, does it become possible to appreciate the importance of his book. And this is a pity, for the Six Lessons constitute the elements of an important technical treatise on the theatre. They are devoted respectively to Concentration, Memory of Emotion, Dramatic Action, Characterization, Observation and Rhythm. They are based on an elaborate and very wide conception of the theatre, but they are essentially the outline of a technique of acting, and so can be thoroughly understood only by one who is actually engaged in trying to act. Mr. Boleslavsky indicates this fact by placing the lessons months or years apart in the life of his actress pupil. Yet they have much to say to anyone who is trying to learn any related art, and even to the mere reader of poetry or drama. But the quality of the book may best be illustrated by a few quotations.

Here is a paragraph from the lesson on Concentration, which is the introduction to the course: "In a creative theatre the object for the actor's concentration is the human soul. In the first period of his work—the searching—the object for concentration is his own soul and those of the men and women who surround him. In the second period—the constructive one—only his own soul. Which means that, to act, you must know how to concentrate on something materially imperceptible—on some-

thing which you can perceive only by entering deeply into your own entity. . . . In other words you need a spiritual concentration on emotions which do not exist, but are invented or imagined." This is corrected by the following, from Dramatic Action: "First you want something, it is your artist's will; then you define it in a verb, it is your artist's technique; and then you actually do it, it is your artist's expression." Having come thus far, in your working on a part, "You could take a pencil and write 'music of action' under every word or speech, as you write music to lyrics for a song; then on the stage you would play that 'music of action'. . . . You would have to memorize your actions as you memorize the music. You would have to know distinctly the difference between 'I complained' and 'I scorned' and, although the two actions followed each other, you would be just as different in their delivery as the singer is when he takes 'C' or 'C flat'."

These observations may sound elementary; yet for lack of an understanding of such elements most plays one sees are a disorganized mush. If you take a good play and try to distinguish the 'actions' underneath the words, you will soon see how fundamental, and how far from obvious, these technical suggestions are. The same method may be used in reading poetry. The Metaphysicals yield much to an attack of this kind; Eliot's most "incomprehensible" pieces become clearer if you try to make them out thus dramatically, and Mr. Eliot reads them aloud in this way. One is even tempted to say that the difference between good and bad poetry is the difference between poetry in which the 'actions' are clearly distinguished and poetry in which they are all blurred together in one inorganic mood.

The method which Mr. Boleslavsky preaches was, I have been told, founded on the Chekhovian drama; yet it is always pointing away from any kind of naturalism toward the artistic effort itself. In Characterization we read:

> The Creature: But Emotions must be characterized just as clearly as body and mind. What is the proper way to do that?
> I: When you have mastered the general human emotions in the part . . . When you know when and why anger comes, or pleading, sorrow, joy or despair, whatever the case demands, when it is all clear to you, start to look for one fundamental quality: freedom in expressing your emotions. Absolute, unlimited freedom and ease. That freedom will be your characterization of the emotions at hand.

In the last lesson Mr. Boleslavsky offers a tentative definition of Rhythm: "The orderly, measurable changes of all the different elements comprised in a work of art—provided that all those changes progressively stimulate the attention of the spectator and lead invariably to the final aim of the artist."

These quotations are of course not intended as a description of the method of training. Those who are interested will explore the book itself. But I should like to try to summarize the gist of it as given in this book. Mr. Boleslavsky begins with the "five senses," exercises in seeing, hearing and feeling things which do not exist, and seeing, hearing or feeling them so clearly as to make the audience share the experience. He then proceeds to the memory of emotion, which is the source of the actor's "emotions which do not exist"; his "golden box", his palette, in the realm which Proust came to regard as more real than the world of common sense. Dramatic Action, which Mr. Boleslavsky discusses next, is the framework of the rôle or of the play. The 'dramatic action' of a play or of a part is always expressed by an infinitive. For instance, the 'action' of Chekhov's *The Three Sisters* has been called 'to get to Moscow'. When Aristotle defines tragedy as the imitation of a completed action he must mean something like this by *action.* The 'action' of Oedipus in Oedipus the King is not the story which is unfolded in the course of the play, but 'to get at the cause of the city's woes—a movement which reaches its completion in the full revelation of his guilt. As for the 'action' of this play—for each play as well as each rôle has an "action"—that is very hard to find in a masterpiece of a remote epoch, but the quest is very fruitful.—These three elements are the core of the technique; the 'five senses', memory of emotion, and 'action'. It will be noticed that it all applies to the "soul", or part of the soul, and that it might easily be erected into a kind of pseudo-religious exercise. Training in voice, body and diction, which is almost the whole thing in most American dramatic schools, is here used merely as a means to an end. One gathers that the great theatres of Czarist Russia, secular monasteries, with prolonged novitiates and high priests of histrionics, dance and song, were in fact spiritual outgrowths and perhaps substitutes for the Church. That was an age of great performers, though not of great drama. The training which Mr. Boleslavsky has to offer is torn out of this context; and the question becomes urgent, what place has this training with us?

When Mr. Boleslavsky first came to this country Mrs. Herbert K. Stockton founded the American Laboratory Theatre and made him director. He was director for about six years, with Broadway interludes; produced perhaps fifteen plays, and commenced the training of several hundred students of acting. The interest of this experiment will readily be granted by anyone who sees possibilities in the technique and is dissatisfied with what the reviewers call our "show-shops". Such people however are rare, and most of them have their own irons in the fire. The few who enjoy either good plays or good performances would rather go to Mei Lan-Fang or Chaliapin when they come to town; to visiting foreign groups for good plays, or to Harlem for tap-dancing and vaudeville—than watch an earnest young group trying to act. And who will blame them? Most students of a dramatic school assemble in the hope of a stage success: diction, cold cream, a penthouse in the Village and a sunburn from Tia Juana. Even the few who may be converted to grander ideas soon begin to long for the places where the audiences are; and who can blame them for that?—in Russia one could have both. The necessity of choosing plays which must seem good to persons of various tastes and backgrounds (Moscow to Kalamazoo) and which one may yet hope will "draw", is another source of confusion. That the Laboratory Theatre survived as long as it did and commanded the enthusiasm of a number of hopeful novices (including the present writer) is an indication of the extraordinary qualities of its founder, and also of Mr. Boleslavsky's personal charm, his great gifts as a teacher, and the fascination his lore holds for anyone with any kind of designs on the theatre.

Mr. Boleslavsky is now in Hollywood, his interlocutor is a movie actress as well as a creature. He gives his present credo in answer to the Creature's complaints about the talkies: "The only thing you have to do is to march abreast of the times and do your best—as an artist."

One may see how Mr. Boleslavsky, who is in his every breath or gesture a pure being of the theatre, could take no other course. And one may still hold that the best Mr. Boleslavsky has to offer will never take in the commercial theatre. Who would squander years of devotion on *Icebound* or *Mourning Becomes Electra*? Who would try for a Broadway success through a laborious training when it is so obvious that success is usually achieved there through other methods? The only possible reason

for studying Mr. Boleslavsky with care is to acquire skill in drama, acting or perhaps poetry. At present these good things are very rare and very lost on the American stage. I can imagine trying to disengage the essence of Mr. Boleslavsky's teaching from its accidents, which are due to the fact that he is strictly an interpretive artist of a particular age, and then applying it to various studies. I can even imagine a small group of self-confessed amateurs making a hobby of the theatre under Mr. Boleslavsky's guidance; enjoying the plays for their own sake, acting them for each other and maybe an infrequent audience. At this time no scorn need be felt for an amateur theatre: if Mr. O'Neill writes for the Guild, Seneca wrote for the parlor. And there are plenty of contemporary plays, dramatic experiments, adaptations of the classics, which could only be cultivated by such a group.

Meanwhile the fact that Mr. Boleslavsky can issue Six Lessons from Hollywood is a matter for rejoicing, both for him and for his readers.

Francis Fergusson

SAMUEL BUTLER

SAMUEL BUTLER. A MID-VICTORIAN MODERN. *By Clara G. Stillman. New York: The Viking Press.* 1932. $3.75.
BUTLERIANA. *Edited by A. T. Bartholomew. London: The Nonesuch Press. New York: Random House.* 1932. $4.00.

MRS. STILLMAN'S study presents, among its other recommendations, just the right amount of idolatry, the right accent of enthusiasm, to send the reader back to Butler's own books, and Mr. Bartholomew's extracts from unpublished parts of the Note Books add both expected chastening and unexpected salt. Curiously, neither biographer nor editor display the qualities that marked their subject. Both are straightforward, simple, and humble. Neither is suspicious, obsessed nor eccentric. Mrs. Stillman's exposition and analysis proceed directly and unequivocally, with restraint and balance, into the heart of her subject, and she never employs the Butlerian weapon of back-handed exaggeration. Her comment is adjusting rather than sharp; her insight is cumulative and revealing, rather than instant and penetrating; she takes her author at his own valuation; altogether the reader is left admirably where he should be, with plenty of facts and plenty of reasoning, cogently displayed—and with plenty of work to do for himself. Mr. Bartholomew, with the death of Mr. Streatfield, now Butler's literary executor, is in his own field as adequate as Mrs. Stillman: he writes canonically but informatively on the characteristically unconventional bits of canon he supplies, and he understands which of his bits seem most authoritative let alone: as in the wholly delightful and wholly bawdy selection of the sayings of Mrs. Boss, where he limits himself to identification. Both books are useful. *Butleriana,* physically a lovely book, besides Mrs. Boss, gives us sketches of Butler's relations with Pauli, one villain of his life, with his father, the other villain, with Henry Festing Jones his dearest friend and disciple, and with Alfred his clerk, either more fully than, or not at all, found elsewhere. There is also a sonnet about Miss Savage not included in the *Note Books.* Mrs. Stillman's book ought for all but the voracious to

replace Jones' two-volume memoir, and on its merits as well as because of its comparative brevity; lacking the true fanaticism of the disciple, and having the advantage of perspective and personal indifference, she takes a wider view than Jones was able to.

There are various ways of looking at Butler—and Butler meant them, with all the duplicity of which he was capable, to be more various than they are; but in no aspect did he approach perfection except in that for which he cared for perfection least—that of the humorous essayist or lecturer. "Quis Desiderio" is as nearly perfect as may be in its combination of wit, sense, and ridicule; it contains an analysis of Wordsworth's Lucy poem as deft and possible as it is pointedly preposterous. (The reader is referred to *Essays on Life, Art, and Science,* where this piece is printed.) In this kind of work, Butler was well rounded and sufficient to his audience without at all depriving himself of his cherished mental habits. Elsewhere, whether in his life or his work, he was and meant to appear notoriously not round, but angular, off-side, odd, and deliberately insufficient to his subject.

Another minor work, *Shakespeare's Sonnets Reconsidered,* contains in its preface an account of how it came to be written. Not having read the Sonnets at all for a good many years, he came on two papers in *The Fortnightly Review* by William Archer and Sidney Lee, leaning respectively towards the Earls of Pembroke and Southampton as the real person behind the W. H. of the sonnets. Butler thought that was a good problem for him to get his own teeth into, and spent nine or ten preliminary months learning the sonnets by heart. Commentary and scholarship he let alone, requiring as always only enough knowledge to weight his argument. The book was published in 1899 and establishes W. H. as a young man of Shakespeare's own class named William Hewes or Hughes. The argument is no better than Oscar Wilde's, nor, for that matter, than those of Archer or Lee. As a literary critic, Butler was a victim of his method: the personal, intuitive, absorbed, but cranky method. It is useless to enquire how much Butler's own experience with Pauli was responsible for his seeing in W. H. a similar infatuation on the part of Shakespeare. The point is, he satisfied only himself, and thought his own satisfaction would convince others of the truth of what he felt. He was mistaken: his soberness and industry made for him here his only dull book.

The same method with a single extension made a very different

book out of *The Authoress of the Odyssey*. The extension was into topography. His cogent localisation of the *Odyssey* at Trapani gives an objective persuasiveness, however illogical the connection, to his theory that the poem was written by a young woman, Nausicaa in the text, with suitable quotations where she needed them from her masculine predecessors. Mrs. Stillman quotes from W. H. Salter's *Essay on Two Moderns*: "Butler's book is typical both of his strength as a controversialist and of his shortcomings; there is a remarkably detailed knowledge of the matter in dispute with a somewhat inadequate knowledge of the surrounding facts." The surrounding facts never troubled Butler, except that he sometimes put himself out a good deal not to see them. He did not suppress or minimise; he simply did not think it worth while to see anything but the object in hand; and there is none of his books to which this stricture does not apply. He was a man of selected passions, which in separate practice came to be obsessions; so that now for us the original passion escapes in oddity.

The books on evolution, from a similar limitation, seem now to have mostly the curious, aching attractiveness of dead controversy. The biology at issue is perhaps as dead as Darwin. Butler wrote his four books partly because Darwin did not admit his debt to Erasmus Darwin and Buffon, and partly because Butler thought he was not enough in debt to them in fact. The animus, at first critical, became personal: Darwin was the intellectual villain of Butler's life for ten years and more. His last series of essays, called *The Deadlock of Darwinism*, only rephrase the argument put forth in *Life and Habit*. Butler was not a scientist—he was not a master of any of the subjects to which he addressed himself; and that fact may explain the strength and beauty of his invective, the bravura of his wit: these qualities were his real obligation. He was, however, profoundly interested in evolution, and he was by nature large enough to find, and maintain at any expense, views of his own sufficiently definite to make the controversy worth carrying on without regard to its personal inspiration. To Darwin's natural selection he opposed long-term design, to spontaneity teleology, and he set up very persuasively the view that memory is the vehicle of heredity. It was a matter of accent; and to a man of Butler's knotty independence it was always worth while pointing opposite accents to those used by the great men of the time. Had Darwin, Huxley,

and Wallas been vitalists, had the scientific tone of the time been less mechanistic, Butler would doubtless have appeared, and rightly, on the other side. As Mrs. Stillman says, he wrote his attacks on science from the point of view of religion, and his attacks on religion from the point of view of science. He himself said he was trying to paint a picture.

This type of mind may be attacked for its apparent lapses from integrity and for its apparent inconsistency. Butler's cousin, Mrs. R. S. Garnett (in *Samuel Butler and His Family Relations*), answers charges, in *The Way of All Flesh* and elsewhere, against his parents by proving that he lacked moral robustness. She insists that Butler, if he really did so, hated his family because he had not within him that impasse of sweetness and sick strength to make him an ornament in a country parsonage. She adds, however, that he probably had the average English gentleman's physical courage and would have been reliable in such bloody emergencies as English ladies dream of. No cousin of hers could have been otherwise. For the rest, she thinks Butler was actually mistaken about his family, and that, anyway, he never meant what he said. She polishes up mother and sisters and even gives the father the dull lustre of good intentions except in the matter of money.

The accusation about the lack of moral robustness has point but pierces nothing. Whatever the lack was, it was private, and we should not have had Butler without it. Unscrupulousness and moral courage, when satire and controversy are the subjects, come very near the same thing; as Mrs. Garnett, for all her Christian virtue, should have seen for herself. That a woman like Mrs. Garnett should attack Butler is the sharpest testimony of his worth and supports the veracity of his novel. The school of criticism that judges a man by his private life is not extinct; we are still led to measure a man's intellect by the amount of blindness with which he cherished mankind; and Mrs. Stillman, when she puts Butler above Swift because of his greater kindliness, is herself not without taint.

"We have the same respect," wrote T. S. Eliot, "for Blake's philosophy (and perhaps for that of Samuel Butler) that we have for an ingenious piece of home-made furniture: we admire the man who has put it together out of the odds and ends about the house." The difference, in this respect, between Blake and Butler is that Blake had nothing to begin with but his collected odds

and ends, while Butler had resolutely to labour half his life at getting rid of advantages which had been thrust upon him at Shrewsbury and Cambridge. Butler rejected his education as far as he could, and in the process wrote the three satires, *Erewhon, The Way of All Flesh,* and *Erewhon Revisited,* to which our minds are likely to turn when we think of him. He went far enough in one direction so that Ernest Pontifex, after seeing a burlesque of *Macbeth,* says what rot Shakespeare is after that. But having so much to lose (more than Blake had, for example) he retained more than he meant to. The more thoroughly he seemed to have destroyed a thing the more tenaciously he clung to it, because in destroying he found his need for it, and had never either the courage, or the idea, of putting his soul in peril to do without.

Thus he always came back to undifferentiated common sense and gave constant counsel that men ought not to be much better than their neighbors. "That vice pays homage to virtue is notorious; we call this hypocrisy; there should be a word found for the homage which virtue not infrequently pays, or at any rate would be wise in paying, to vice." Butler's own homage to vice consisted in allowing himself to smoke after four in the afternoon, and in attending, for physical relief and without sentiment, his French mistress for twenty years. He sought a kind of leaden mean, and had, not wisdom, but its dryer condiments. As witty, often as lively, and hardly more eccentric, than Laurence Sterne, he represents, with Sterne, the difference between what England could do in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in the way of a free spirit.

If we examine what he says about the principal object of his satire, the Church of England, it becomes difficult to see either much freedom or much spirit. We see rather a combination of false independence and moral thrift. He was exceedingly worldly about his other worldly interests. After destroying, so far as he could by exquisitely constructed satire, the miracle of Christ's resurrection in *Erewhon Revisited* (also the subject of his pamphlet *The Evidence for the Resurrection of Jesus Christ,* published thirty-one years earlier) he declares in its preface: "I have never ceased to profess myself a member of the more advanced wing of the English Broad Church." In his *Note Books* he defines the sin against the Holy Ghost. Christ, he says, "must have meant that a man may be pardoned for being unable to believe in the

Christian mythology, but that if he made light of the spirit which the common conscience of all men, whatever their particular creed, recognises as divine, there was no hope for him." Again, in a lecture called "How to Make the Most of Life," he says that faith "consists in holding fast that which the healthiest and most kindly instincts of the best and most sensible men and women are intuitively possessed of, without caring to require much evidence further than the fact that such people are so convinced." Undeniably broad, such a faith is at the extreme circle of caution, and all its consolations are creature-comforts. Reduced to the bone it would not make much dust, certainly not Christian dust. It is what happens when you live in an age of progress; in a greedy age, when to save your own soul you can afford to lose nothing without pretending to keep it under another name: the name of the "healthiest and most kindly instincts."

To-day we are sharper than that and see that there is very little worth keeping between atheism and Christianity; the rest is baggage. Butler on Christianity is mainly baggage to the atheist, and to the Christian it must seem he was writing about something else—about what happens to Christianity at the hands of the great and unreligious bulk of mankind. To repeat T. S. Eliot's twisted remark, what Butler's satire really shows is that the spirit killeth and the letter giveth life. That labour is in the vineyard and valuable, and to prevent religion from becoming respectable once more it must be performed over and over again. It is perhaps a fortunate irony that Butler should have done something so ably and wittily, which himself he would have denied meaning to. The best things in *Erewhon* are the chapters on baptism, and they remind us, finally, what the Sacrament really is.

Another way of testing Butler, in his capacity of forerunner of our own times, is to put him against the Freudian notion "that to possess consciousness is to be a hypocrite" and the Freudian question, "Is not a sincere lover often reduced to making experiments and almost to tricks to auscultate his feelings and to ascertain whether they still exist?" (Quotations from Jacques Riviere: "On the Theories of Freud.") Butler would have approved the notion, but would have had nothing with which to understand the question; he did rather less than his share of living in the feelings. His prototype Sterne would have had no trouble at all, nor the Fathers of the Church.

R. P. Blackmur

THE OXFORD BOOK OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY VERSE

THE OXFORD BOOK OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY VERSE. *Chosen by E. K. Chambers. Oxford University Press. New York.* 1932. $3.00.

THIS collection is probably the best anthology of the 16th century lyric available. It is more satisfactory than that of Norman Ault because less whimsically arranged: it contains at least as much good poetry, some of which Mr Ault overlooked. It overlooks many good poems which Mr Ault observed and quite a few more besides. In an age, however, in which nearly every gentleman and every gentlewoman composed verses, and many composed admirably (as witness the contributions of Queen Elizabeth and of Lord Burleigh to this volume), there is bound to be a good deal of fine poetry permanently at large, for no man can be expected to discern the virtues of every minor poem that comes his way. Taken in conjunction with Mr Ault's collection and with Mr Fellowes' edition of the lyrics of the madrigalists and lutenists, it forms about as good an introduction to the 16th century lyric as can be found. It is particularly to be praised for the extremely large representation given to a number of key men: Skelton, Wyatt, Surrey, Sackville, Sidney, Greville, Spenser, Greene, Lodge, Breton, Marlowe, Raleigh, Daniel, Drayton, Shakespeare, Chapman, Davies, and Campion are all represented at considerable length. On the other hand, if one is to judge the inclusions, as Mr Chambers wishes, strictly on their intrinsic poetic merits, and not on their historical importance, the emphasis given some of these names (Surrey, Sackville, Greene, Lodge, Breton, and Daniel especially) may reasonably be questioned in the light of certain omissions.

Barnabe Googe is not represented by a single poem; Gascoigne appears with two trivial jingles; and Turbervile fares no better here than in most anthologies. My most serious complaint is in

connection with the treatment accorded these three men. Since it is a complaint not only against Mr Chambers, but against nearly every anthology and critic of the period, Mr Chambers may consider his position safer than my own, but I am willing to risk the appearance of temerity. The sixteenth century lyric has received a good deal of amateur appreciation, and a great deal of extremely professional emulation, but as a field for really serious criticism, it seems to me, I confess, nearly as virgin as the lyric of the nineteen-thirties.

The matter of Googe, Gascoigne, and Turbervile is more important than it may at first glance appear. We tend to find in poetry pretty much what we are looking for, and in the early sixteenth century most of us look, perhaps not altogether consciously, for imperfect Sidneys, but the poets preceding Sidney and Spenser, though they produced a good deal of second-rate Petrarchism, are not essentially Petrarchists. They constitute a school as definite as the Metaphysical, Cavalier, or Petrarchist schools, and a school not much less impressive, at least as to quality.

No anthology of the period, I believe, has the right to omit the following minimum list of Googe's poems: *Of Nicholas Grimald, To Dr. Balle, To Mistress A., To the Translation of Pallingenius, Of Mistress D.S., Of Money,* and *Coming Homeward Out of Spain. Of Money* I quote entire:

> Give money me, take friendship whoso list,
> For friends are gone, come once adversity,
> When money yet remaineth safe in chest,
> That quickly can thee bring from misery.
> Fair face show friends when riches do abound,
> Come time of proof, farewell they must away,
> Believe me well, they are not to be found
> If God thee send but once a lowering day.
> Gold never starts aside, but in distress
> Finds ways enough to ease thine heaviness.

The characteristics which this poem shares with other poets of the group are: a theme so broad, simple, and obvious as to be almost proverbial (the common proverbial formula is reversed in this poem by way of expressing bitter feeling), and a style direct and compact. The feeling is restrained to the minimum which the theme demands; the poet is interested in his rhetoric as a means of recording his matter as economically and as directly as pos-

sible, and is not interested (as the Petrarchists are interested) in the pleasures of rhetorical exercise for its own sake. The wisdom of the poem lies not in the acceptance of a truism, for anyone can do that in form, at least, but in the realization of the truth of the truism: the realization resides in the feeling, the style. Only a master of style can deal successfully in a manner so plain with matter so obvious. A lesser poet is driven to the obscure and the unlikely. The best poems of this school are among the most perfect examples of the classical virtues in the lyrics of the sixteenth century. The gentle urbanity, the gently urbane humor, of Lord Vaux's poem *Content,* of Wyatt's *Varium et Mutabile,* are of the same tradition, in fact are close to its sources.

Turbervile displays certain generic similarities, though the quality of his feeling is different. He is one of the most minute among the finished stylists of the century: perhaps only Thomas Morley is more nearly infinitesimal, as he is likewise more polished. It is perhaps ungracious to quarrel over selections from a poet so small, but if the poet is to be included at all, his valuable qualities should be displayed, for they bear on other poets, and the few selections made by Mr Chambers are worthless. The important Turbervile poems are: *To the Roving Pirate, To One That Had Little Wit, In Commendation of Wit, To an Old Gentlewoman That Painted Her Face, Of the Clock and the Cock,* and *That All Things Are as They Are Used.* There are other charming odds and ends of phrasing scattered through a good many poems. In *To One That Had Little Wit,* Turbervile raises pertness to artistry:

> I thee advise
> If thou be wise
> To keep thy wit
> Though it be small.
> 'Tis hard to get
> And far to fet—
> 'Twas ever yet
> Dear'st ware of all.

In the poem *To an Old Gentlewoman* he combines pertness with pathos:

> Leave off, good Beroe, now
> To sleek thy shrivled skin,
> For Hecuba's face will never be
> As Helen's hue hath been.

Let beauty go with youth,
  Renounce the glozing glass,
Take book in hand: that seemly rose
  Is woxen withred grass.

Remove thy Peacock's plumes,
  Thou crank and curious dame:
To other trulls of tender years
  Resign the flag of fame.

In *The Clock and the Cock* and in *To the Roving Pirate*, he defines the trivial and suggests the mysterious. In *That All Things Are as They Are Used*, he attains a kind of forthright moral dignity.

The greatest poet of the school is Gascoigne, a poet unfortunate in that he has been almost irrecoverably pigeon-holed as a dull precursor in the history of several major forms, but who deserves to be ranked, I think, among the six or seven greatest lyric poets of the century. I base this opinion on the following poems: *Gascoigne's De Profundis*, the second and third of *Gascoigne's Memories*, *The Constancy of a Lover*, *Dan Bartholmew's Dolorous Discourses* (from *Dan Bartholmew of Bath*), *Gascoigne's Woodmanship*, *In Praise of a Gentlewoman, Who Though She Were not Very Fair, Yet Was She as Hard-Favored as Might Be*. There are a good many other poems of charm but of lesser scope, among them the following: *A Strange Passion of a Lover*, *Gascoigne's Good Morrow*, *Gascoigne's Goodnight*, *Gascoigne's Voyage into Holland*, *The Green Knight's Farewell to Fancy*, *Farewell with a Mischief*, and *Patience Perforce*. None of the poems listed above is included by Mr Chambers.

The poem on the spendthrift (the third of the *Memories*) is one of the finest. The firmness of tone is evident from the very opening:

The common speech is, spend and God will send,
But what sends he? a bottle and a bag,
A staff, a wallet, and a woeful end,
For such as list in bravery to brag.

We have here the aphoristic analysis and the mastered bluntness which we first met in Googe, but employed on a larger scale. The most striking lines in the poem are probably those embodying the colloquial personification toward the middle:

> So stiffly some stick to the mercer's stall
> Till suits of silk have sweat out all their land,
> So oft thy neighbors banquet in thy hall,
> Till Davy Debet in thy parlor stand,
> And bid thee welcome to thine own decay. . . .

In Gascoigne's society, the destruction of the patrimony was a major catastrophe, and might well be irreparable; it was almost as serious a matter as death or moral disintegration, both of which it might well involve. Davy Debet is not only debt, he is the bailiff, the new host, and decay itself: he is pure terror, and this fact is implicit in the very cadence of the line, quiet as it is. The poetry is as dense as that of Donne or of Valéry. There are the same control and directness in Gascoigne's love poetry ——

> That happy hand which hardily did touch
> Thy tender body to my deep delight—

in the moral analysis of his *Woodmanship*, the psychological analysis of *Dan Bartholmew's Dolorous Discourses*, and in the devotional poetry of the *De Profundis*.

The technical range of this school, as compared with the range of the greater Petrarchans, is narrowly limited, but this is not in itself a defect. Morally these poets display a great range and acute perceptions. A limited technique, if it is mastered, may be capable of perception as fine and as varied as a more elaborate one. In fact, the elaboration of technique may be carried considerably beyond the point at which the elaboration has any immediate usefulness, and that is more or less the service which Sidney and especially Spencer performed to English letters and the disservice which they performed to themselves. They are concerned in a large measure with the pleasures of rhetoric for its own sake, and they communicate in a remarkable fashion the joy of purely rhetorical invention, but they spin out small themes to extreme tenuity as a result of their inventiveness, for their sensitivity to language is far in excess of their moral intelligence. Spenser developed the main outlines of a discursive and semi-decorative rhetoric, and so taught much to the dramatists and to Milton. Sidney indicated most of the lyrical graces, and worked out in detail the relationships between elaborate syntax (that is, the forms of logic) and beautiful stanzaic and linear structure: he thus became the principle schoolmaster of more than a century of lyric poets, especially (though the fact is seldom noted) of the

Metaphysical School. In relation to the poets who preceded them, Sidney and Spenser are decadents, for they are concerned with relatively meaningless fabrications of procedure, and only imperfectly with moral perception. In relation to the poets who follow them, they are "experimenters" and prophets. This indicates the danger inherent in terms with fixed connotations, though not all decadents are prophets. It indicates that Spenser and Sidney are poets of transition, linking two periods of mastery, and are not the first flowers of Elizabethan poetry, rising from darkness, which they are commonly reputed to be. Their contemporary, Raleigh, is probably the last untainted specimen of the early school (his short epigrammatic lyrics and *The Lie* illustrate exactly the characteristics I have described in connection with Googe and Gascoigne) and save for Gascoigne he is probably the greatest poet of the school. The direct realism of Nashe probably owes a good deal to the early school (he seems, like Raleigh, to have admired Gascoigne); and the school might be extended backward to include Skelton, though he is an imperfect specimen. Mr Chambers, in a period of broad daylight, has discerned only a few flickers of false dawn. He has committed injustices as great as would be the omission of Donne from an anthology of the seventeenth century, of Johnson from the eighteenth, or of Arnold from the nineteenth.

Another matter for regret is the hesitant and indecisive approach to the lyrics of the song-books. There is in these, as elsewhere in the period, a great deal of graceful minor verse of marginal interest, amid which there is legitimate room for a good deal of variety of opinion. Nevertheless, a few dogmatic statements are possible. Morley (or whoever wrote his lyrics) is as surely a master of lyrical style as is Campion or Herrick, though in scope and moral seriousness he is as much slighter than these two poets as they are slighter than Shakespeare. Mr Chambers includes two of Morleys' best—*Sing we and Chant It,* and *Now is the month of maying*—but it is hard to see how he could have omitted *No, no, Nigella, Damon and Phyllis Squared, Ladies, you see time flieth, Thus saith my Galatea, In nets of golden wires,* and *Now is the gentle season*; and to give a fair idea of Morley's style, a dozen or fifteen poems—the rest of which might be chosen almost at random—would be necessary.

I have noted the following omissions of lyrics from the madrigalists and lutenists, omissions which seem to me rather serious. A

few of the poems, especially when we get down to John Dowland, are as great as anything in Campion. I give the dates of publication: many of these are later than 1600, but except for the lyrics from Porter, nearly all of the lyrics listed possess every appearance of having been composed in the 16th century. It is quite likely, however, that Mr Chambers has more definite information concerning them than I possess. The lyrics:

Bateson (1604): *I heard a noise and wished for a sight;* Byrd (1588-9): *Where fancy fond for pleasure pleads,* and *Is Love a boy;* Gibbons (1612): *The silver swan;* Peerson (1620): *The spring of joy is dry;* Pilkington (1613): *Pour forth, mine eyes;* Vautor (1619): *Sweet Suffolk Owl,* and *Weep, weep mine eyes* (an elegy for Sir Thomas Beaumont, the date of whose death I do not know); Weelkes (1597): *Welcome, sweet pleasure,* and (1608) *Death hath deprived me* (an elegy for Morley, who died in 1603); Attey (1622): *Vain hope, adieu;* Barley (1596): *Short is my rest;* Bartlet (1606): *I heard of late;* Cooper (1606): *Oft hast thou drunk with greedy ears;* Corkine (1612): *Away! away!* John Dowland (1597): *Sleep wayward thoughts,* and (1600) *Flow not so fast ye fountains* (this magnificent poem, one of the half dozen greatest in the song books, is omitted in favor of the universal favorite of the anthologists, *Weep you no more sad fountains,* a perfectly indifferent composition); Thomas Ford (1607): *There is a lady;* Jones (1608): *Shall I look to ease my grief,* and (1609): *O thread of life,* and (1610): *How many new years have grown old;* Porter (1632): *Hither we come into this world of woe,* and *Love in thy youth, fair maid.* I found the above poems checked in my copy of Fellowes and missing from my copy of Chambers. Mr Chambers includes about a fourth as many poems from these sources which seem to me equally valuable with those above, and a sprinkling of more dubious selections. It may seem trivial to quibble so exactly about so many small poems, but a number of these are small in square centimeters only, and Mr Chambers has perplexed me by including a great many poetasters of no earthly value that I can discern: Stephen Hawes (who is interesting historically but ought to be dropped definitively from all anthologies of the present variety), Sir Thomas More (a great man, but no greater poet than many a Professor of English Literature), King Henry VIII (whose ditties of true love have a gruesome fascination in the light of history, but little real merit), Heath, John Heywood, Wever, Pikeryng, Hunnis, Bewe, A. W.,

Warner, Watson, and quite a few others. It is regrettable that Mr Chambers used Dr Fellowes' lineation of *Come away come sweet love*, which ruins one of the most beautiful pieces of meter in the century, when the obviously correct version is to be found in *England's Helicon.*

I am sorry that Mr Chambers could not see his way to including any Scots poetry in this collection, for the valuable portion of it is small and that little very fine. As to the translators, I personally should like to see a great deal more of Golding, a great deal of Marlowe (whose translations are not represented), and a vast deal less of Fairfax and Harington.

Mr Chambers has, I believe, overlooked a few of the best poems of the men he has emphasized most heavily, but only a few, and to continue indefinitely with this catalogue of queries and carpings would be tedious and unappreciative of the merits of the collection, especially since most of these men are better known and more widely available than the men I have risen to defend. The anthology is a very good one as anthologies go, and unlike many anthologists (consider Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, for example), Mr Chambers appears really to have a conscience about giving us the poems as the poets wrote them. But I wonder if we should entrust our minor literature (and much of our major) to the taste of scholars. Bridges, Hardy, or T.S. Moore would have been ideal editors for such a book as this, had such a book been necessary: it is a task for a professional in poetry, who need be no more than a dilettante in scholarship. It is dangerous to suggest poets as editors, however, for the poets whom the scholars would probably select would in all likelihood throw far less light on the subject than do the scholars by acting directly. And better even than entrusting the preservation of literature to the taste of elderly major poets would be the entrusting of it to the scholarship of the scholars: Mr Chambers should, it seems to me, have been commissioned to edit a volume similar to Dr. Fellowes' invaluable *English Madrigal Verse*, a complete edition either of the anthologies of the period or of as many of the poets unavailable in trade editions as he could get into a volume of this size. In so doing he would have been utilizing the discipline of his profession, much of which is irrelevant to his present task, instead of functioning as a more than usually enlightened dilettante.

YVOR WINTERS

RUSSIA

BOLSHEVISM: THEORY AND PRACTICE. *By Waldemar Gurian. Translated by E. I. Watkin. Sheed and Ward. New York.* 1932. $3.00.
BETWEEN WHITE AND RED. *By Erich Dwinger. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York.* 1932. $2.75.
DAWN IN RUSSIA: THE RECORD OF A JOURNEY. *By Waldo Frank. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York.* 1932. $2.50.

THE state capitalist experiment in Soviet Russia resembles the republican experiment of democratic America in many obvious respects, and there is growing up rapidly a literature or travellers and observers on Russia which resembles the literature about America which was published towards the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth century. Then English Tories found in the United States what they had expected to find and French liberals brought back with them certain confirmations of their beliefs, while partisans of both kinds and many others made interesting observations on customs and manners. The same kind of material is coming forth as a result of the literary pilgrimages to Russia. Thus far the Russian effort is not old enough or mature enough to have inspired a De Tocqueville or a Bryce, nor has that country yet animated a Mrs. Trollope or a Dickens, though there is in it plenty of material for the abstract appraisal of a De Tocqueville, the concrete comment of a Bryce, the petulance of a Trollope and the caricature of a Dickens. Plenty of material is flowing from foreigners who have visited Russia or studied its institutions, and we can expect excellent books to be

published as a result of the grand tours which are being made every year by writers, economists, merchants and artists. These three books, one by Gurian, a German Catholic theorist, the other by Dwinger, a novelist who went through the Siberian campaigns during and after the war, and the other by Frank, an American sentimentalist, who visited Russia during the Stalin regime are interesting examples of the recent literature on Russia.

Of the recent studies of Bolshevism, which is synonymous with present-day Russian Communism, the translation of Waldemar Gurian's book is by far the most thoughtful and the most provocative of thought. The first part of *Bolshevism: Theory and Practice* deals with the historical and social background of Bolshevism, the second part deals with the Bolshevik seizure of power, and the last part is the most stimulating and profound philosophical criticism of the Bolshevik creed which I have ever seen.

Gurian points out that the censorship and the repressive measures of the Tsarist autocracy caused the Russian to adopt ideas from the West with the zeal of a religious fanatic rather than with the temper of a social thinker: "An intellectual movement which penetrated into Russia from the West presented itself to the Russian as a complete novelty, and acted upon him like a revelation." Marxism, which had been evolved and criticised in western Europe, provided the Russian intelligentsia of the end of the nineteenth century with a fixed philosophic basis for its revolutionary enthusiasms, born of repression. It was Lenin who kept Russian Marxism from being altered by any of the changes which the factions opposed to him advocated, and which he regarded as poisons in the pure springs of Marxist communism. "Lenin's peculiarity," Dr. Gurian points out, "consisted in the combination of a rigid and even doctrinaire creed with an extremely skilful and pliant strategy and propaganda." "Lenin was not content to wait for the objectively inevitable Socialist development which Marx had predicted; he insisted on the importance of action and strict organisation for the Marxist party. . . . He wanted to make his ideal a concrete reality; for him it was self-evidently a force which drove the believer to undertake the alteration of society." With a singleness of purpose which was unfettered by the demands of art, and with a practical genius which had all the aspects of artistic creation, Lenin devoted his life to the consummation of the great historical revolution, which was his faith and his redeemer. "It is far better to learn from revolutions than to write about them,"

Lenin wrote in the preface to *State and Revolution*. Trotsky, a brilliant artist, one feels wants to make revolution for the purpose of writing about it and to write about it for the purpose of making it. Lenin's art was revolution, and his raw materials were a pliant, fecund, primitive country, which he impregnated with his conviction. As Dr. Gurian points out, there was something inhuman in Lenin's cold willingness to destroy anything in his path, and then the author makes this interesting observation: "In all this he showed himself proof against pity, but his harshness was inspired by an objective simplicity of purpose so complete that it lends it a human quality." "Decisive action," writes Gurian, "prepared to stop at nothing, which seemed to correspond with the desires of the people, had firmly established a Government which appealed to the Soviets as the mouthpiece of the workers' wishes and championed particular propagandist ideals as expressing the people's mind."

The revolution once accomplished, the incongruities of Bolshevik theory and practice became quickly evident. Large-scale plans were made, and large-scale accomplishments and errors took place. "Peter the Great," Gurian remarks, "brought Russia within the circle of the great political Powers. The Bolsheviks are raising its economic position, changing it from an object to a subject in the world's economic system." The details of this process are ably and penetratingly set forth in the recent study by Elisha M. Friedman, *Russia in Transition, a Business Man's Appraisal*. In that process many false starts have been made by the Russians, and many blind alleys have been followed. Lenin transcends his compatriots in importance by his willingness to admit and to correct his abstract errors. Stalin, incapable of abstraction, is only able to correct his blunders. The spiritual tendency since Lenin's death has been the unimaginative effort to make of Leninism a Christ-like New Testament to Karl Marx's Jehovah-like Old Testament.

During the first period of Bolshevik rule many proposals were put forth with a propaganda purpose which proved unworkable when carried out, and yet these served the purpose of consolidating the Bolshevik control of the State. For the Bolshevik effort, like that of every other political party and some religious movements in the history of the world, is an example of man's effort to convert his desire for power into a beneficial system for the government of his fellow men. In this first period of consolidation of

power the resources of Russia were taken over by the new Bolshevik government, and the whole time was one of propagandist experiment. Then came the civil wars and the so-called period of War-Communism. "Economic policy," Gurian points out, "was dominated by the need of provisioning the Red Army. . . . This was the aim of the ruthless confiscations carried out by the Government in every direction, which at the same time completed the demolition of every foundation on which the bourgeois society had rested." This double effort to keep out the enemy at the gate and to demolish the remnants of bourgeois society resulted in a complete economic breakdown, and the inefficient bureaucracy which the Bolsheviks set up to take the place of the inefficient Tsarist bureaucracy which they had knocked down, has ever since hindered economic progress. Then came famine, bootlegging of food and other commodities, and Lenin's New Economic Policy, which was a legitimization of the bootlegger. However, as industry recovered under the stimulus of permitted private trading, the new privileges were revoked one by one, and the reorganized economy was gradually taken back by the State, the *kulak* liquidated and the peasant collectivized, until this led to the present breakdown in the Russian economic system, caused by the reluctance of the peasant to trade his products for paper rubles for which he can get no manufactured products. Meanwhile, the Five-Year-Plan, a gigantic effort to lift the country by its own bootstraps was introduced. Gurian characterizes the Five-Year-Plan brilliantly in this sentence: "It seems to give life a meaning, to render the question of its object superfluous."

It is when he turns to the philosophy of Bolshevism and to its effect on the life of the spirit, which it attempts with tragic foolhardiness to make superfluous, that Gurian makes his most profound observations. That man cannot live by bread alone is a trite observation whose truth the Bolsheviks deny, that he will not live by bread alone is a subject of great annoyance to the orthodox communists. Because as yet the Bolsheviks have been unable to supply their men with sufficient bread with sufficient regularity, they are still convinced that everything will be all right as soon as they are able to do so. The Bolsheviks have created in their own image an economic and political man, and they have endowed him with Marxist materialism as his religion, just as, recently, the Technocrats have created man in their own image and endowed him with technological unemployment. Marxism and Bolshevism

are merely an extension to all of the materialist aims of the bourgeois society which the Marxists and the Bolsheviks are the first to condemn. The bourgeois society, however, permits by its very necessity for individual competition the renunciation of materialist aims in favor of ideals or an ideal. Communism by force allows no competition of ideals and punishes renunciation with persecution and with death. As Gurian remarks in another connection: "That this servile state is distinguished from other servile states by the fact that its government is in the hands of men of proletarian origin is of no practical significance." And he comments: "From Utopia to tyranny is always but a step, and the Utopians often fail to perceive that the step has been taken." And again: "The very fact that life refuses to develop along the lines laid down by Marxism renders inevitable a continually heavier intellectual repression. In future it must be made impossible to conceive any other way of living than that established by Bolshevism."

The Communist State in Russia makes a determined effort to eliminate any competition with complete allegiance to the State, and it finds in religion and in the family its two chief competitors for the individual's allegiance. With religion it has been ruthless, for as that too is an organized effort, ruthlessness was considered necessary to eliminate the dangerous competition. With the family relationship the Communist State has been more subtle, and by making marriage, divorce and abortion free and easy, the State has seemed to be able to compete with the family instinct in some superficial measure. Men are not discouraged from marrying frequently and divorcing quickly, and children are not discouraged from criticising and leaving their home surroundings. In this way the State takes advantage of the eternal clash of personality and the eternal conflict between youth and authority.

The State, however, is a lifeless thing, and man has always refused to make of himself merely an economic and a political animal, Karl Marx to the contrary notwithstanding, bristling whiskers and all. As E. E. Cummings has put the same idea in another way in his "Ballad of an Intellectual":

> Or—briefly to paraphrase Karl the Marx—
> "The first law of nature is, trees will be parx."

Gurian writes: "But in reality the old relations continue beneath the mask of compulsion and advertisement. The old Adam goes

his way only the more freely, abusing the emancipation of women for sexual lust, exploiting proletarian birth to push forward a successful career, and employing party membership to secure personal advantages."

In the following remarkable paragraph Gurian sums up the results of the philosophical shortcomings of Bolshevism:

> That goal [the ultimate goal of Bolshevism] is an asset for propaganda, a Utopia, potent to destroy the existing order but unable to refashion it to its own fulfilment. Successes in the sphere of real politics bring the goal of a Socialist society no nearer, and the day must therefore come when the forcible government that is at present justified as a transition to Utopia becomes a naked supremacy of force, in which its present theoretical foundation is no longer maintained, even as the formality it has become in the hands of Stalin. The gulf between theory and practice, the denial therefore of the fundamental principle of their unity, will be revealed by the social reality. Its existence at present is cloaked by the tasks of social transformation, such as the industrialising of Russia. But one day it will be visible to everybody. It will then be evident that the Utopia which has served as a justification for a government based on force was misconceived, an artificial construction which has produced results completely different from those which, in virtue of its claim to represent the necessary significance of the historical process, it professed to yield. Bolshevism will then no longer be able to justify itself by its promise of the future, and that which today constitutes its strength, its pretension to understand and assist the evolution of human history, will be turned against it. Its actual achievement, its despotism, will be confronted with its own claims, and it will fall a victim to the very power it has invoked against all its enemies. In the light of history it will stand revealed as an experiment based on particular political and social conditions whose removal disproved its claim to redeem humanity. As our entire account hitherto has shown, Bolshevism is the power which is industrialising Russia and arousing the Russian masses from their slumber. But there is one question it cannot answer: Economic transformation: what next? Here it only gives stones for bread, offers an unreal solution, and proves itself an opium, an opium which conceals reality from man and substitutes a Utopia.

The Karl Marx who will one day arise to criticize the Communist State in burning phrases might do well to incorporate these ideas of Gurian's into his Manifesto against Communism.

Erich Dwinger took part in one of the most terrible tragedies of modern history, and he has recorded it to the best of his ability and with honest intent. In 1914 he was sixteen years old when he joined a German regiment as color sergeant. He was captured on

the eastern front, and for six horrible years he shunted back and forth from Siberia to western Russia, first as a German prisoner of war, and then as a soldier in Koltchak's army, suffering and observing along with hundreds of thousands of others what was undoubtedly the greatest chaotic horror of the war—the Russian civil wars. His book is an attempt to give in the form of a novel an authentic account of the slow, torturous misery of six years. He himself characterises the event accurately when he writes: "What happened here is not the disaster of Russia, but the disgrace of the whole world! This is where the soul of our century went bankrupt! Here the rapacity of the sub-human grew to dimensions that will for a hundred years overshadow our pride in all that is superhuman! Here it became evident what a miserable creature the average man really is." And on the same page he records the limitation of his own book, *Between White and Red:* "Will any one ever be able to record the history of this march through the ice-fields? I want to try some day, but I believe my dread of that flood of merciless words, which alone could present a picture of this tragedy, will allow only a shadowy reflection of the real thing." It is regrettable that he has mercy on his reader, for the story requires more objective horror than he puts into it, and a more vigorous artistic assembly of the misery and torture which he tries so faithfully to record from the journals which he was able to keep.

The extent of the journey of Koltchak's bands is alone appalling: "By the time we reach Irkutsk we shall have marched six thousand kilometres on foot. This corresponds to marching five times through the whole of Germany, without a single stop, at one go. Did ever an army, since the beginning of the world, equal these marches? At a temperature of forty below zero? With practically no transport to speak of?" As Dwinger points out, this Siberian episode makes Napoleon's famous retreat from Moscow resemble a slight difficulty. The number of men, women and children who succumbed to typhus, bullets, cold and hunger are countless. In that portion of the journey when the armies and civilians were retreating into icy Siberia from the Red Army, Dwinger gives this vivid picture: "Slowly we slog through the snow, which is like white purling sands. Our horses are dead-tired, our bodies swollen with the cold. No stamping of horses' feet can now be heard, and hardly a cry. We march along as if enveloped in cotton wool—like phantoms, silent as a funeral procession.

Hunger has now been gnawing at our vitals for weeks, and our stomachs are heavy as stone. At every verst some one collapses, and before long he is completely covered with snow. He then looks like a large molehill, and the whole road is covered with them as skin with warts. The enormous expanse of snow is so oppressively silent that one would like to scream and with one's voice tear holes in this vast, still, heavy blanket." The end of this journey was a prison camp at Irkutsk, where the men looked on the maggoty fish soup and soggy black bread as luxuries, and where they fought with each other for the property right to a stray dog that might happen to wander into the camp, which they then promptly killed and ate. Dwinger and one other escaped from the prison camp, and by purchasing English passports with the jewelry which a Cossack had taken from corpses en route, they finally reached the German border in May 1920.

It is Dwinger's point of view which makes so valuable this book, based on the careful diaries which he kept throughout the experience—an occupation to which he attributes his retention of his sanity. One gets from his book in the course of its vivid portrayals of personalities the same reaction which came from participation in any army or any group, *viz.* that everything, including the revolution and its defense and its opposition, is performed by a few intelligent or spirited or capable individuals, who may come from various classes; the rest are either fearful slaves or ingenious shirkers.

Dwinger records the observations of some of his Russian companions, who were fighting the Red Army, some of them because they had got caught up in the opposition and could not go over to the Reds without danger of horrible deaths, and others because they believed, as one of them expresses it: "The despotism of the individual is always easier to bear than that of the mass!" Many of Dwinger's Russian characters are suspicious of the Red fervor which is conquering them: "What does Russia, our little old mother, mean to them? One half of our intellectuals, the democratic ones, use her for their experiments; the other, the absolutists, as a feather-bed!" But, the scattered opposition to the Red Army had not even a lie to fight for, as Dwinger realizes: "And here lies the secret of their victory over numberless armies, of their victory over the entire Western world: They bore on their banner neither money nor possessions, neither privileges nor concessions, but the rights of man! It was not collectivism that

triumphed over individualism, but self-sacrifice that triumphed over egotism." Sometimes Dwinger probably uses the advantage of hind-sight, which he could not have had when he kept his diaries, but this observation on the aim of world revolution set forth in the early years of Bolshevism is interesting in the light of more recent shifts in Russian international policies: "And I wonder whether the Bolsheviks are really planning for a world revolution? Whether they do not want merely to weaken the other countries by their propaganda, so as to catch up with them more easily? Once Russia is industrialized, it will no longer need a world revolution, for Bolshevism by its wealth will be established as firmly as on a rock."

Taken together with that remarkable novel by Rodion Markovits, *Siberian Garrison,* Erich Dwinger's extraordinary book gives one an insight into the immediate aftermath of the war and the revolution.

In his *Dawn In Russia* Waldo Frank expresses the yearning hope of a simple soul, and one could sometimes give credit to his heart if one did not continually lose patience with his lack of the sense of complexity. He went to Russia for a spiritual vacation and came back flushed with the fever of sentimentality. In his account of the journey and the reflections to which it gave birth Frank sings like a press agent pretending to be a psalmist. "Unlike my other books," he writes on the very first page, "I resolved not to work on this one: not to organize its materials, not to essentialize its form. I would let the book write itself." The results of this method of composition are evident on every page. All through his journey into Russia Frank is filled to the brim with a love of mankind, a sticky, gooey love, such as might come forth from a liberal radio. The book is thick and syrupy, written pretentiously, and the author's judgments have a sickening, high-flown insignificance. Parts of *Dawn in Russia* could easily have been written by a radical Dr. Frank Crane, so turgid are they with bombastic commonplace.

One is prevented even from feeling sorry for the author by the way in which he ruins in the rendering even those emotions which one might respect. The scene in which the beautiful young Komsomol, Natacha, and the admiring Waldo Frank sit on the edge of a railroad compartment bed and receive idyllic international sexual emanations—for she spoke only Russian, and he none—is a ridiculous account of an authentic sentiment. Early in his voy-

age Mr. Frank seems to have decided that he had only to look into the face of Russia to find the answer to his own sentimental Sphinx. "I see already," he writes, "that all my brief hours I shall be studying the face of Russia: studying it, however, not with the will or the mind (I am on a vacation), but with the lazy eye of intuition. Let me dwell close to this face. Perhaps, some day, my eye will look into the eye of Russia. Then I shall begin to hear the heart of Russia. Perhaps I have begun already; for in industrial Leningrad, the will and forward edge of Russia, I see on the faces of the workers, despite their steep streets, the land's wideness; despite their rational order, the land's savagery." Even a man on a vacation ought to be able to do better than that.

Mr. Frank found, among other things, that Russia was the dividing line between Europe and Asia, and this is how he has the audacity to sing it: "The Volga is a sluggish flow, here where the Oka joins it. It is easeful, drifting down the world like our izvostchik; dozing interminably down into the Caspian Sea. I feel that it is poised between two worlds. The right bank, steep and accidented, where I stand and where the town adheres, is Europe. Beyond is the infinite flatness of another world, Asia! The beginning plain that does not end till the Pacific. The steppe, Siberia, Mongolia, the Gobi Desert, Manchuria . . . flat and limitless world: sea for nomads, tiding from the east against the Volga, against this barrier of Europe. And I feel an equipoise of forces. The Asiatic tide pressing from the east is balanced here by the high will of Europe, whose symbol is the Dyatlov mountain on which I stand. Horizontal meets perpendicular, and is equated. This is the Volga—and Russia." And this, we submit, is intellectual refuse.

Is it to be wondered that Mr. Frank believes, as he writes a few pages later in parentheses: "Dostoievski wrote glorified mystery stories"?

Ah, the youth of Russia! After looking upon them and finding them good, this is Mr. Frank's reflection for posterity: "Unconsciously, the girls took delight of their budding bodies, and the eyes of lads were warm on their blond tresses. Unconsciously, the hard maiden rondures glowed in the atmospheric pressure of hard male bodies. All their mind, all their will, all their emotion, was given to the single cause whose intricate parts their separate deeds embodied—the cause of Socialism. But their acts moved mellow in a glow of sex that worked like a lubricant within them."

Mr. Frank went in unto Lenin's tomb and after he came out he could look no more on St. Basil's across the way: "After the hardness of Lenin's tomb, Moscow is soft; and after the brightness of Lenin's body, it is dark. I have seen, in an apocalypse, the Revolution." There is no evidence that Lenin was a man given greatly to profanity, but some have commented upon his harsh cynical laugh. What a laugh Mr. Frank's flatulence would have given him, as he lay in his glass coffin, had he been Snow White and Mr. Frank one of the dwarfs.

When Mr. Frank got on the Atlantic once more, he had time to think of his experience and of Marxist communism in the abstract. The latter few pages of his book are therefore more readable and more intelligent than the account of his emotional debauch, which is only saved by its weakness from becoming embarrassing. After questioning the possibility of materialism as a religion, and to his own satisfaction making Marxism religious rather than materialistic, Mr. Frank comes to this conclusion: "This is a cultural movement more fundamental than any which the world has known since Christianity began. All it needs is an adequate philosophy (and art)—the labor of the creative men of to-day—to make it a religious movement: to make it the religious movement for which the world is passionately crying." Aside from the fact that Mr. Frank has given us a large order, he might have looked more carefully upon the experience of Christianity, which, beginning in a hope, is ending in a racket, before he assumed so conclusively that men are capable of solving their problems.

M. R. Werner

HYPERGELASTICISM EXPOSED

THE SECRET OF LAUGHTER. *By A. M. Ludovici. New York. The Viking Press.* 1933. $1.75.

MR. LUDOVICI, having "creatively" noted the fact that we laugh or smile under a wide range of circumstances, looks for a *lex continui* that might apply to all of them. He reviews past literature on the subject, but finds it wanting, except in the case of Hobbes, who held that laughter had its genesis in self glory, thus: "The passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly." And again: "Sudden glory is the passion which maketh those grimaces called laughter; and is caused either by some sudden act of their own [the laugher's] that pleaseth them or by the apprehension of some deformed thing in another by comparison whereof they suddenly applaud themselves. And it is incident most to them that are conscious of the fewest abilities in themselves; who are forced to keep themselves in their own favour by observing the imperfections of other men."

The author shows that this formula of Hobbes can be startlingly developed if we supplement it with a behaviouristic description of laughter. For when you have listed the significant aspects of the *act* of laughing (elevation of the head, baring of the teeth, emission of harsh guttural sounds) you have given us the symptoms, not of laughter, but of an animal enraged. Such would suggest that laughter has a jungle origin, in the "showing of teeth" as an indication of challenge or threat. However "civilized" the situations at which we laugh, there will be observable in them a pronounced

superior-inferior relationship (are there many other relationships?) such as would characterize the encounter of two jungle beasts, displaying their weapons and conveying their ominous attitudes.

If the reader applies for himself this Hobbes-Darwin-Behaviourism device of Mr. Ludovici, he will find that the most disparate kinds of laughter-situations and smile-events can, with a little squeezing, be made to fit. We may expect pleased laughter when some discrepancy, discordancy, or defect exalts us by a feeling of "superior adaptation"; conversely, we may expect a man to laugh or smile "dishonestly" when he is on the under side of such a disproportion and would suggest "superior adaptation" by "bluff." The author tries his formula on fifty or sixty different laughs, with helpful results. Thus: a child laughs when, running from a mock-pursuer, it reaches the haven of its mother's skirts. Or the condescending gods of Olympus laughed at the sight of lame Hephaestos. Or the villain laughs a mirthless, you-are-in-my-power laugh. Or we laugh if a portly and pompous squire, such as might foreclose our mortgage, has his dignity punctured. We laugh when tickled, for the most neurologically direct reason of all: because we must bare our teeth as the attacks upon our body produce inevitably in us the stimulation of our defence reflexes. We laugh at our own pun, buoyed up by that proud conquest of the syllables we have mangled; and we are generally quite greedy to laugh at another's pun if we perceive it through the fog of a foreign language with which we should like to appear at home. Mr. Ludovici saw a young woman slip on a wet pavement; her clothes were soiled, and she laughed and laughed, though it is hard to imagine that she thought the episode really funny, and much easier to suppose that she was covering her embarrassment by a nervous mechanism ("showing of teeth"—"display of weapons") which gave her a compensatory "superior adaptation" for a situation otherwise humiliating. And Mr. Ludovici's formula would explain our delight in stage characters whose stupidity is total, as though nothing less than *sheer nonsense* could now serve to provide us with that wholesome feeling of *superiority* which we so greatly need.

The formula is also very useful as a conversion mechanism. For the combat patterns, as spiritualized or "sublimated" into corresponding social modes, will naturally lack jungle "purity," and may yield their secret only through the exegesis of Evolutionism. In the Jungles of Society we may more likely discover, not align-

ments involving life and death, but the subtler calls upon our machinery of competition which are to be found in the Battle of Wits. Though one woman, it is true, may break into irrepressible giggles at the sight of her husband tumbling down stairs, we usually have to track our jungle far: to the good Professor, perhaps, with his faintly ironic guying of a student's faulty answer (the cultivated and widely documented perception of the delicately comic). This Professor might "show teeth" when his student slipped on a question—yet he would not deign to show teeth, like a mere savage child, had this same student slipped on a banana peel. The concept of "superior adaptation" would explain the laughter of a girl well-dressed and courted (she would seem to live among great wits); and "bluff superior adaptation" would explain the strained frozen twitching smiles of nervous people who really ought never to see one another, but who happen to be compelled by the usages of society to sit down at table together, and so proceed dutifully in a circle to show teeth on the slightest provocation.

It does seem to me, however, that in the interest of his thesis the author is more thoroughgoing than he need be. One might hold completely to the jungle origin of laughter, without attempting so strenuously to interpret each laugh or smile by carrying them back to their jungle equivalent. The socialized snarl of laughter may often be due to what we might call "secondary" or "derived" meanings. That is: if we grant that verbal speech probably originated in the mimetic, in bodily posture, we might conversely find occasions in which the mimetic is still used exactly as verbal speech is used. Some laughter might then have to be explained "lexically." To illustrate: Suppose that A had laughed just because he "felt good." Such a phenomenon would be strictly accountable within Mr. Ludovici's formula—since to "feel good" is to "feel superior adaptation" in a general way, and one in an expansive mood might properly show teeth at the entire universe. But if A, in his burst of smiling, had smiled upon B, note how a new kind of "meaning" for this smile might arise. For B might whisper to himself, "This is obviously the time to ask a favour of A. A's mere sense of physical wellbeing will be superiority enough for him today. He will do me no damage with teeth, or with their social counterparts." In other words, A's laughter of good health may suggest to B nothing other than a *promise of sufferance or service.* And as bearded savants, studying the preferences of

babies, have discovered that bottle-fed babies bestow upon the bottle the love that would, with breast-feeding, have been bestowed upon the mammae, we may experimentally establish it that from a *promise of service* arises a *judgment of value*—the *lovable*. And once we have established a recurrent type of situation in which laughter, by being a promise of service, takes on connotations of the *lovable*, we may expect subsequently to find occasions wherein a man, employing this derived or "conditional" meaning, will show teeth purely as a sign that he would like to be deemed lovable. To explain the use of the smile-sign on such an occasion wholly by its snarl-origin would be exactly as though one were to discover a "socialized snarl" lurking in some actual verbal equivalent, such as "I want you to like me." This charitable reservation will be seen for the pacifistic thing it is when we attempt to exegetize the smile of a defeated opponent. We should be cruel in calling his smile simply a "bluff superior adaptation" to conceal chagrin. Rather, we might take it as gesture-speech for saying, more economically and fleetingly than words, "This is to indicate that our contest will not be carried by me beyond the limits of the game."

With such a minor reservation as a way of guarding against that "fallacy of origins" to which nineteenth-century science erected all its altars, I think the author's thesis can be followed with much profit. And his closing suggestions that the sense of humour is especially prized today (hypergelasticism) because it offers us a ready "disguised inferior adaptation" to the many perplexities and indignities besetting us, may not tell the whole story, but they certainly tell much of it. Here would be trench humour, to maintain trench morale (which might incidentally suggest that we state the laughter-disproportions the other way round, calling the purpose of laughter not so much a glorifying of the self as a minimizing of the distresses menacing the self).

Somewhat tangentially to Mr. Ludovici's thesis, I was led to speculate on the fact that precisely *Hobbes* was the first thinker who attributed laughter to "self glory." For it was precisely Hobbes who, alone of English philosophers (and perhaps alone of important philosophers, except Schopenhauer) was "distinguished" by an extraordinary willingness to display vanity, self-importance, self-esteem, etc. Some might say, "His vanity so marked him that it even led him to find vanity and selfishness in the abnegatory and companionable activity of laughing." For my own part, in

view of the man's great insight on many matters, I should credit him with a much more complicated process. Practically all cultivated Englishmen were schooled against the obvious show of self-glory in its conventionally recognized forms (as in boasting), so it would not be asking a great deal of Hobbes to expect that he should be equally sensitive to this convention, and to the kinds of censure and handicap that might come of violating it. My explanation accordingly would run somewhat as follows:

Hobbes appreciated, as well as the next man, the social proscriptions with relation to overt self-glory. He saw that his countrymen had a rigid code concerning such matters, and were obedient to it. On the other hand, since they did not detect the covert self-glory of laughter, their prizing of the sense of humour would enable them to gratify the impulses of boasting, vaunting, etc., while apparently complying with the most rigorous code of modesty and polite self-effacement. With his theory of laughter as self-glory, he naturally saw them as forever glorifying themselves in varying degrees of supercilious smilings while thinking of themselves as the very soul of retirement. Hence, he lived in a world where everyone was a monster of incessant boastfulness. What more natural than that he also should be contaminated finally, by this general orgy, and begin boasting himself? And what more natural than that, being a good metaphysician and recognizing the *deviousness* of smile-boasts, he would prefer to take his boasting straight, with that consistency, that thoroughness, that quality-of-seeing-a-thing-through-to-the-end, which is the most distinctive feaure of the metaphysician's calling?

KENNETH BURKE

INDEX—VOLUME VI

PRINCIPAL CONTENTS

(The symbol f. indicates a reproduction following a numbered page)

	No.	Page
Aeneas At Washington (a poem): Allen Tate	3	445
America Deserta (an essay): Muriel Draper	2	205
American Anarchy And Russian Communism (an essay): M. R. Werner	1	5
Architecture (chronicle): Harold Sterner	3	475
Art (chronicle): Leon Kroll	3	472
Baker, Howard: Travelogue (a poem)	2	246
Bandler, Bernard, II: Joyce's Exiles (an essay)	2	266
Ben Shahn: Jean Charlot (an appreciation)	4	632
Bishop, John Peale: Perspectives are Precipices (a poem)	2	286
Blackmur, R. P.: Sea Island Miscellany (a poem)	2	234
Captive, The (a story): Caroline Gordon	1	63
Charlot, Jean: Ben Shahn (an appreciation)	4	632
Charlot, Jean: Louis Eilshemius (an appreciation)	2	243
Christian Science (a critique): Fred T. Marsh	4	640
Correspondence: Basil Bunting: An "Objectivists" Anthology	2	322
Correspondence: J. V. Cunningham	3	507
Correspondence: Ernest Hemingway	1	135
Correspondence: Harriet Monroe: Poetry, A Magazine of Verse	2	320
Correspondence: Yvor Winters: In Reply to Mr. Bunting	2	323
Cummings, E. E.: The Tomb of Lenin (a story)	1	20
Cunningham, J. V.: Envoi (poetry chronicle)	1	124
Cunningham, J. V.: Two Poems	1	61
Cuthbert, Clifton: Music At Midnight (a poem)	3	419
Daumal, René: Uday Shan-Kar and the Hindu Dance (dance chronicle)	2	288
Davidson, Donald: Sectionalism in America (an essay)	4	561
Difficulties Of A Statesman (a poem): T. S. Eliot	1	17

	No.	Page
Draper, Muriel: America Deserta (an essay)	2	205
Drawings and Paintings: Philip Reisman	3	f. 444
Eilshemius, Louis, Three Paintings	2	f. 244
Eisenstein: Cinematic Principles: Harry Alan Potamkin (film chronicle)	4	678
Eliot, T. S.: Difficulties of a Statesman (a poem)	1	17
Envoi (poetry chronicle): J. V. Cunningham	1	124
Evans, Walker: Photographs	1	f. 16
Evans, Walker: Photographs	3	f. 418
Face of New England, The: Henwar Rodakiewicz (movie stills)	2	f. 232
Fergusson, Francis: D. H. Lawrence's Sensibility (an essay)	3	447
Gilman: The Metropolitan: Sibelius (music chronicle): B. H. Haggin	3	494
Glass Of Wine, A (Texan fragments): Achilles Holt	2	247
Gordon, Caroline: The Captive (a story)	1	63
Haggin, B. H.: Music Chronicle	2	306
Haggin, B. H.: Mr. Gilman: The Metropolitan: Sibelius (music chronicle)	3	494
Haggin, B. H.: Notes on the Season (music chronicle)	4	690
Hemingway, Ernest: Correspondence	1	135
Holt, Achilles: A Glass of Wine (Texan fragments)	2	247
Immortal Woman, The (a story): Allen Tate	4	592
Jerboa, The (a poem): Marianne Moore	1	108
Joyce's Exiles (an essay): Bernard Bandler II	2	266
Kirstein, Lincoln: Philip Reisman (an appreciation)	3	441
Kroll, Leon: Art Chronicle	3	472
Lawrence's, D. H., Sensibility (an essay): Francis Fergusson	3	447
Louis Eilshemius (an appreciation): Jean Charlot	2	243
Love Story (a story): Robert Miller Smith	3	420
Marsh, Fred T.: Christian Science (a critique)	4	640
Marx And Bakunin (an essay): Max Nomad	3	381
Moore, Marianne: The Jerboa (a poem)	1	108
Music At Midnight (a poem): Clifton Cuthbert	3	419
Music Chronicle: B. H. Haggin	2	306

	No.	Page
Nightmare (a poem): Winfield Townley Scott	2	264
Nomad, Max: Marx and Bakunin (an essay)	3	381
Notes on the Season (music chronicle): B. H. Haggin	4	690
Pabst and the Social Film (film chronicle): Harry Alan Potamkin	2	293
Perspectives Are Precipices (a poem): John Peale Bishop	2	286
Philip Reisman (an appreciation): Lincoln Kirstein	3	441
Photographs: The Face of New England: Henwar Rodakiewicz	2	f. 232
Photographs: Walker Evans	3	f. 418
Photographs: Walker Evans	1	f. 16
Photographs: Workers Film and Photo League	1	f. 16
Photographs and Drawings: Mooney-Billings Case: Ben Shahn	4	f. 689
Pitney, Robert H.: The Vienna Festival (music chronicle)	1	131
Potamkin, Harry Alan: Eisenstein: Cinematic Principles (film chronicle)	4	678
Potamkin, Harry Alan: Pabst and the Social Film (film chronicle)	2	293
Potamkin, Harry Alan: Pudovkin and the Revolutionary Film (film chronicle)	3	480
Potamkin, Harry Alan: René Clair and Film Humor (film chronicle)	1	114
Psychomachia (a poem): Theodore Spencer	3	464
Pudovkin and the Revolutionary Film (film chronicle): Harry Alan Potamkin	3	480
Reisman, Philip: Drawings and Paintings	3	f. 444
Remington and Winslow Homer (an essay): John Wheelwright	4	611
René Clair and Film Humor (film chronicle): Harry Alan Potamkin	1	114
Scott, Winfield Townley: Nightmare (a poem)	2	264
Sea Island Miscellany (a poem): R. P. Blackmur	2	234
Sectionalism in America (an essay): Donald Davidson	4	561
Shahn, Ben: Photographs and Drawings: Mooney-Billings Case	4	f. 689
Sleeper, The (a poem): Geoffrey Stone	4	610
Smith, Robert Miller: Love Story (a story)	3	420
Spencer, Theodore: Psychomachia (a poem)	3	464
Stafford, Clayton: Three Poems	3	440
Stanford, Don: Three Poems	4	590
Sterner, Harold: Architecture Chronicle	3	475
Stone, Geoffrey: The Sleeper (a poem)	4	610

	No.	Page
Tate, Allen: Aeneas At Washington (a poem)	3	445
Tate, Allen: The Immortal Woman (a story)	4	592
Theseus (a poem): Yvor Winters	4	635
Three Paintings: Louis Eilshemius	2	f. 244
Three Poems: Clayton Stafford	3	440
Three Poems: Don Stanford	4	590
Tomb of Lenin, The: E. E. Cummings	1	20
Travelogue (a poem): Howard Baker	2	246
Two Poems: J. V. Cunningham	1	61
Uday Shan-Kar and the Hindu Dance (dance chronicle): René Daumal	2	288
Vienna Festival, The (music chronicle): Robert H. Pitney	1	131
Werner, M. R.: American Anarchy and Russian Communism (an essay)	1	5
Wheelwright, John: Remington and Winslow Homer (an essay)	4	611
Winters, Yvor: Theseus (a poem)	4	635

BOOK REVIEWS

(The names of reviewers are in italics)

Acting: The First Six Lessons (Richard Boleslavsky), by Francis Fergusson	4	701
Adams, James Luther: Humanism and Creation	1	173
American Heresy, The (Christopher Hollis), by Paul H. Buck	2	357
American Jitters, The (Edmund Wilson), by Lawrence Leighton	2	324
American Notebooks, The (Nathaniel Hawthorne), by Hazel Hawthorne	3	529
Andrew Jackson, An Epic in Homespun (Gerald W. Johnson), by Paul H. Buck	2	357
Baker, Howard: The Invasion (Janet Lewis)	3	553
Bayle The Sceptic (Howard Robinson), by Clara Gruening Stillman	3	518
Benardete, M. J.: Ortega y Gasset	3	509
Between White and Red (Erich Dwinger), by M. R. Werner	4	721
Blackmur, R. P.: Principally Social	2	330
Blackmur, R. P.: Samuel Butler	4	707

	No.	Page
Bolshevism: Theory and Practice (Waldemar Gurian), by M. R. Werner	4	721
Buck, Paul H.: American Heresies	2	357
Burke, Kenneth: Hypergelasticism Exposed	4	732
Butleriana (ed. by A. T. Bartholomew), by R. P. Blackmur	4	707
Challenge to Defeat (Wm. Harlan Hale), by Lincoln Kirstein	1	161
Correspondence of Jefferson and Du Pont De Nemours (Gilbert Chinard), by Frank L. Owsley	1	166
Correspondence Between Thomas Jefferson and Pierre Samuel Du Pont De Nemours (ed. by Dumas Malone), by Frank L. Owsley	1	166
Crisis of American Capitalism (M. J. Bonn), by Lawrence Dennis	1	136
Dawn in Russia (Waldo Frank), by M. R. Werner	4	721
Death in the Afternoon (Ernest Hemingway), by Lincoln Kirstein	2	336
Dennis, Lawrence: Capital	1	136
Dennis, Lawrence: The Economics of G. D. H. Cole	3	546
Economic Tracts For the Times (G. D. H. Cole), by Lawencer Dennis	3	546
Educational Work of Thomas Jefferson, The (Roy J. Honeywell), by Frank L. Owsley	1	166
Eliot Among the Nightingales, Mr. (Louis Grudin), by Henry Bamford Parkes	2	350
Expression In America (Ludwig Lewisohn), by Lawrence Leighton	2	324
Fergusson, Francis: The War Generation	2	342
Fergusson, Francis: The Art of Acting (Richard Boleslavsky)	4	701
Five Seasons, The (Phelps Putnam), by Allen Tate	2	345
God's Angry Man (Leonard Ehrlich), by Gerald Sykes	2	375
Guide Through World Chaos, A (G. D. H. Cole), by Lawrence Dennis	3	546
Hawthorne, Hazel: New England Secret	3	529
Heavenly City of the Eighteenth Century Philosophers, The (Carl L. Becker), by Clara Gruening Stillman	3	518
Invasion, The (Janet Lewis), by Howard Baker	3	553
Jefferson Davis (Allen Tate), by Paul H. Buck	2	357
John Dryden (T. S. Eliot), by Henry Bamford Parkes	2	350

	No.	Page
Kirstein, Lincoln: The A-Minus Mind	1	161
Kirstein, Lincoln: The Canon of Death	2	336
Leighton, Lawrence: The Ax Grinds	2	324
Living My Life (Emma Goldman), by Clara Gruening Stillman	1	143
My Life (Leon Trotsky), by Clara Gruening Stillman	1	143
Modern Quarterly, The, by M. R. Werner	1	197
Modern Theme, The (Jose Ortega y Gasset), by M. J. Benardete	3	509
Monopoly of Credit, The (C. H. Douglas), by Gorham Munson	2	368
Munson, Gorham: Design for Financial Freedom	2	368
1919 (John Dos Passos), by Francis Fergusson	2	342
"Objectivists" Anthology, An (ed. by Louis Zukofsky), by Yvor Winters	1	158
On Being Creative (Irving Babbitt), by James Luther Adams	1	173
Oxford Book of Sixteenth Century Verse, The (ed. by E. K. Chambers), by Yvor Winters	4	713
Owsley, Frank L.: Two Agrarian Philosophers: Jefferson and Du Pont De Nemours	1	166
Parkes, Henry Bamford: T. S. Eliot	2	350
Poems of T. Sturge Moore, The (Vols. I and II), by Yvor Winters	3	534
Randolph of Roanoke (Gerald W. Johnson), by Paul H. Buck	2	357
Rebels and Renegades (Max Nomad), by Clara Gruening Stillman	1	143
Revolt of the Masses, The (Ortega y Gasset), by M. J. Benardete	3	509
Samuel Butler: A Mid-Victorian Modern (Clara G. Stillman), by R. P. Blackmur	4	707
Science and Superstition in the Eighteenth Century (Philip Shorr), by Clara Gruening Stillman	3	518
Secret of Laughter, The (A. M. Ludovici), by Kenneth Burke	4	732
Selected Essays (T. S. Eliot), by Henry Bamford Parkes	2	350
Stillman, Clara Gruening: Two Worlds	1	143
Stillman, Clara Gruening: Eighteenth Century	3	518

	No.	Page
Stonewall Jackson, The Good Soldier (Allen Tate), by Paul H. Buck	2	357
Sykes, Gerald: A Dream of Israel	2	375
Tate, Allen: The Whole Image of Man	2	345
Theatre and Friendship (Henry James), by R. P. Blackmur	2	330
Three Jameses, The: A Family of Minds (C. Hartley Grattan), by R. P. Blackmur	2	330
Werner, M. R.: The Modern Quarterly (Magazine Review)	1	197
Werner, M. R.: Russia	4	721
Winters, Yvor: The Objectivists	1	158
Winters, Yvor: T. Sturge Moore	3	534
Winters, Yvor: The Oxford Book of Sixteenth Century Verse	4	713

No Renewal

DATE DUE

UIC 3-DAYS

OCT 24 1997

UIC REC'D OCT 22 '97

UIC 3-DAYS

OCT 24 1999

UIC-REC'D DEC 10 '99

Reserve/Periodical Materials
must be returned to the
Reserve/Periodical Desk Only

GAYLORD

PRINTED IN U.S.A.